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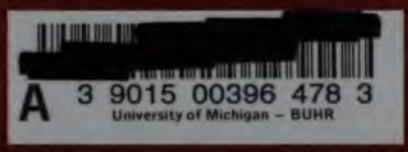
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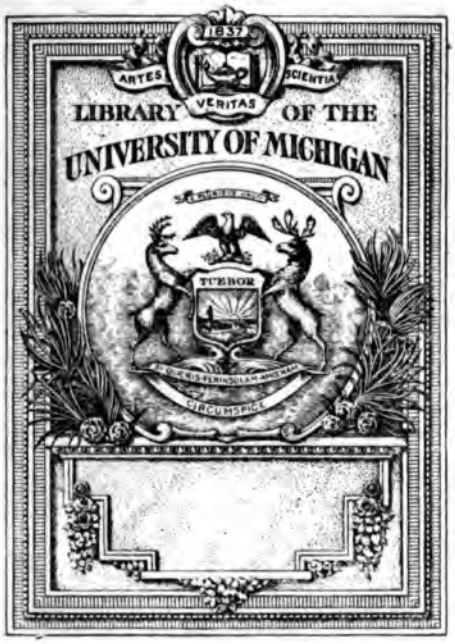
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Alfred Church

MEMORIES

OF

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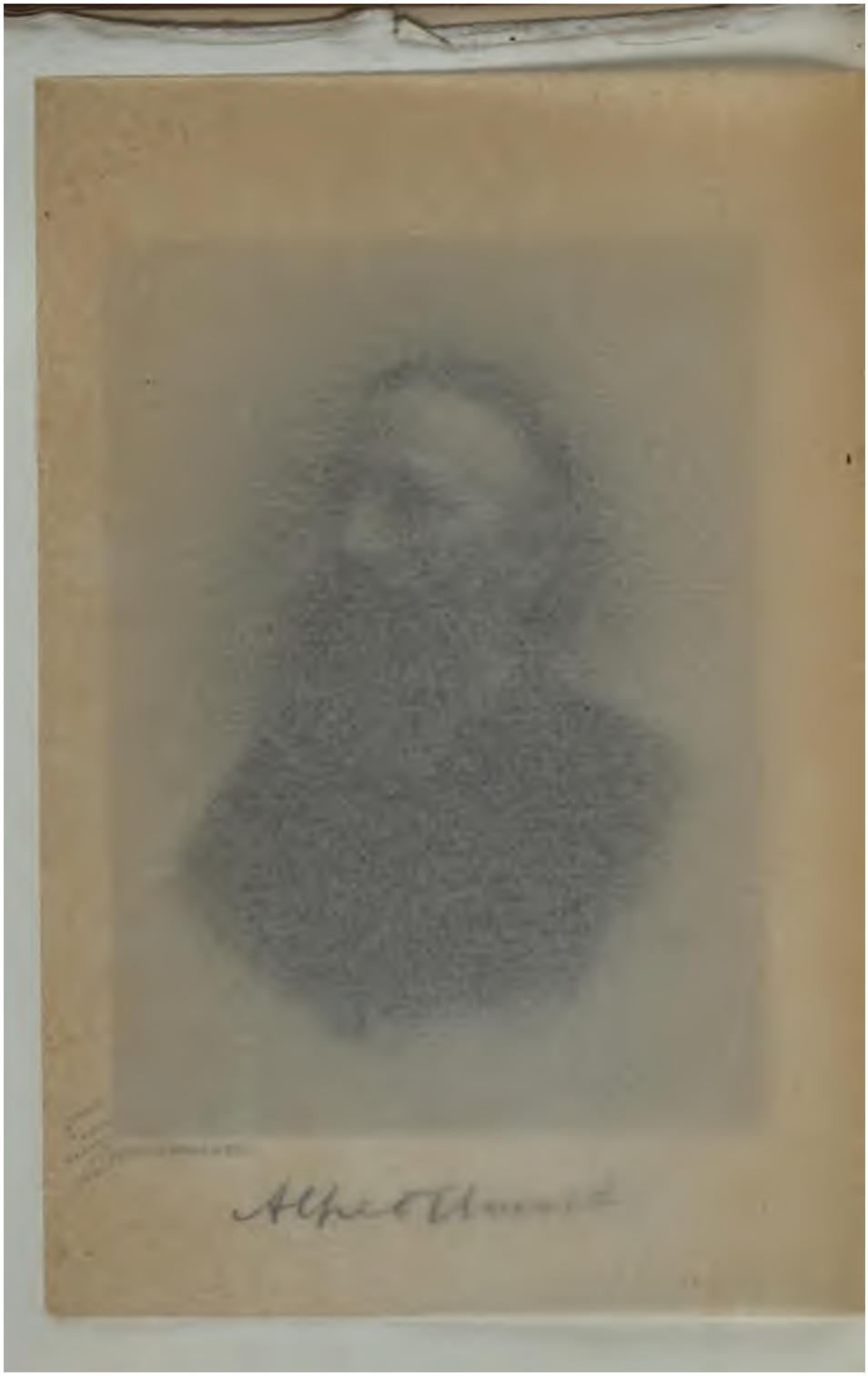

MEMORIES

OF

MEN AND BOOKS

BY THE

REV. ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'STORIES FROM HOMER' ETC.

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1908

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MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

I WAS born on January 29, 1829, a Londoner of the Londoners, my father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great great-grandfather, having been natives of Cocayne. I cannot suppose that this is any distinction—Cocayne and Cockney, according to the dictionaries, are 'used contemptuously'—but it is certainly unusual. London is replenished from the provinces, and sends her children back to them, sends them, indeed, all over the world. Originally the family, so runs our tradition, came from Essex. A certain John Church, one of the two bailiffs of Maldon in Essex, had granted to him, in 1557, a crest and shield which we still use with a difference.[1] John Church had two sons. The great-grandson and

[1] The crest is a 'demi-greyhound *Sable*, gorged with a collar *Or*, charged with three lozenges *Gules*, holding a trefoil of the second'; the shield is 'argent, on a fess engrailed between three greyhounds' heads, erased, *Sable*, collared and ringed *Or*, three trefoils slipped of the last.'

last descendant of the elder was one Percy Church, Groom of the Privy Chamber and afterwards Equerry to Queen Henrietta Maria. The younger son had male descendants whose succession we have not been able to trace. But the family tradition is that one of them was Jeremiah Jedidiah Church, born in 1688, married to Sarah Barber in St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe on July 16, 1716. His elder son, John, was born on July 12, 1717, the father being described in the register of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as of 'Theobald's Rowe'; the house in which I was born adjoined this street. A younger son, George, was born in 1727, was appointed in 1762 to a post in Chelsea Hospital, and died in 1792. He is buried in the Hospital graveyard. His widow Miriam survived him twenty-three years, dying in 1816, at the age of ninety-five. George and Miriam Church had two sons, Henry Edward, born in 1760, and Stephen George, born in 1762. The younger son, Stephen George, is the only one of the family who can be said to have left his mark on English history. He died in command of the frigate *La Topaze* on September 6, 1801. He served for eight years in the same ships with Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.), who was three years his junior, and remained on terms of friendship with him up to the end of his life. James, in his 'Naval History' (second edition), gives this account of Stephen G. Church's chief achievement:

'On August 28 (1796), at 5 A.M., as a British squadron, composed of the *Resolution*, 74 (Vice-Admiral George Murray); the *Assistance*, 50; *Thetis*, 38; *Topaze*, 36 (Stephen G. Church); *Thisbe*, 28; *Bermuda*, 14; was lying becalmed about four leagues east-south-east from Cape Henry (off the coast of Virginia), three strange ships made their appearance in the east-north-east quarter. The signal was made for a general chase, but the British ships were unable to steer before noon. At 5.30 P.M., the *Topaze*, which was considerably ahead of the remainder of her squadron, brought the sternmost of the enemy's ships to action. This ship, which was the French frigate *Elizabet*, of 36 guns (twenty 4-pounders on the main deck, and twelve 8-pounders on the quarter-deck and forecastle) and 297 men, fired a broadside and hauled down her colours.' James adds that the *Elizabet* was taken to Halifax, Nova Scotia; but having been found to have been an Indiaman and a bad sailer bought for the French navy, was not purchased for the British navy. This doubtless diminished the value of my uncle's prize. The *Topaze* had been captured from the French in 1793; possibly this accounts for her being so much ahead of the rest of the squadron.

Captain Church was a man of remarkably devout temper, and the privilege of serving on board his ship was much sought after by serious parents for their sons. More than one letter from the Reverend

John Newton, the friend of the poet Cowper, testifies to this fact. Newton writes, for instance, under date of June 23, 1796, to Captain Church's wife, about a commission with which he had been entrusted, the procuring of some 'papers'—tracts, I suppose we should now call them—which might be 'useful to those under his command.' 'I believe there are none yet published,' he adds, 'expressly designed for mariners.'

My grandfather, Henry Edward Church (*b.* 1760), was a barrister-at-law, admitted at Gray's Inn, March 1785. He was made Deputy-Clerk of the Hanaper in 1783, and Clerk of Inrolments in Bankruptcy in 1792. To this latter office my father succeeded when my grandfather died, in 1825. A tradition preserved in the family relates how Henry Edward Church unwittingly amused the Lord Chancellor's Court—there were in those days two Courts only of Chancery, presided over by the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. He had given to his daughter, Selina Elizabeth, of whom I shall have to say a little hereafter, an old blue bag, which she used as a receptacle for her dolls. This bag, leaving home in a hurry one morning, he took with him into Court, where he had to be present in some official capacity. Asked to produce some document or will he had in his keeping, he thrust in his hand, and brought out a bald-headed doll. This daughter married Jeremiah Jackson in 1806. Among her

grandchildren may be mentioned William Jackson Brodribb (died October, 1905), my collaborator in the translation of 'Tacitus' and other works, Sir John Robert Seeley, K.C.M.G., Professor of Modern History at Cambridge (died 1895), and Richmond Seeley—to whose good taste and good offices, generously shown in the publishing of many of my books, I owe more than I can express.

The family name, also, gave occasion for a time-honoured jest, which Lord Eldon never failed to produce for the amusement of a dutifully appreciative audience. My father was one of the parties to a friendly suit, 'Church *v.* King.' The suit, I need hardly say, survived Lord Eldon, and not a few of his successors. I believe that it still exists, in this shape at least, that there are funds connected with it still in the keeping of the Court, and, indeed, likely to remain so, as the cost of claiming them and getting them paid out would more than swallow them up.

My father served as a midshipman for a few months, with his uncle mentioned above. On Captain Church's death, this plan of life was changed. He was articled to a solicitor, and in due course was admitted to practise. His early experience was unfortunate; he entered into partnership with an older man, whose name it is not necessary to mention. This partner got into trouble, and left my father responsible for the debts of the firm. Another burden, always most cheerfully borne, was the

necessity of helping a relative who had been early left a widow in narrow circumstances. To this purpose he was accustomed to appropriate all the income derived from his office in the Bankruptcy Court, amounting, after the payment of a deputy, to not less than 300*l.* a year.[1] My father also held the office of Vestry Clerk to the Parish of St. George the Martyr, an office which, I imagine, gave him far more trouble than was made up for by his salary. The parish had raised money in by-gone years, for the building or repairing of the church, or the purchase of a burial-ground—anyhow, for some ecclesiastical or quasi-ecclesiastical purpose. This it had done in a very improvident way, granting annuities for insufficient considerations. It must be remembered, however, that the money had been raised during the Napoleonic war, when high interest had

[1] All the work that my father had to do was to sign the bankrupt's certificate. I remember that the deputy used to bring from time to time a bag full of these documents. Every creditor had to affix his name with the amount of his debt. I remember one of them to which, I suppose, he had specially called the attention of his family. It had to do with a firm of West End bankers which had failed. I remember the first signature on the list of creditors was 'Norfolk. 62,000*l.*' (I cannot recall the exact sum). (This must have been the thirteenth Duke, *d.* 1856). The Duke had, I believe, sold an estate—Worksop Priory, I think—and deposited the purchase money a few days only before the failure of the bank. The history of my father's office is curious. By a change in the law enrolment was made optional. The conservative spirit which prevails in the profession kept up the practice for a time, but it naturally diminished, as indeed might be expected, seeing that the fees paid were money absolutely wasted. Then it was abolished, but my father had the greatest difficulty in obtaining compensation.

to be paid, the average price of Consols was 65*l.*, giving 4*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* per cent. The consequence was that a heavy rate—as rates were reckoned in those days—had to be raised under the unpopular name of a Church rate. A fierce agitation was carried on against it, unreasonable, of course, but not, therefore, the less natural. People were paying for something which had never been of any use to them, and they could not or would not be convinced that they were but fulfilling a legal obligation. Every parish contains restless spirits to whom such affairs are, so to speak, meat and drink. One fiery orator, of Red Lion Street, declared that 'the aristocrats of Bedford Row were ready to ride with the blood of the people up to their saddle-girths'—a vehement way, to say the least, of putting the hardship of even a shilling rate. I do not suppose my father was much troubled by these attacks, though he regretted, I know, the disturbance of harmony in the parish. But he did suffer acutely from an affair which was connected with this same rate. The vestry determined to contest the validity of the annuities which their predecessors had granted. The annuitants were provokingly long-lived, after the manner of their kind, and the anti-rate agitators had probably obtained a majority on the vestry, a very likely event, the friends of order being as unwilling then as they are now to take any trouble in local affairs. My father made strong representations against the resolution, but was over-ruled, and

the suit was brought. Perhaps he ought to have resigned his office rather than act as solicitor in such case; but a connection of so many years is not easily broken. The suit was brought in the Court of one of the Vice-Chancellors—a legal office which was created and abolished in the course of the nineteenth century—and this particular Vice-Chancellor was Sir James Knight Bruce, a judge famed for the pungent wit with which he enlivened his utterances from the Bench. He made very short work with the cause. It was a scandalous business, he said, and one which no professional man ought to have consented to take up. 'And who, pray,' he asked, 'is the solicitor in this case?' My father had to stand up from the seat which he occupied in the well of the Court. And here I must explain that the judge and he were on terms of something like friendship. Knight Bruce had begun life in a solicitor's office, occupying a clerkship of quite a humble kind; then he had gone to the Bar, and my father had given him his first brief. 'What! You, Mr. Church!' he said. It was a compliment in a way, but it was a compliment that pierced like a knife.

I must say a few words about my mother. She was by birth a Booty, a Norfolk family, I believe, and my father's second cousin, having a common great-grandfather in Jeremiah Jedidiah. Never was there a better wife and mother. I can truly say that I never heard a word of difference between my

father and mother, and I was much at home from the year of my leaving school (1843) till 1853, when I was ordained and settled in Wiltshire. She managed all domestic affairs, settling, for instance, the place of our annual summer migration.[1] He never questioned or, I am sure, had any reason to question her decisions. To her children she was all that a mother ought to be, and she kept her servants for periods of time which now might seem almost incredible. In 1859, when our cook left us, after twenty-two years' service, to be married, our three servants averaged a period of about seventeen years.

Six of my parents' children died in infancy or childhood; the six who survived were:

1. Ellen Douglas, born August 5, 1822, died, unmarried, February 24, 1897. She had considerable literary ability, which displayed itself in the unprofitable form of verse. What she wrote achieved the honour of publication, but not, I take it, of payment.

[1] It may serve as an interesting proof of the great increase of expense of a summer outing to say that my father never paid more than three guineas and a half per week for a furnished house, with not less than six bedrooms, even at such favourite resorts as Henley and Broadstairs. Once, in a later year, my mother, who always looked out for the house, came back lamenting that she had been compelled to exceed this sum. The landlord asked four guineas, she told us, 'but,' she went on, 'he agreed when I offered to split the difference and give him 3*l.* 15*s.*' She was genuinely distressed when we pointed out to her that she had risen eighteen pence and he had come down nine shillings. She died in her eighty-sixth year, after a long illness from cancer, which did not make itself felt till she was nearly eighty. This suggests that one of the causes of the greater prevalence of this disease may be the increase in longevity.

2. Henry Francis, born April 29, 1824; solicitor, May 6, 1846; Chief Clerk of the Court of Chancery, Nov. 3, 1866—(the title of this office was changed in 1897 to 'Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature'). He died August 16, 1899.

3. Julien Roberts, born March 23, 1826; Solicitor, 1851; died May 28, 1890.

4. Alfred John.

5. Arthur Herbert, born June 2, 1834; M.A. Oxford, 1863; F.R.S., 1888; Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Academy since 1879.

6. Maria Folgham, born July 23, 1838, married July 7, 1857, John Fulford Vicary, of North Tawton, co. Devon. She was left a widow in 1887.

Before I begin on my own experiences I should like to say something about the London of my childhood—the London of the 'Thirties. The figures by which the growth of seventy years is expressed are striking enough. In 1831 the population was something over a million and a half; it is now more than four millions and a half; the houses have increased from something under 200,000 to more than 700,000. But figures cannot be realised; here are two expressive facts. My father was in the habit of taking a house in the country for the three summer months; commonly it was to some seaside place that we went. We were at Margate, for instance, in a cholera year in the 'Thirties—I remember

the dead flies that thickly covered the window seats. In 1834 we made the accustomed migration, but it was not further than to Sydenham. It will seem odd to this generation to think of Sydenham as a country spot. Yet it was so. I remember that we had a picnic in Penge Wood. What has become of Penge Wood now? There was a canal at the bottom of the garden of our house. The canal has been absorbed by the South-Eastern and Chatham railway; all that now remains of it is a small pond at Anerley. It may sound even more strange when I say that two years later we spent the summer at Kentish Town. And the house we had was, I remember, within a hundred yards or so of the open country. I may mention another reminiscence of these migrations. This was as late as 1846, and our summer abode was at Henley-on-Thames. My father hired the whole of the Henley coach for the day—presumably some other vehicle was put on for the public use—and it was driven up to our house in Bedford Row, and duly loaded with the family and its belongings. I will jot down here a few of my other recollections. The new buildings of the British Museum were, of course, commenced some years before my birth—as early, indeed, as 1820; but I remember well the old Montague House, which was purchased by the nation in 1754, and which finally disappeared in 1845. I seem to see, as I write, the stately staircase, with the stuffed giraffes, lions and tigers set on either

side. I used about this time to use the reading-room of the Museum, consisting of two dingy chambers, and haunted, it was said, by a peculiarly virulent kind of flea. I have still a vivid remembrance of some queer creatures who frequented the place. I remember Madame Tussaud sitting at the receipt of custom at the door of the exhibition called by her name. What a change was this for the woman who had been called in to take a plaster cast of the severed head of the Princesse de Lamballe, and who had received an elaborate compliment from the lips of the great Robespierre himself! Then there was the Adelaide Gallery, with its steam-gun, an anticipation of the *mitrailleuse* and other quick-firing artillery of recent days. Punch was a frequent visitor in the streets. He is still to the fore somewhere; but London, at least central London, sees him no more. And what has become of the Broken Bridge, a peep-show entertainment of those days? One of the sights of the year was when the Post Office mail carts turned out on the Queen's birthday, their drivers resplendent in their new scarlet coats. There were some twenty of these which were kept in the mews behind Bedford Row. What a review the carts and coaches of to-day would make if they could be brought together! But I am speaking of *ante* penny post days, when a letter from outside the London district cost any sum up to a shilling, or more. My father, I remember, had a monthly bill of postages from the authorities.

What a complication of accounts would such a plan bring about nowadays!

The amenity of London has been vastly increased since the time of which I am writing. What may be called the Holborn and Bloomsbury district was far superior in cleanliness and respectability to others that might be named. Yet here there were 'slums' which most people made a point of avoiding. No one, certainly no lady, thought of following the thoroughfare of Holborn past St. Giles's Church into Oxford Street. (This was, of course, before the construction of New Oxford Street.) The usual route was to turn off up Southampton Row, into Great Russell Street, and make one's way into Oxford Street by Hanway Street. This last was a most frequented and prosperous thoroughfare, filled with good shops. When I saw it last, a year or so ago, it was but the ghost—and the very shabby ghost—of its old self. I should much like to know the difference in the rentals between 1850 and 1900. Drury Lane and Seven Dials made up a very undesirable neighbourhood. As late as 1846, when I had to go from my home in Bedford Row to King's College, I would make my way into the Strand by Great and Little Boswell Court—both of them long since vanished—in the morning and up to three o'clock or so in the afternoon, but was careful to take a safer route later in the day. I remember that in Great Boswell Court there used to be a watch-

man's box drawn up on the wall, a curious reminiscence of the days before Sir Robert furnished London with a really efficient police—still called 'Peelers' by many who probably do not know the origin of the nickname.[1] Then, at the bottom of Holborn Hill there was Field Lane, with its flaunting show of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of them notoriously stolen, a strange defiance of law to which time had habituated the long-suffering Londoner. A notable change of another kind may be seen in Bedford Row, to which my father moved in 1839. The street looked, I imagine, much the same then as it looks now. The change is in the character of the occupancy. At that time many of the houses were private residences; in others some part was used for offices, and the rest served for a dwelling-house; very few consisted of business premises only. Our next-door neighbour on one side was a gentleman of independent means, who must have been born before the ''Forty-five,' for he was then considerably over ninety. I remember he showed us the neighbourly attention of sending in a basket of grapes grown in his own garden—I believe that the vine still exists. On the other side was the private residence of a coach-builder who had his factory in Holborn. He was a wealthy man, who would now have his country house twenty miles or so out of London. On the other side of the road lived Mr. Tooke, a writer on

[1] The police force, as it is now constituted in London, is five months, short of ten days, younger than myself.

political economy of considerable note; immediately opposite was some one whose name I forget, who possessed a small gallery of pictures which must have had something of a European reputation—I remember the King of Prussia coming to see it. This must have been in 1842, when he visited England for the purpose of standing godfather to our present King.

I must say one word about another London change, and this one that it is vastly for the better —the keeping up of the parks. In the 'Thirties, and, indeed, much later, these were left in something like desolation—pleasant, as open spaces cannot but be in the midst of a great city—but wholly uncared for, and without ornament. The Green Park, in particular, traversed by numberless paths and tracks, was like an ill-kept village green. The only one that was in any way cultivated was St. James's.

In other respects, also, London has been greatly improved during the seventy odd years over which my memory goes back. I can remember a maze of mean little streets where Cannon Street now stands, and Cannon Street itself looks somewhat paltry when compared with the magnificence of more recent improvements. And then there is the Embankment. What an improvement on the waste of mud that used to border the river! And the river itself, if not exactly pellucid, is greatly changed for the better. Who that saw—and smelt—the blue-black stream which flowed backwards and forwards under

the bridges in the summer of 1859 can forget the offence to eye and nose? But the change has cost something. The London cricket grounds have perished. Lord's and the Oval have, indeed, been preserved, though both were at one time threatened by the builder. But the Beehive ground at Walworth, that on Copenhagen Fields, now occupied by the Cattle Market, and the Eton and Middlesex, near Chalk Farm, have disappeared. I have played many a game on the two latter, and I remember one visit to Walworth. I recollect how my brother and I and one of my father's clerks carried our wickets and bats down Fleet Street. It must have been unusual then, or why should it have fixed itself in my mind? Then there were open-air racket courts; one at the Oval, others in the Kennington Road, at the top of Battle Bridge and at the bottom of Haverstock Hill. I have had many a game at this last with my cousins John and Richmond Seeley. Once I had the honour of 'crossing rackets'—if the phrase may be allowed—with Charles Stuart Calverley, the 'C.S.C.' of the incomparable 'Fly Leaves,' &c. A good many Londoners can only look on at games in which their fathers used to share. I can remember how, in the luncheon interval at Lords—which used to be at three o'clock—the ground was covered with wickets. It must be confessed that this did not improve the turf, and that the ground is very much improved from what it was then.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS—(*continued*)

AND now for a few personal experiences and recollections. First must come an incident which I cannot, indeed, recollect, but which I have received from a constant family tradition. In the year of my birth my father, or, to speak more accurately, my mother, chose Broadstairs for the scene of the annual family migration. Near this place, then a small seaside village, the Duchess of Kent was then living with the Princess Victoria, and it chanced one day that the two met the nurse who was carrying me, then a baby, and as partial kinsfolk averred, a fine baby of six months. 'What a lovely baby!' cried the Princess—(I tell the tale as the nurse told it at home, and as it was religiously handed on)—'May I kiss him, mamma?' And she kissed me. Surely an auspicious beginning!

My first distinct recollection, apart from certain dim memories of a fall from some steps at Deal, and of huge threatening waves, as they seemed to me, on the Deal beach, is of the passing of the Reform Bill. This takes me back to June, 1832, when I was some

four months over three.[1] I remember the crowds of people passing up and down Theobald's Road, and, though here I must draw on what I afterwards was told, the illuminations at night. In those days illuminations were not confined to the main streets and to the chief premises among them; everyone had to make some display, and this was commonly done by putting a candle behind every pane in the windows. If the occasion was one which appealed to popular feeling, and this the passing of the Reform Bill assuredly was, the penalty inflicted on an irresponsive house was to have the windows broken. My father, who was 'as blue as they make them,' certainly felt no delight in Reform, but he had to follow the example of his neighbours and make believe to be glad.

An early recollection of a definite kind is of the newspaper, with the black lines dividing the columns, in which the death of William IV. was announced. Before this date, however, the Carlist war had come to its height, and I was, I remember, a hot Carlist, having a sympathiser in the brother next above me in age, doubtless out of opposition to the older and wiser sister and brother, who had taken up the cause of the 'Innocent Isabella.' I cannot exactly fix the date of this political fervour, for the Carlist

[1] The Bill was read for the third time in the House of Lords, after passing through more than one threatening crisis, on June 4, and received the Royal Assent on June 7.

war lasted down from 1835 to 1840. England, it will be remembered, took an informal hand, so to speak, in the affair by sending, or permitting the sending, of a Legion under Sir De Lacy Evans. For years afterwards men in tattered uniforms who had, or perhaps had not, served in Spain, might be seen sweeping crossings, or frankly begging without even that pretence.

Among my recollections of childish days are some that are anything but cheerful. Most of them have to do with an ailment of the dyspeptic kind, which has troubled me, not without a salutary warning, for the greater part of my life. For a year or so I was fed on biscuit, dressed, I dare say, with as much variety and ingenuity as domestic skill permitted, but becoming horribly distasteful. I have a vivid recollection of some odious mess in which the food was mixed up with meat gravy. This ailment doubtless was the cause of some dreadful dreams, which I have never forgotten—in one I seemed to see a hideous giant whose head reached to our nursery windows on the third floor, walking up the familiar thoroughfare of Great James Street—it is the familiarity of the surrounding that gives its special horror to the nightmare. This tendency was made worse by vivid imagination. Did any other child see the flames of hell in the convolutions of a sheepskin binding? A more present terror came upon me when I heard, as I thought, the roaring of lions on

the staircase that led up to the nursery. I had been put by a nurse, who certainly attained a 'record' in injudicious punishment, to say my prayers in the dark. What horrors children suffer from the foolish persons in whose charge they are sometimes put! And yet this woman was a kind-hearted, careful woman, who tried to do her best for the children in her keeping.

I have said that my father lived at his place of business. One obvious disadvantage was that, except in his actual holiday, which was very brief, he never got away from his work. Clients often came in the evening because they were pretty sure to find him at home. He was accustomed, and this voluntarily, to prolong his labours far beyond business hours—so he wrote up his professional journal, which was always very detailed, in the evening. I do not know whether it was a good thing or not that his family knew much more about the professional part of his life than they would have known if the office had been in town and the home in the suburbs. This gave me an outside knowledge of legal matters, which I have found useful for literary purposes. It was thus, too, that I got into the way of frequenting the law courts, such at least as were held at our end of the town. I remember seeing Lord Lyndhurst sit for the last time as Chancellor when Sir Robert Peel went out of office in 1846. (It was probably some day towards the end of June.) He delivered

a number of judgments which he had taken time to consider. I was struck with his look of exhaustion and suffering. One might have thought him a dying man. But he lived seventeen years longer, dying in 1863, in his ninety-second year. He added largely to his reputation during this period of his life. He was freed from the trammels of party and could bring to the consideration of national questions an intelligence which, always of the keenest, was now without bias or constraint. It is noticeable that during this later period he, once the obstinate opponent of Reform, was inclined to a Liberal policy. The other Equity Court of which I have a vivid recollection is that of the Vice-Chancellor of England, Sir Lancelot Shadwell. The leading counsel in it at that time were John Stuart, afterwards one of the Vice-Chancellors, and Richard Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury. They were ill-matched as far as ability and legal knowledge were concerned, but Stuart had the advantage of never knowing when he was beaten, and stood up to his formidable antagonist with unfaltering courage. I can well recall Bethell's somewhat affected utterance, which was wont, however, to be forgotten when he was carried along by the full tide of his argument. He dominated the Court, or, if that expression is too strong, exercised over it a most unusual influence. Shadwell was not, I take it, a great lawyer, but he was one of the most popular of men. He was, if I

may borrow the expression from the Eton vocabulary, a 'wet bob.' He was a patron of the boating world, and was never so happy as when he was disporting himself either on or in the river. A story is told of how two solicitors who had to make an application in some urgent matter during the Long Vacation found that he was bathing. He swam up to the boat, and held on to it while he heard the argument and gave the necessary order.

I remember being present about this time at a meeting held at Exeter Hall to promote the abolition of the punishment of death. The arguments used by the speakers I have forgotten, but I remember some of the men. Lord Nugent (1788–1850) was, I think, in the chair. He was well known as an ardent friend of the cause of Polish Independence. Daniel O'Connell was present and spoke, but ill-health had taken away the vigour of his eloquence. He could, indeed, scarcely be heard. I remember well his full, red face, not unlike a full moon when it is seen through a mist. He left England a few weeks afterwards, dying at Genoa in 1847. Another orator was Dr. Mortimer, then headmaster of the City of London School. I remember that when he came forward to speak he was greeted with angry cries of 'Priest! Priest!' On the same occasion I saw John Bright—indeed, rode in the same omnibus with him.

The Exeter Hall audiences were commonly of a very different temper. The May Meetings were at

their flourishing period. A young relative of mine the other day, asked by a serious cousin whether she had attended any of these, supposed that they came off at Epsom. My memory brings back to me one of these gatherings, when I heard two great speakers of the time, Hugh Stowell and Hugh McNeile. Curiously enough one detail of the latter's speech has stuck by me. He was arguing that the appointment of Christian ministers need not necessarily be by popular election, and that too much stress must not be laid on the word χειροτονεῖν. Originally, of course, it meant to vote by raising the hand, and so to elect by show of hands, but in course of time it came to signify choosing generally. So Appian wrote that Alexander chose (ἐχειροτόνησεν) Hephæstion as his friend.

One more recollection of Exeter Hall I must give. It was a concert in the Great Hall for the benefit of a singer named Genge, a tenor, if I remember right, in the choir of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. The public had their money's worth, for the concert lasted till close upon midnight, and they heard some of the most popular singers of the day. I remember that the younger Lablache sang 'Figaro quà, Figaro là!' Miss Poole 'Wapping Old Stairs'—she died the other day, at the age of eighty-three—and Miss Dolby (afterwards Madame Sainton-Dolby) something which I cannot remember.

One notable change that has come over the

district is to be seen in the churches and chapels. I can enumerate seven parish or district churches or chapels of ease which stood within a radius of a quarter of a mile, some of them crowded, the others respectably filled. There was St. Andrew's, Holborn, served about the time of which I am speaking by the Rev. J. J. Toogood, distinguished as the heaviest man that ever rowed in the Oxford University boat—he was No. 5 in the crew of 1827. Trinity, Gray's Inn Road, was a district of St. Andrew's, and St. Bartholomew, in the same locality, was a chapel-of-ease within its borders. It had once belonged to a somewhat notorious person of the name of Huntingdon. Another chapel-of-ease was in Ely Place; this has disappeared. Another parish church was St. George-the-Martyr in Queen's Square; the rector was Vowler Short, brother to a well-known Bishop of Adelaide. Yet another St. George (Bloomsbury) could boast of the largest congregations in London. The preacher who attracted them was Montagu Villiers, afterwards Bishop of Durham. The place and the name suggests good things which I am loath to leave untold. The steeple is meant to be a reproduction of the famous Mausoleum of Halicarnassos, though it departs considerably from the true proportions, which indeed, were at the time of building known only from books.[1] This seems to be still

[1] The remains of the actual building were discovered in 1820 by Newton and Fellowes.

unknown to some people: a writer in the press, only the other day, ridiculed the Bloomsburyites for not having a better saint than George II., in whose reign the church was built. His statue, it is true, surmounts the steeple, but this was in accordance with the original on the summit of which stood the statue of Mausolus. Exigencies of space forbade the introduction of the four-horsed chariot in which the king stood. Ignorance of all this is, it is true, more excusable than that indicated by a phrase which I remember seeing, some forty years ago, in the leading article of a great London daily:—'When Artemisia,' said the scribe, in his grandest style, 'built the Mausoleum of the Pharaohs.' Dr. Villiers was certainly less successful as a bishop than he had been as a popular preacher. He appointed to one of the best livings in his diocese—and some of the Durham livings are very good—a gentleman of the name of Cheese, whose most obvious qualification was that he was the Bishop's son-in-law. This brought upon him not a little invective and ridicule. Of this latter one of the happiest specimens was an epigrammatic translation attributed by *Punch* to Samuel Wilberforce, of the Shepherd's complaint in Virgil. He is telling his companions that in old days, when his affairs were mismanaged by a careless and slatternly wife, 'the rich cheese would be pressed for the thankless town,' *i.e.* he did not get the fair profit for the produce which he sent to market—

'pinguis et ingratæ premeretur caseus urbi,' runs the Latin, and this is the translation:

'"Prophetic Virgil!" now may Durham own,
"I've pressed my cheese upon a thankless town."'

Another Anglican place of worship which was always crowded stood at the northern end of Great James Street—St. John's Chapel—of which Baptist Noel was for many years the minister. With its spacious galleries it must have held a congregation of between fifteen hundred and two thousand, and it was invariably crowded. Many of the worshippers came, it is true, from a distance—I do not suppose that as a rule a local congregation would have contributed the 1,500*l.* which was raised on a single Sunday for the Irish famine of 1846. The building has now disappeared, and nothing has taken its place. I often heard Baptist Noel preach. His sermons would now be regarded as intolerably long—they commonly lasted for an hour and a quarter. My recollection of them is that for the first hour they were but moderately interesting, but that in the fifteen minutes that followed he warmed into genuine eloquence. He always had the advantage of a gracious presence and a silvery voice. In 1848 he seceded from the Anglican Church, joined the Baptist community, and became minister of John Street Chapel, a mixed society of Baptists and Independents.[1]

[1] The history of this building is curious. It was constructed at

James Harrington Evans, his predecessor there, had gone through a somewhat similar experience, having once been a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and in Anglican orders. Of this church my father and mother were members. This was another crowded place of worship, for Mr. Evans was regarded with great enthusiasm. His sermons were highly 'experimental'; of dogma, beyond the Atonement, they contained scarcely anything. Young as I was when I attended there, I was greatly impressed with the celebration of the 'Lord's Supper' as it was practised on the evening of the first Sunday in the month. The Church members occupied the floor of the chapel, the rest of the congregation sitting in the galleries. The deacons carried about the plates of bread and the flagons of wine. I have no doubt that there was more of really primitive form in this than in our Anglican ritual. The table was in front of the pulpit; under it was a baptistery; I have a dim recollection of once seeing a baptism by immersion. Another ceremony left a very definite impression on my mind; this was the burial of a younger sister of mine in the vaults beneath the chapel. The gloomy crypt, with all the accessories of the scene, I remember distinctly as I write. Probably I felt at the time more curiosity than horror. We are apt

the expense of Mr. Drummond, afterwards well known as a pillar of the 'Irvingite,' otherwise the 'Catholic and Apostolic,' community. When Mr. Drummond changed his views he endeavoured to regain possession of the building, but failed.

to read into the mind of a child many of the thoughts and feelings of maturer years.

My father was for many years a member of this church, and in respect of social position and general esteem stood as high as anyone. But he eschewed any kind of prominence, never holding office as a deacon, or taking any part in the management of affairs. There was one office from which he was, I think, peculiarly averse. It was the custom when anyone applied to be admitted into membership to send two 'messengers'—whether this is the right term I know not—to inquire into their experience, details of conversion, and the like. This duty was seldom imposed upon him, but I remember one occasion of his having to discharge it, and I can recall, not without a little compunction, how we amused ourselves with his embarrassment. The applicant was a maid-servant at a dwelling-house in Great James Street, and we asked him how he was going to proceed, and whether, as he was calling on a servant, he ought not to ring the area bell. Never, I am sure (to be serious) was a man whose life was more profoundly and consistently governed by his religious profession. We should think his rule of conduct nowadays somewhat Puritanic. Dancing was a frivolity sternly discountenanced; none of us ever thought of visiting a theatre, or of going to see a race. It was even thought the right thing to express pleasure when there was a downpour of rain on the Derby Day.

The only game that I remember was one played on a map of England. It was a prototype of the 'racing game' of later days, but was of a more edifying kind. We were supposed to be making a tour over England, and our progress was determined by spinning of a 'teetotum,' a serious substitute for the dice-box. Sometimes the spin landed on an obstacle. The towns were numbered. York, for instance, might be 80. If you were at Wakefield, 75, a spin showing 5 would bring you to York, where you had to 'stay three turns to admire the Cathedral.' When I first saw the Minster in 1847 I remembered this odious 'staying.' Though he was a solicitor, and brought up two of his sons to the same profession, he was accustomed to apply to the very courts in which he practised St. Paul's words about 'going to law before the unjust.' The whole machinery of Government was regarded as worked by powers of ungodliness. I imagine that there was a certain conventionality in this language, that it expressed a theory which had actually been discarded. Certainly there was in practice no lack of charity. My father had left the Church of England, but he never said anything unkind about it. One of his strongest dislikes was that of the 'political Dissenter.' I remember the horror with which he related how a prominent Nonconformist divine, preaching on the occasion of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, had taken for his text: 'Write this man childless.'

Still more odious was the custom which still survived, not, it is to be hoped, extensively, of eating calves' head on the anniversary of the execution of King Charles!

Our supply of books was small, limited in one direction by the Puritan temper of the house. No novel ever came within our reach. My father's early manhood coincided with Sir Walter Scott's flourishing period—he was in his twenty-seventh year when 'Waverley' appeared—but no novel was ever seen by us. There was a book society connected with the chapel, to which my father belonged; but beyond the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' I cannot recall the titles of any of the books which it patronised. 'Blackwood's Magazine' I must have seen, perhaps in this way, for I sent a poem as an applicant for admission. We took in the 'Penny Magazine' and the 'Saturday Magazine.' 'Chambers' Edinburgh Magazine,' which was then published in a folio shape, I made acquaintance with at school. There was a series of annual volumes entitled the 'Excitement to Read'! They contained stories of adventure and travel. I did not want any urging in this direction, but my mother used to give it to me for a New Year or birthday gift. Later on she chose for this purpose Southey's poems. 'The Curse of Kehama,' 'Thalaba,' and 'Roderick the Goth,' I read in this way. The first two made a great impression on me, and I still think that they

do not merit the oblivion into which they have fallen. The form is strange to the last degree—'Startled metre fled from Thalaba,' says Byron—but there is great power in them. The modern boy or girl has in a single year at least two or three times as many volumes as I read in the whole time up to my fifteenth year. I believe that I can recall the names of nearly all, but among them were Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and his 'Holy War.' I never cared for the latter; its allegory with the City of Mansoul attacked by evil passions was too obvious and didactic. Then there were the 'Indian Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Fairchild Family,' 'Little Henry and his Bearer,' 'Evenings at Home' by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aikin, an expurgated 'Arabian Nights,' 'Bowdler's Shakespeare,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' with its not unsuccessful imitator 'The Swiss Family Robinson.' We may laugh at the book now, but I remember that it had an entrancing interest. It would be ungrateful if I did not mention a very squat quarto in yellow covers, which contained among other delights 'The White Cat,' the 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' and the 'Adventures of Philip Quarll.' If our reading on weekdays was always scanty, on Sunday it approached starvation. Two or three of those mentioned above were conceded to us; but our stand-by was Josephus's 'Antiquities of the Jews,' especially his last book, with its story, inexhaustible in its interest, of the last siege. Under

the strict rule of earlier days—afterwards relaxed—even a walk was forbidden. Titus, John of Gischala, and Simon the Zealot helped me through many a long Sunday afternoon.

Our festivities were limited to a solemn dinner-party for the seniors, some three or four times in the year, and a great entertainment, designed in the first place for the children, but not a little enjoyed by their elders, on Twelfth Day. There was a gorgeous cake, and we drew for 'characters,' which were managed, I remember, so as to be appropriate to any little peculiarities in our behaviour. Then the dining-room was cleared, and a grand game of 'blind man's buff' was played. The family party was reinforced with sundry cousins who were sojourning for one reason or another in London, and the fun was fast and furious. One family of these, children of my mother's only sister, were my father's wards, and they were as elder brothers to us. Two of them had, I remember, an adventure so ludicrous that I am bound to introduce it, even if it is *à propos de bottes*. They shared a lodging somewhere in our neighbourhood, and a country friend sent them up a sucking pig to improve their Christmas cheer. Somehow, possibly through the abundance of London hospitalities, they lost sight of it, till it recalled itself to memory by appealing to another sense. What was to be done with it? They sallied forth when the night was somewhat advanced, and dropped it down

into an area. Some two hours afterwards they were roused by a bell—a policeman wanted to speak to them. They had wrapped it up in the paper in which it had come, and *their address was on it.* What was their relief when the policeman said: 'If you don't want this, gentlemen, I shall be very glad to have it.'

As I have ventured to be discursive I will cap this anecdote with another which will turn the laugh against myself. In the early days of one of my headmasterships I took proceedings against a butcher who had sold me a piece of doubtful or more than doubtful meat. The summons came on before the magistrates of the town, and my case was proved 'up to the hilt.' But they wished to see the offending article, and my gardener, to whom it had been handed, was called. *He had cooked and eaten it!*

CHAPTER III

MY SCHOOLS

I HAVE no recollection of learning to read. I must have acquired the art at a very early age, because I remember being set, when I was in my sixth year, to learn the *Propria Quæ Maribus*. I must pause for a moment to explain to a degenerate race that these words are the beginning of a Latin hexameter (which may be Englished 'Proper names assigned to males you may call masculine'), and that this hexameter is the first of 143 crabbed verses by which boys were supposed to learn the genders of Latin nouns—'crabbed' I call them, though Keate, of Eton, is said to have spoken of the *Propria* as 'a noble poem.' I taught it myself at Merchant Taylors' School as late as 1861 (I think), when it was superseded, along with the rest of 'King Edward VI.'s Grammar,' by the 'Public School Latin Primer.' It was part of a robust training which was not without its good points, but was in itself a somewhat cumbrous instrument, more useful, I take it, for those who learnt it in after years than at the time of learning. I never knew but one of the many scores of boys

whom I have heard repeat, or attempt to repeat it, who could say it without a fault, and he was exceptionally stupid. I have a dim recollection of the tears which it caused me, and it will be allowed that for a child of five it was a rigorous discipline.

A more pleasing recollection is Homer. Before I was seven I had learnt by heart a great portion of Pope's translation of the 'Iliad.' During my convalescence from a very severe attack of scarlet fever I dictated copy-books full of it to my nurse. And I used it in exercising a certain gift of quotation which I have often found serviceable, and sometimes, I fancy, a little dangerous. On one occasion, when my mother sent me to bed for some offence, I faced about on the first landing, and apostrophised her in the line

'Thy rage implacable too well I knew.'

I have a dim remembrance of being sent to a girls' school in the neighbourhood for a few days, and of being left entirely to myself. Probably some domestic crisis made my absence desirable.

My first actual experience of school was in my eighth year,[1] when I went to one in Kentish Town, kept by a Mr. Bickerdyke, a minister of Lady Huntingdon's Connection. My memory of the place is almost blank. I have no recollection of learning

[1] My eldest brother was sent off before he was six. Our parents were most careful and affectionate, but in those days children were treated in a Spartan fashion.

anything there, though I must have made fair progress, to judge from my after experience. The one vivid impression that remains with me is that we were all set once a week to write a formal letter home, beginning with 'My honoured Parents.' I can also recall the personality of one school-fellow, Maurice Day by name, and the fact of his making some answer which put his elders to shame. This is likely enough, for he afterwards won high distinction at Oxford, being Hertford Scholar in 1847, and Ireland Scholar in 1849.

I was some two months past my ninth birthday when I went to my second school, kept by the Rev. J. A. Barron, at Stanmore. It was then a school of high and not undeserved repute. It had been set up in 1771 by Dr. Samuel Parr when he left Harrow in disappointment at not being appointed to the Head Mastership. Whether it had been carried on continuously from that time I cannot say, but Mr. Barron had had it for some years, and it was in the highest degree prosperous. And this prosperity it deserved. Mr. Barron did not, I think, know very much, though he had written, or, possibly, had had written for him, a Latin grammar; but he was an admirable organiser. There were about sixty boys in the school, the maximum number which it could receive, and there were six resident masters. Two were graduates, and these must have been well paid, for they could afford to live in houses of their own,

and this without the help of taking boarders. The food was plentiful and good. The boys were divided into five 'shifts,' so to speak, numbering twelve, which took it in turns to dine for a week at the Head-master's table. One shift, it will be understood, was migratory, taking its own week of honour, and at other times filling the place of that which was doing the same. We were worked hard, but we were also energetic in play, and I have no remembrance of suffering myself, or of any school-fellow suffering from too much pressure. Boys well fed, under healthy conditions of space and air, and with good opportunities of play, can work very hard without injury. We were called all the year round at 5.45 A.M., and had to be ready for school at 6.30. The class-rooms were remote from the house, but connected with it by a covered way, which also led to a large lavatory, supplied with hot and cold water. There we always washed, being subjected to a rigorous inspection to ensure that the washing was properly done. It was considered bad form to fail in this respect. From 6.30 to 8 we had lessons, Scripture and French, if I remember right. After breakfast we went into school again for four hours, or, to speak more accurately, for three hours and a half, as we were allowed three intervals of ten minutes each. From 1 to 4 came dinner and play. From 4 to 6 school again, with the usual interval of ten minutes between the hours. Tea came at 6, and there was another hour

and a half of school between 7 and 8.30. Then, after prayers, the younger boys went to bed; the elders had an hour's preparation, with a bread-and-cheese supper. Some of us, then, had more than nine hours' work, somewhat mitigated, of course, in actual practice, for the boy who will always keep his mind on the stretch may be said not to exist. Still, it was an ample allowance. But, as I have said, I have no recollection of overwork. We were well fed, lived under wholesome conditions, and played strenuously.

The teaching was, I have some reason to believe, generally good. It is true that my only distinct recollection of the lower forms through which I passed is that, when we came in the Latin lesson to the word *id*, we were told that it agreed with the substantive *negotium*, understood. But I also remember that this master was not well thought of. From him I passed under the instruction of a German, Pfahler by name. He left on me a vague impression that he knew what he was about. All that I clearly remember is that he used to divide our work into *expositio* and *compositio*, and that he made us, in writing essays, use formal divisions—possibly they are still used somewhere. We began with *propositio*, *i.e.* the setting forth of the subject; followed this up by *ratio*, the main argument which was to support one or other opinion; then used *exemplum*, an instance from literature or history which was supposed to be

in accord with this opinion, and after this *quotatio*. Then came *confirmatio*, an additional argument, probably suggested by either the example or the quotation, possibly by both. Last came the *conclusio*. But I must have prospered in my learning, for I have still in my possession an edition of the 'Alcestis' of Euripides, bearing, in my handwriting, the date of 1841. It was something to be able to read a Greek play when I was but eleven, but it is more significant of success that the page also bears the handwriting of the master who taught classics to the highest class. It gives a playful variation of my name, 'A Heurke,' under a rough outline of a church. This makes me think that when I became possessed of the book I was not quite a new comer into his class. I feel sure, therefore, that on the whole I was well taught. I remember that the second master, Woodmass by name, whose subject was mathematics, was a man who inspired respect in all of us. I have also a vivid recollection of a young German, Bertsch by name, who spoke English with absolute correctness and without a trace of accent—boys are quite able to notice and appreciate such things. There was also a French teacher who contrived to interest us, a thing which all French teachers do not succeed in doing. He had been a soldier in the army of Napoleon. Of French, certainly, I managed to learn a fair amount. I never gave up any time to it after leaving school, *i.e.* after the

age of fifteen; but I can read it nearly as easily as I can read Latin. One custom which I cordially hated at the time, and not without reason, may have contributed to this comparative proficiency—we had to speak French during the day except at meals, I think, and during the cricket hour or hours, and the corresponding time when other games were in season. An odious medal was passed to anyone speaking English, and the unlucky boy who was the holder at the end of the day had an imposition. This imposition, I ought to say, was not the useless task of writing out fifty or a hundred lines, but the learning of some twenty or thirty lines of English poetry. I loathed the whole business at the time, but I am eternally grateful to the introduction which it gave me to English poetry. The fact was that Mr. Barron had ideas of his own about education, and was in advance of his time. He had built a laboratory, where we learnt chemistry. Herr Bertsch, of whom I have spoken above, was our teacher. I did not profit much by it, for my tastes were wholly literary, but some of my fellows were keenly interested in our work. We learnt mensuration by going out and actually measuring fields. That I greatly enjoyed. We had no prizes, no places in class, and no examinations. These are, I think, Pestalozzian ideas. On the whole we were interested in our work.

But I feel bound to render a special tribute of gratitude to the man whose little pleasantry—still

preserved on the fly-leaf of my 'Alcestis'—I have mentioned above. I owe more than I can say to Walter Herbert Awdry. He had his faults as a master: his temper was hasty; his mood changed rapidly from sunshine to storm. For myself, I found the summers very brief and the winters very long. He did not, I think, make sufficient allowance for my years, for I was much younger than any of my class-fellows. But he had the more than compensating merit of enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm he was able to communicate, if he found any receptive power in his pupils. He taught me to love the classics, and I owe him more than can be put into words. I suffered not a little from him—from his tongue, let it be understood, not from his hands—but I count it a piece of excellent good fortune that I was for some three years his pupil.

The discipline of the school was in some respects barbarous. Every Saturday a Grand Inquisition was held, and offenders were called up, tried, and condemned—I do not remember any acquittals. A minor fault was punished by two boxes on the ear, administered by the chief himself, who was an expert in the art of giving them without doing harm. Medical authorities, I believe, declare such blows to be dangerous, but I suspect that if they are given on the cheek and not on the ear, they are really harmless. Certainly I never heard of any ill effects following. For graver offences a more serious

penalty was exacted. The culprit was conducted after evening prayers by the chief and one of his assistants to one of the schoolrooms, stretched across a table, and solemnly caned. The silent journey, the victim cut off from the sympathy of his fellows, and abandoned, as it were, to his executioners, the closed and deserted room—for the school was, as I have said, remote from the house—combined to make it a lurid experience. It seemed to suit the Tartarus which the Sibyl described to Æneas.

Mr. Barron was a B.D. of Cambridge (a 'ten years' man'). He never preached; still he was very careful about our Sundays, and the parish church of Stanmore did not satisfy him. The rector at the time was a Mr. Chauvel, who had kept his jubilee some time before, and must have been at the time nearly ninety years of age. We were sent, accordingly, to Harrow Weald, where E. Monro was the minister. Monro was a fine preacher, a master of the rhetorical style which, if it is good of its kind, appeals more than all others to a boy audience—I may interject the opinion that F. W. Farrar was as good a preacher of this type as has been heard in my time. One phrase of Monro's lingers in my memory. I heard it, not at Harrow Weald, but in a London Church—'and that pale lily which gleams from your altar, Mary Magdalene.' We appreciated him; it was common talk among us how fine his sermons were. But the

time of which I am writing was the heyday of the Oxford Movement. Monro had been deeply touched by it, and Mr. Barron became suspicious of him. We left Harrow Weald, and went for a time to Whitchurch, and afterwards to Bushey. Of Bushey I remember nothing. The name of Whitchurch recalls the curious decorations with which the Duke of Chandos, satirised by Pope under the name of Timon, had adorned the walls. Later on the elder boys were sent to Stanmore in the afternoon. The church, which is now a ruin, was encircled with 'private boxes,' if the phrase may pass, occupied by wealthy families in the neighbourhood, and nicely graduated to suit their rank. A magnate of the first rank had something like a drawing-room, duly furnished with easy chairs and fireplace; smaller people had to be content with a little gallery—a 'small thing, but their own.' One solitary memory of a Stanmore sermon clings to me. The preacher, in announcing a text from the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, said that it was 'commonly called the Parable of Dives and Lazarus.' I felt something of wonder, if not of shame, that I had never heard it before.

I left Mr. Barron's school when the Christmas holidays of 1843 began. If I had stayed longer I should have had no one to work with, and Mr. Barron himself counselled my departure. In the following January I was entered at King's College,

London, though still wanting a little more than a year of the regular age for admission. I cannot help thinking that my father would have done better if he had put me into the school. A lad of fifteen requires a stricter discipline than the arrangements of the College provided for. I was by disposition something of a student, but I wasted no small amount of time, not so much from idleness as from sheer ignorance of how time should be used. And there was very little supervision on the part of the authorities and teachers. I was put at first into the lower classical lecture. This was natural enough in view of my youth, but it was a mistake, and I almost wasted the first term. On the other hand, I was put into the higher lecture in mathematics, another mistake, and one for which I cannot account. It is quite impossible that I should ever have shown any aptitude for this study, and I am inclined to think that the convenience of equalising the numbers of the classes had something to do with it. I much doubt whether I could have done any good in this line under any circumstances, or really profited by any teaching. I certainly did not profit by what I actually had, though Professor Hall, who had the charge of the Upper Class, was eminently successful with many pupils. I was pushed on till I reached the Differential Calculus; but I never understood anything about it. My impression is that I never really got any further, as far as real assimilation was

concerned, than the first four books of Euclid and elementary algebra. Half the morning of every day was wasted in this way. Later on I was permitted to specialise and give all the morning to classics.

R. W. Browne, formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford, was then Professor, a scholar of the 'elegant' type—elegance was characteristic of the whole man—who did his work conscientiously, but was not an inspiring teacher. The best part of his daily lecture was a *viva voce* exercise in Latin Prose writing. One at least of the books which we read with him would hardly be chosen now. This was the 'Rhetoric' of Aristotle, admirable in its way, but not the right *pabulum* for lads who ought to be occupied with the form and literary quality of the language. The Lecturer was J. S. Brewer, a scholar who is now remembered for his contributions to historical study. He was an excellent teacher, touched by a manifest enthusiasm which could not fail to move any but the 'Arcadicus iuvenis, cui læva in parte mamillæ nil salit.' The Chair of History and Literature had been occupied since 1840 by Frederick Denison Maurice. He was then the centre of a gradually increasing group of disciples, who looked to him as a theological teacher. I do not remember being conscious of this fact at the time. But the man greatly attracted me, and I was a constant and attentive hearer at his lectures. Of them I took copious notes, which I was careful

to write out at full length on the earliest opportunity. It is possible that the time thus spent might have been more profitably employed. But, then, the word 'profitably' would be used in a highly restricted sense, a sense to be determined by Macaulay's famous *dictum* that there is a time of life at which writing Latin prose is the most lucrative employment that a man can follow. Probably, in view of my general mental growth, I could not have used the time to better purpose. The Principal, Dr. Jelf, used to lecture on the Articles, proving them in the old fashion by 'texts.' I shall never forget the sense of contrast when, two or three years afterwards, I heard Mark Pattison lecture on the same subject. His method was very different, as may be supposed, from the 'proof by texts.' Allen, afterwards Archdeacon of Stafford, was the chaplain, a genial, simple character, which few of us, I fear, appreciated. One recollection only of his lectures has remained with me. He was discoursing on Tertullian, and was giving an instance of that father's imagery. 'Orat avis *extendens crucem alarum*,' and he stretched out his arms clad with the black Master's gown. I am afraid that we laughed.

I may mention a few of my fellow-students. Alfred Barry, afterwards Principal of the College, and Bishop of Sydney, and now Canon of Windsor; G. W. Kitchin, successively Dean of Winchester and Durham; Lord Stanley, who became fifteenth

Earl of Derby in 1866, and filled before, and after, various Cabinet offices, and Fitzjames Stephen. I had the honour of being preferred to Stephen in a competition for a classical Scholarship in my last year, and I remember the surprise of the Classical Class when Lord Stanley, who had during the session successfully concealed his very considerable attainments in scholarship, came out first in the examination.

CHAPTER IV

OXFORD

My earliest acquaintance with Oxford was made in the summer of 1846, when I stood for a scholarship at Wadham. I did not distinguish myself further than to be excused from being examined for matriculation. Indeed, my candidature was something like a piece of presumption. I was a year under the usual age for such efforts, and not more advanced than my contemporaries; and I had missed the regular training which I should have received in the sixth form of a public school. One of the successful candidates was Benjamin Bickley Rogers, the author of some quite admirable translations of Aristophanes; another was Octavius Ogle,[1] afterwards a dear

[1] Octavius Ogle was the youngest child of Dr. Ogle, Regius Professor of Medicine, whose hospitable house in St. Giles's some few veterans may still remember. He was Bishop's Fellow at Lincoln College, succeeding his brother Richard, who died in his twenty-fourth year. He was tutor, 1853–1855, and, after vacating his fellowship by marriage, continued to reside in Oxford as a highly successful 'pass-coach.' From time to time he filled the academical offices of Master of the Schools and Moderator in Classical Honours; to the end of his life he was one of the Clerks of the Market, and, till he was incapacitated by illness, chaplain to the Warneford Asylum. He was an excellent man of business, acting for many years as one of the auditors of the University Life Assurance Society, and on one occasion

friend of mine. I was matriculated at Wadham in January, 1847, and elected to a scholarship at Lincoln College in the following June, coming into residence in the October of that year.

Oxford was then waiting to be reformed. Only one important change had been made since the days of Laud, viz. the abolition of the old Dissertations, which had become merely formal, and the institution of regular examinations, followed by the issue of class-lists, in which the performances of candidates were recorded. The subjects of examination were classics and mathematics,[1] and there was also a school of theology, to which examiners were duly appointed, but in which no candidate ever presented himself. Responsions, *vulgo* 'Little-Go,' were commonly passed at the end of the first year. This practically meant a loss of time to the more advanced men, as there was nothing in the examination which they could not have answered when they left school. Moderations were instituted in 1850. But it does

serving his college by disentangling with success some very complicated accounts. He had a fine literary taste, as may be seen in his *Idylls of Ilium*, a volume of poems many of which first appeared in the *Spectator*. In 1892, he published *Royal Letters to Oxford*. He died, in 1896, at his house in Park Crescent, Oxford. His life of 67 years had been wholly spent in that city. Many generations of Oxford men found a welcome there. To the young he was a wise counsellor and friend. His contemporaries sometimes found him abrupt and difficult. He was curiously plain spoken, but our friendship, which is one of the dearest recollections of my life, was never even jarred for a moment.

[1] *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ*, by the latter word being meant applied mathematics.

not come within my purpose to tell the story of Oxford reform. One thing I may mention, that the number of undergraduates has grown from the 1,300 of my time to nearly 3,000. Large additions have been made to most of the colleges, while the rule of residence has been greatly relaxed. New College, Magdalen, Corpus, have grown from small societies numbering less than twenty undergraduates —Magdalen had *thirteen* in 1840—to proportions which sixty years ago only Christ Church and Exeter had attained.

Lincoln College had done something in the way of internal reform. It had thrown open some twelve or fourteen scholarships, with very happy results as far as the honours gained in the schools were concerned. In the two decades ending in 1854 the number of these honours was much larger than was proportionate to the size of the College, which then counted some forty-five undergraduates only. The Fellowships were still 'close,' some limited to Lincolnshire, some to Yorkshire, some to the old diocese of Lincoln, and one to Somersetshire. The academical distinctions of the twelve fellows of 1847 did not present a high average—the test does not serve for individuals, but it does well enough for a number of men. One only had taken a First Class, six had obtained Seconds, two Thirds, one a Fourth, and two had been content with a Pass degree. The rector belonged to the pre-examination era. The

tutors, however, were as it happened, men of more than average ability. The senior was Richard Michell, who had once been the most successful of Oxford 'Honour Coaches'—the 'Father of Oxford Logic,' he was called. At the end of my second term he left to become Vice-Principal at Magdalen Hall. The second was Mark Pattison; the third William Kay, a man of real learning, who had taken his degree—a first in classics, a second in mathematics, at the age of nineteen. He was, however, an ineffective teacher, shy and awkward, and somehow contriving to put himself in the wrong when he administered however well deserved a rebuke. He left at the end of my second year to become President of Bishop's College, Calcutta. Mark Pattison was ranked by common consent among the ablest men of his time, but the period during which he may be said to have 'flourished' was but short. As long as Richard Michell remained in office he was overshadowed, and three years afterwards came a disastrous event, of which I shall shortly have to speak. But for a time he was a great power in College. He was not a patent machine for turning out 'firsts.' One did not leave his lecture room equipped with the definite conclusion and neat formulæ which can be put to such profitable use in the examination room, He had, on the contrary, the habit of sending us away charged with some dilemma from which there seemed to be no escape. But he was an inspiring

teacher, if to make one think is to inspire. And he had a keen interest in any pupil who showed an interest in his work. More than once he took with him what may be called informal reading parties, he charged no fee, and he did not teach the usual degree subjects. He tried to encourage in his companions, for such they were rather than pupils, general intellectual interests.

I may be allowed to say a few words more about this remarkable man.

His mental history is not a little remarkable. He was a son of the parsonage, and was brought up in the strictest school of evangelical tradition. Then he came under the influence of the Oxford Movement, and at one time it seemed likely that he would go as far as any one in the direction of Rome. He lived for a while in what we should now call a 'clergy house,' of which John Henry Newman was the head, and he was associated in the work of the 'Lives of the Saints' to which he contributed St. Edmund and Stephen Langton, 'Free,' says his biographer, 'from the puerilities and childish miracles common to this kind of literature.' He also translated St. Thomas Aquinas' 'Commentary on St. Matthew.' He was accustomed to recite daily the 'Hours of the Roman Breviary,' and he was once at least among those who frequented Dr. Pusey's confessional. Things even went so far that it was only an accident that hindered him from following his great chief to

the Roman communion. When I came up to Oxford he was supposed still to belong to the High Church party. He was unfailing in his attendance at morning and evening chapel. But influences of change were, I imagine, even then at work. In 1849, if not before—my memory is not clear enough to allow me to speak decisively as to the date—he contributed the theological and philosophical summary to the 'Westminster Review.' This indicates a position separated *longissimo intervallo* from that of a disciple of Newman, and it is not likely that he had reached it at once.

Pattison was not by any means a bookworm. I have spoken in another place of his skill as a fly-fisher. In my undergraduate days he used to keep a horse in the College stables, and would even, it was said, on occasion follow the hounds. He showed a somewhat fitful patronage of the College boat. I remember the general surprise when he sent a donation of 5*l.* to the funds of the club when its chronic poverty had reached an acute crisis. In later life he became a devotee of croquet, and, I believe, for I never saw him play, attained considerable proficiency. That he was a member of the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club at Wimbledon I know, for he proposed my name when I wished to join it. Social he never was. He was good enough to admit me to his friendship, but I never felt quite at ease in his company. What undergraduate could

ever forget the disconcerting stare with which he regarded him during the duty call which was paid at the beginning of a term? He did not attempt to make conversation, but glared, so to speak, over his spectacles at his visitor. The hardiest youth, though he might be said to fear neither God nor man, quailed before that speechless, petrifying look. My own belief is that he was himself shy, but that was a thought that, I am sure, never occurred to any one of us in those days. I never met him in general society, but in the College Common Room he was usually silent. There were times, however, when he used his tongue, and it was found to have a sharp edge. One anecdote, which went the round of Oxford in my time, was this: He sat with Jowett on the Board of Classical Studies—Jowett and he were friends so far as being on the same side in University politics could make them so, but they were curiously different in temperament, and in the general outlook on life. Jowett proposed that Plato should be added to the books which a candidate for honours in classical moderations might take up. As a philosopher, of course, Plato had his place among the subjects of the final schools. But besides being a philosopher he had also a supreme literary gift, and no one who pretended to scholarship, it was argued, could afford to neglect him. Jowett had recently published, or was in course of publishing, that translation of Plato which has become an English classic. 'Ah!'

said Pattison, 'they've lately published a "crib" to Plato, haven't they, Jowett?'

Still, help which is now given to an undergraduate as a matter of course was then never thought of. It was the fault of the system rather than of the individual, but it caused a deplorable waste of time and labour. I never received a word of advice as to the disposition of my time. No questions were put to me, no counsel was given as to the books which I was to offer for my degree. And the lectures were arranged in a very haphazard fashion. In my second term, for instance, I was put along with men who were more than two years senior to me into an 'Ethics' lecture. This was the doing of Richard Michell, who probably wanted to have men who could construe Aristotle's Greek, but it was a waste of time to a man who was still more than two years off his Final. There was no attempt at specialising. Pattison, who was not technically a scholar, used to lecture on books for the treatment of which such scholarship was essential. Such a man would now be able to keep to his own subjects; but the days of inter-collegiate lectures were far distant. Every classical tutor practically professed the whole subject of classics.

A further provision for the intellectual discipline of the College was the weekly exercise, sent in, if I remember right, to the sub-rector, whether he was one of the tutors or not. It was commonly an

English Essay, or a piece of Latin prose, with the occasional alternative for such as preferred it, of Latin verse. I remember sending in a copy on 'The Dying Gladiator,' and being encouraged by Kay to compete for the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. The subject for the year was *Tubus Astronomicus*. I remember my motto—*Sic itur ad Astra*—and one line in which I spoke of Galileo lifting *catenatas ad conscia sidera palmas*. This, I still venture to think, was good. This weekly essay was commonly, I fancy, something of a farce. There was an essay club the members of which were bound not to exceed two sides of a sheet of note-paper, and always to introduce the words: 'Enough has been said.'

Of organised sport there was very little; nothing, in fact, except rowing. The College was too small and, I take it, too poor to have a cricket ground. It was possible to belong to the Magdalen Club, which was then practically the club for the University. But cricket was an expensive amusement, and though there were two or three good cricketers in Lincoln, no one ever played. We were more zealous, consequently, about rowing. In 1848 the boat 'took off' on the third night of the races, if I remember right. In 1849 we had great hopes of success. The crew was one of the heaviest on the river. I was bow, and a light weight, 9st. 7lb., but the rest must have averaged 12 stone. They were:—

(2) R. W. Marriott, afterwards Vicar of Aldborough, 1863–1886, and Shelton, Notts, 1886–1895; (3) Richard Ogle, of whom I have spoken before; (4) R. E. Sanderson, now (1907) Incumbent of St. Michael's, Brighton; (5) C. D. Craven, who died early; (6) John Iles, afterwards Archdeacon of Wolverhampton; (7) Frederick Shaw, afterwards Vicar of Fen Drayton, Cambs.; stroke, George Barras, who died three years afterwards, of fever, at Milan. (It may be worth mentioning that six out of the eight graduated in honours—a very unusual proportion in those days, when there were but two honour schools.)

Shaw was one of the best oars I ever saw. He was invited to take a seat in the University boat of the year. He declined, greatly to the regret of the College. He was poor, and was unwilling to take the help which the College would gladly have given. He was one of the best of men; *Shavius ille bonus*, as a poet of whom I shall have something to say hereafter described him. He took Orders, and passed the rest of his life at a small village in Cambridgeshire. He was a fervent disciple of F. D. Maurice. Mark Pattison said of him: 'None of my pupils developed so much after leaving College—except John Morley.' Pattison, it must be remembered, died in 1884, when Mr. Morley had only just entered Parliament, but most of his literary distinctions had been achieved. I cannot say that I very much enjoyed my rowing

days. We—*i.e.* the crew—were too much together,[1] and the athletic habit, which Aristotle describes as 'leading to sleep,' also leads to shortness of temper. Our hopes of a high place on the river were not fulfilled. We made four bumps, but were, alas! ourselves bumped by Oriel. Barras, in fact, set too slow a stroke. It would have done well for the four mile and a quarter course at Putney, but did not serve for that of Oxford, which is little more than a mile. The boat was reconstituted with another stroke, and did well at Henley.[2]

I must say a few words about my contemporaries. Among the scholars—we sat at the same table in hall, and were naturally thrown much together—I mention George Bampfield and Charles D. Morris. Both of them took first classes. Bampfield was ordained in the Anglican Church, but after a year or so joined the Roman communion. I saw something of him many years afterwards at Barnet, where he was chief of the Roman Catholic schools. He had by that time become a member of the Society of Jesus. We were very good friends, but I was struck by his curious want of interest in things and persons which I should have expected him to care about. C. D.

[1] They have, I see, more society now. They go to breakfast, day after day, with outsiders. So the Olympian gods, Homer tells us, went to feast with the blameless Æthiopians.

[2] As I write I see that the Grand Challenge Cup has, for a second time, gone to the Belgian crew, through its having specialised its style—so say the experts—to suit the Henley course.

Morris was a delightful person, and a dear friend of mine. He was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel just about the time when I took my degree, and I was frequently his guest at the Oriel high table and common room. It was a great privilege for a young man to hear the talk, for it was a brilliant company. There was Charles Neate, who afterwards sat in Parliament for the city of Oxford;[1] R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester; R. Marriott, a great authority on ritual and vestments, and Chretien, a scholar of considerable distinction. Morris and I planned an index to the 'Ethics' of Aristotle. It was to be in Latin, and I still have a manuscript book containing the little which we accomplished. We began with the seventh book and did not get beyond it. Morris afterwards became a Professor at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, United States. Some years after he paid a visit to England, and was the same dear fellow as of old. He died in middle age.

Possibly it was this friendship that suggested to me the somewhat audacious venture of standing for a Fellowship at Oriel. When I recall the names of the men who during the first half of the nineteenth century were elected to the foundation of

[1] A career at the Bar, which promised great things, was terminated by a quarrel in Court with R. Bethell, afterwards Lord Westbury. Bethell had been exceedingly provoking—and he could put almost unbearable provocation into his voice and manner—and Neate struck him.

this College I am not a little amazed at my presumption. I had at least the honour of being associated with a brilliant company. Open fellowships were very rare in those days, and there were naturally a crowd of distinguished competitors. One noteworthy detail of the examination may be mentioned. The subject set for an English essay was: 'Has a nation the right to isolate itself?' People were then busy in discussing the future of Japan, which, after centuries of seclusion, was considering the question of entering into relations with the outside world. And now Japan plays a part almost as important as any in the politics of the world.

Of the other Lincolnians I can mention two only. The first is Gowen Evans. I succeeded him in his rooms, and afterwards—as I shall have to recount hereafter—in a work which has been the main interest of my life. He had the reputation of great abilities, and of an indolence which scarcely permitted him to do justice to them. Indolent he certainly was, as far as a habit of rising late was concerned. He nearly lost the chance of taking honours by being too late to 'sit in the schools.' It was necessary in those days for anyone who proposed to be a candidate for honours to sit for a day and hear the examination. Evans' friends had almost to drag him out of bed on the morning of the day which was his last opportunity of sitting. I remember the unextinguishable laughter which arose when a tradesman's cart drove

up to the College gate with 'A feather bed for Mr. Evans.' I myself like, as did the cat in Theocritus, to 'lie soft,' and I often blessed his forethought. By a curious combination of circumstances he spent the greater part of his life in the performance of what would be called a 'soft job.' He went out to Australia to represent the proprietor of a well-known newspaper. It was his business, not to write, but to see that the editor did not, so to speak, 'kick over the traces.' The drag on the wheel, however, gets a good deal of wear and tear. And certainly Evans would never have been chosen if he had not won a high reputation for sound judgment and common sense. Such a reputation was all the more credit to him seeing that he had a fiery Welsh temper. The other contemporary whom I shall mention is Henry Whitehead. He was always something of an enigma, and indeed remains so to me down to this very moment of writing. No one who knew him at College would have thought that he would turn out to be the man whom the friends of his later life saw and admired. One of these friends, Canon H. D. Rawnsley, has written his biography.[1] I must not digress from the record of my own experiences to tell long stories about my friends. Still, I cannot refrain from a brief reference to one signal service which Henry Whitehead rendered to the community. He was curate of St. Luke's,

[1] *Henry Whitehead.* (Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow. 1898.)

Berwick Street, a parish in the region of Soho, when the cholera visited London in the late summer of 1854. To say that he stuck to his post and did his duty manfully to the sick and dying is not to praise him. We may hope that any young Englishman in his place would have done the same. His merit was that in the midst of these distracting labours he maintained a power of keen observation, and discovered the cause of this outbreak. The Broad Street Pump has a notable place in the history of disease. I do not suppose that it was then discovered for the first time that cholera was disseminated by the pollutions of water, but Whitehead's investigations had much to do with the absolute and final recognition of the fact. Broad Street was within the boundaries of his parish, and its pump was locally famous for its brilliant water. This is not the place for even an epitome of the evidence by which it was proved that this same brilliancy was itself a proof of a deadly pollution. It will suffice to mention one fact. The only case of cholera observed in one of the northern suburbs of London was in a former resident of St. Luke's, who had the water regularly supplied to her.

But I come back to lighter themes. Henry Whitehead had a great reputation for ability among all who were qualified to judge, but the character in which he was best known was that of a humorist. I must give one or two examples of his wit.

In the early days of my residence at Lincoln

the College was divided on the question: Should the undergraduates rise from their places when the 'Dons' left the High Table? It seems a reasonable mark of respect, but it was fiercely opposed by a party which, for the nonce, at least, took up the conservative attitude of doing what they had been used to do, and resisting all change.

Bampfield and Morris, already mentioned, figure as 'Bampager' and 'Morrisia virtus,' and I myself as 'Ædes Sacra,' a joke which, I need hardly say, was not then made for the first time or the last. Two of the references are so happy that I must give them. His own attitude is well expressed by the vigorous line: 'Nulla magistrorum Capiti reverentia Cano.' The other is a very felicitous application. The senior commoner was a man who had long exceeded the usual term of an undergraduate's residence. He did not feel equal to passing his examination, and contrived to put off the trial, not without the favour of the authorities, who commonly insisted on the attempt being made when a certain standing was reached. His Christian name, luckily for the poet, was 'Felix.' So the lines in which Juvenal apostrophises Nestor suited the occasion:

> '*Felix* nimirum qui tot per secula mortem
> Distulit, atque suos dextra iam computat annos,'

translated thus by Gifford:

> 'O happy sire beyond the common rate,
> Who warded off, so long, the stroke of fate.'

The resolve of the opposition not to give way is expressed by a Virgilian reminiscence:—'Sedet æternumque sedebit.'

I must give another specimen of Henry Whitehead's humour. The occasion was an event, mentioned above—William Kay's leaving Oxford to take up the principalship at Bishop's College, Calcutta. Kay, it should be explained, was considered to be over-frugal in the hospitality which he occasionally showed to his pupils. I have been his guest at breakfast, and I can testify that the meal was very different from the abundant, doubtless too abundant, repast with which the undergraduate is accustomed to regale his friends. This was the failing which Whitehead touched upon in the following stanza:

'The breakfasts he'll give to the lads of Calcutta
Will be on a plan neither novel nor fresh;
Each will bring his own commons of stale bread and butter,
And no Brahmin be asked to eat animal flesh.'

This, as far as I know, is the only surviving stanza of a song with which Whitehead entertained a college 'wine.' I do not know whether I need add that Whitehead really respected his tutor, and parted from him on excellent terms, and that Kay, for all his frugal ways, was a really generous man.

One other name I must mention, because it is that of the most distinguished pupil I ever had—Richard Copley Christie. I did nothing to help him to the gaining of these distinctions. I simply

cleared an obstacle out of his way. Classics were not his strong point, and I 'coached' him for moderations. Quite possibly he would have passed without my assistance. He took in due course a first in the new School of Law and Modern History. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Professor of History and Political Economy at Owens College, Manchester. The Chair of Political Economy was added later on. He was succeeded by A. W. Ward in the Chair of History, by the Right Hon. J. Bryce in that of Law, and in that of Political Economy by Stanley Jevons, M.D. It was well said: 'It is given to few men to have three such successors.' He had a large practice at the Manchester Bar, and was made Chancellor of the Diocese by Bishop Fraser. He was a munificent benefactor to Owens College. But in even the briefest notice of his life his connection with the Whitworth Company must be noticed. A man whose whole interest seemed to lie in the studies which are represented by books, he presided with distinguished success over a concern which was busied in the manufacture of armaments. His great literary monument is his 'Life of Etienne Dolet.'

I took my degree in 1851, being placed in the Second Class in Classics by, I may add, four most distinguished examiners: H. B. Wilson, W. Linwood, Benjamin Jowett and George Butler. Ten were placed in the First Class, among them being a future

bishop (G. Ridding of Southwell), a judge (T. W. Chitty), and a famous historian (Samuel Rawson Gardiner). Next to me in the Second stood a name dear to many generations of Marlburians, Charles Bull. The last candidate in the Class, had a curious experience. In the list as originally published his name appeared in the Third Class. The next day an amendment to this was posted up in which he had changed places with a namesake at another College. In the October term, after taking my degree, I availed myself of an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the working of a great public school, and gained some experience which I afterwards found very useful. It was then necessary for a Bachelor of Arts who wished to proceed to the degree of Master to reside for one term of three weeks. Henry Anstey, afterwards a distinguished historical scholar, who was then one of the masters of Rossall, wished to keep his 'Master's term,' and I took his place for the necessary time. The depth of winter is not the best time for seeing such beauties as Rossall may possess. Nevertheless I enjoyed my sojourn there, and I formed a lifelong friendship with William Lethbridge, afterwards the working partner in the house of W. H. Smith & Son.

I cannot close this chapter without telling the story of the election to the Rectorship of Lincoln in 1851. Dr. Radford died in the October of that year. The vacancy had to be filled up within a

month, and there were nine electors, two of the fellows of Lincoln being out of reach, and one in his year of probation. Reform was the question which was fought out on this as on many other battlefields. Richard Michell was the man whom most outsiders would have named as the best man for the post. But he was not eligible. He had been on the Somersetshire foundation, and it had been stipulated when the Somersetshire Fellow had been admitted to the privileges of the foundation that this right should be barred. A certain Dr. Kay who had held a Yorkshire Fellowship was accordingly chosen by the conservative party in the College as representing as nearly as possible the disqualified Michell. Five votes were promised to him, one, however, as we shall see, with a reserve. The five were Calcott, Gibbs, Kettle, Metcalfe and West. On the other side was the party of reform, made up of Pattison, Perry, Andrew and Espin. These four were determined to prevent, if possible, the election of Kay. I never could understand why they were so antagonistic to him. He had taken a First Class in his time. They certainly went further and fared much worse. On the night before the election the four went to Calcott and offered to vote for him. Their votes, added to his own, would have secured his election. He very properly refused. He did not feel equal to the post, and he had made a promise to Kay. Then they went to West. West had made the same

promise, but with the reserve of which I have spoken before. He had told James Thompson, who held the College living of Cublington, that he would serve him if the chance offered itself. This had now happened. The four agreed, with what searchings of heart I do not know, to support Thompson, and he was accordingly elected the next day by five votes to four. He was an absolutely unfit person—about as illiterate as a graduate of the University could be. I remember Thomas Fowler, who was sub-rector under him for some years, telling me that he never received a college notice from him in which he had not to correct some error of grammar.

And what, it may be asked, was West's object? He wanted to clear a way to the best benefice that the College had in its gift. The fellow immediately above him in the list would take the living vacated by the new Rector. Others were disposed of in some way or another—it would be tedious to relate the details. The end of it was that when the living actually became vacant, Kay, who was his senior, came back from India and accepted it. Years passed, and it became vacant again; was offered to West and refused by him, and finally given to a graduate of the College who had never held a Fellowship. It may be worth while to add some figures which may help to make the story more intelligible. In 1850 the Tithe Rent of the benefice was worth about 850*l*., and 112 acres of glebe could probably be let for 150*l*.

more. With tithe diminished by nearly 30 per cent., glebe almost unlettable, and rates largely increased, the situation became very different.

The affair became a matter of very fierce controversy in and out of the newspapers. Pamphlets were published, one of them by Henry Whitehead, under the title of 'A Voice from the Common Room'; there was an appeal to the Visitor, and the College suffered not a little in reputation and in numbers. In 1856, when I was looking for work, and thought that I might find it at Oxford, I was able to get rooms in College—there were not undergraduates enough to fill them. My contribution to the controversy was a set of Greek hexameters, some of which I will venture here to quote. I spoke of how the Fellows, during the fifteen days which intervened between the funeral of Dr. Radford and the election of a new Rector,

> ἥσυχοι ἐν μεγάροισι καθήμενοι εἰλαπίναζον,
> ἀεὶ δαινύμενοι κρέα τ' ἄσπετα καὶ μέθυ οἶνον·
> πᾶς δ' ἄρα μήδεα πυκνὰ καθ' αὑτὸν μητιόωτο
> μύθους τε κλοπίους καὶ εἴδεα πόλλ' ἀπατάων,
> εἰ δή πως ἑτέρων φρένα φώτων κερδαλέοισιν
> ἐξαπάφοιτ' ἐπέεσσι καὶ αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροιτο.

I went on to describe the appearance of three candidates—Calcott, Thompson and Pattison—and related how the Fellows *μάλα νήπιοι ἀφροσυνῇσι*, chose the second. The first and second descriptions

of these three I will omit, and give only the third:

ὕστατος αὖτ' εἰσῆλθεν ἀμύμων Πάττιου υἱος,
ὅσσε νεώτατος ἔσκε καὶ ὁπλότατος γενεῇφι,
οὐ μαλὰ σεμνὸς ἰδεῖν ἦεν δέμας, οὐδὲ μαχητής,
οὐδὲ μάλ' οἰνοπόταζε μετ' ἄνδρασι δαιτυμόνεσσι,
ἄλλα νοῷ γ' ἀπεκαίνυθ' ὁμήλικας ἔξοχα πάντας,
καὶ σοφίῃ βούλῃ τε, θεὸς δ' ὡς τίετο δήμῳ.

It should be observed that I speak of *three* candidates, whereas there were but two, and that I attribute to Calcott a part which he declined to play. Trifling as the matter is, it has a really important bearing on some problems of the Higher Criticism. We may imagine that if these verses chanced to survive for some centuries a reader might say: 'Clearly this writer was not contemporaneous; he lived at a time when the facts had passed out of common knowledge.' As a matter of fact they were written *before* the facts were known. Whatever value they may have as a record is of the *feeling* of the time only.

I have spent many happy hours in Oxford during the time—fifty-six years and more as I write—which has passed since I took my degree; and I regard the place with gratitude and affection. I remember once hearing a preacher roll out from the pulpit: 'I love the Church of England: not for its honours and emoluments, of which, indeed, I have had but a small share'—and I thought at the time that he had

had as much as he deserved. This is my own case: it is not one of unrewarded merit. In 1882–3 I was Moderator in the School of Classical Honours, and greatly enjoyed the work. I remember being struck with the more than respectable average of scholarship. I have done much examining since that time, and I feel sure that Oxford would show up well in any comparison that might be made. I venture to remark that it would be well if outside examiners were regularly appointed; this is done by other universities, and, I believe, with good results. Thorold Rogers used to say, *more suo*, that the Oxford teachers used to 'audit their own accounts.' One serious fault there was in the system as it was then worked; a 'cranky' examiner could do very serious injury to the candidates, especially to those who came particularly under his ken. One of my colleagues—he has been long since dead—was of this temper; he had quite unattainable ideals. What happened was this. As it was clearly impossible that all the five examiners should read all the papers of some hundred and eighty candidates,[1] each paper was assigned to the Moderator who had set it to be marked by him. It was then 'backed' by another, and, possibly, by a third. In those days

[1] I should explain that at this time Moderations were held twice in the year, and that the candidates were unequally divided between the winter and summer examinations. As most men come up in October, an examination held in July gave a candidate six months more. The winter men were 'fit and few.'

there was a *viva voce* examination, ten men coming in every day, and two of them being allotted to each of the five Moderators. All the papers of these two were read and classed by his special examiner, if I may so call him. In the summer of 1881 the Homer papers were assigned to a Moderator whom I will call X. Eighty of them, out of a total of about 180, were classed as First. In the summer of 1882 this paper was assigned to Y, and he classed *three* only. This depressed all the candidates, and diminished each man's chance of a First. But the two who fell at *viva voce* into Y's hands, and who had *all* their papers marked with a low figure, suffered more than the rest.

One of the experiences which I had during my term of office may be worth recounting. One of the candidates had manifestly used unlawful helps. The Homer paper convicted him beyond all doubt. His rendering of the first two passages set was strongly flavoured with 'Butcher and Lang' (I need hardly say that this is the familiar name of a prose translation of the 'Odyssey,' which has displaced all rivals); I ought, perhaps, to say that it was 'Butcher and Lang,' with a slight and not improving flavour of the man's own. If there had been nothing else to go by, it is doubtful whether we could have acted. But in the third passage there was a convincing proof. The man had, it was evident, failed to recognise it, and had attempted to translate it

'out of his own head,' so to speak. The result was deplorable. Then he had come to a word or a phrase which reminded him of its place in the book. The first attempt was crossed out, and the third passage was dealt with as the first and second had been. We deputed the management of the affair to one of our colleagues whose method and manner would, we were confident, be all that could be desired. The candidate was up that day for *viva voce*. He was asked to come into the room by himself. S—— took the bull by the horns. 'What books did you bring into the schools, Mr. ——?' he asked. The man laid down his arms immediately at this direct attack.

'Church and Brodribb's "Tacitus,"' he began; and I felt as if I were *particeps criminis*.

I had the good fortune to win a University prize—I say 'good fortune,' for such this certainly was, as will be seen when I tell the tale.

In 1851, or thereabouts, some anonymous donor gave 1,000*l*. to the University, the interest of which was to be given every third year to the best 'Poem on a Sacred Subject.' It was to be open to all graduates, whatever their standing. I always intended to compete for it, but never could finish my piece. In 1870, however, when the subject was 'The Lake of Tiberias' I did manage to complete my exercise, and sent it in—unluckily a month too late. The appointed day was December 1; my poem went in

on December 31. *Ibi omnis effusus labor*, I thought to myself. But fifteen years afterwards the same subject was set again under the title of the 'Sea of Galilee.' I revised my poem, added a couple of stanzas, and won the prize. I hope it was not undeserved; but good fortune had, as I have said, much to do with it. Has such a thing ever happened before?

CHAPTER V

A COUNTRY CURACY

I WAS ordained (as deacon) on Trinity Sunday, 1853. The ordaining bishop was James Henry Monk, who had held the See of Gloucester since 1830, and that of Bristol since 1836. He was one of the 'Greek play' bishops, as they used to be called. A Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, he had succeeded to the Professorship of Greek in that University on the death of Richard Porson. From Cambridge he went to the Deanery of Peterborough, which he held together with a Canonry at Westminster. 'Farthing Candle Monk' was the name given him by the hostile faction in the world of scholarship—scholars in those days were only less bitter than theologians—as being one of the commentators who explain the obvious and avoid the obscure. I imagine that he knew as much Greek as any of his contemporaries, though hardly as much as his great predecessor. His annotation looks not a little dry and jejune, but that was the fashion of his time. He had the misfortune to come into collision with Sydney Smith, but escaped with nothing worse than being

described as 'the man who spitteth over the bridge at Gloucester.' He had not contrived to learn much about his diocese, at least about the manners and customs of the rural part of it. I remember his asking me, when there was a question of finding a second curate for the parishes which I served, whether part of the stipend might not be provided by making him parish clerk as well as curate. Now this arrangement might do in a town. There have been, and may be now, parish clerks in Orders. In a populous parish the statutable fees are considerable. But in the country the idea is grotesque. I had to explain to his lordship, and felt no little embarrassment in doing so, that the parish clerk got the greater part of his emoluments, which, after all, could not have exceeded eight or ten pounds in the year, by digging graves. But he was a kindly, dignified old gentleman, who used to travel about his diocese in a carriage and pair, attended by a body servant who might have been taken for an archdeacon till one saw his legs.

In the ordinations of those days matters were not well arranged. Commonly the candidates were left to shift for themselves, and unless they happened to have private friends in the city, took up their quarters at one of the hotels. This was a plan which was hardly suitable to a solemn occasion, and it cost more than some were well able to afford. Very few of the bishops exercised the hospitality which

was so obvious a duty—Sumner, of Winchester, was one of the few. Then, again, the three days that preceded the ordination were taken up with an examination. It was not easy to spare thought for anything but the papers with which we had struggled or were about to struggle. It was not, it is true, a severe ordeal for a moderately well-informed candidate, but then not a few of the candidates were not even moderately well informed. And some of those who were so were not therefore free from anxiety. It is not always the ignorant candidate who is most troubled about his prospects of success. Anyhow, the examination diverted our thoughts from more important matters. Here, again, there has been a general change for the better. Dr. Monk was accustomed to hold two ordinations in the year—at Gloucester in the summer, at Bristol in the winter. At Gloucester the episcopal palace was deserted, and the only entertainment which we received was a luncheon after the service of ordination. At Bristol, where I received Priest's Orders after a diaconate of six months only, there was more hospitality shown to us, but it cost us at least as much as it saved. Luncheon we had in the interval of examinations, but dinner was a formidable ceremony, and we had to return to Bristol to don our dress clothes, and then journey out to the palace in a fly. It must be explained that there was a curious fancy at one time among those who managed the

temporal affairs of the Church to build the residences of the bishops at a considerable distance from their cathedral cities. It looked as if the object was to put them as far as possible out of the reach of their clergy, but the real reason was probably to assimilate their position to that of other county magnates. Other Lords of Parliament did not live in the middle of a city, and why should a bishop? Thus it had come to pass that the bishop's palace at Gloucester had been abandoned, and 'an elegant and commodious family mansion' purchased at Stapleton, about four miles from Bristol. The traversing these four miles twice at least in the day was inconveniently expensive. On the final day the dinner was, I remember, of a more *recherché* kind. Claret was substituted for port at dessert, and we had the honour of being introduced to the Bishop's wife and daughters. On this third day it was the successful candidates only that appeared. The big country houses have now for the most part disappeared. The Bishop of Bristol does not live at Stapleton, nor the Bishop of Lincoln at Riseholme. Danesbury, and Eccleshall, once the residences of the Bishops of Rochester and Lichfield, have been sold. Farnham Castle and Hartlebury might be advantageously dealt with in the same way. It would be too revolutionary, I suppose, to oust the Archbishop of Canterbury from Lambeth, and the Northern Primate from Bishop's Thorpe, but these are expensive dwellings. The

fixtures of the two archiepiscopal houses are, I have heard, most inconveniently costly.

In the curacy to which I was ordained I fared better than I deserved. The Vicar had written to the tutor of my College, asking whether he knew of anyone who wanted a title to Orders, and the tutor gave him my name. He came to see me in London, and I went to see him in Wiltshire, but, as far as I can remember, I asked him none of the questions which, as it now appears to me, I ought to have asked, and knew practically nothing of the duties which I should have to discharge.

The parish, or, to speak more correctly, the two united parishes of Charlton and Brokenborough, contained about 8,000 acres (more than twelve square miles), with an extreme length of nearly eight miles. The population was not far from a thousand, scattered, especially in Charlton, in groups of two to five or six houses over the whole region. The eastern end was in Braydon, an old forest long since disafforested, a region of stiff clay—so tenacious that it caused a special ailment of the horses' legs, known as 'Braydon rash'; so wet that it was popularly said never to have dried since the deluge, and so cold that the hay was sometimes to be seen still in the fields when the hunting season began. It was occupied by a number of small dairy farms held by tenants who employed but little labour outside their own families. The western portion was

far more fertile, and had a more genial climate, was divided into larger farms, and was in every way more advanced and prosperous. All this and the corresponding difference in the character of the population I had to find out for myself. My vicar, who was a most indefatigable walker, took me round and did his best to show me everything and everybody; but, of course, it took me no little time to make myself acquainted with the scores of roads, lanes, and paths, that traversed the parish, not to speak of the inhabitants of the cottages and farms. The poverty of the labouring class was great. The average wage was nine shillings a week, with an allowance of beer. With bread at 8*d*. the quartern—and it was seldom less during the period 1853–56—this meant very spare living indeed.[1] Bacon was very seldom eaten; even tea was not for every day, water coloured with burnt bread being a common substitute for it. The chief luxury of the cottage was dripping, which was sold at the kitchen of the great house. Coal was obtained at something like half the retail price. It was bought in the summer, hauled free by the farmers, and stored in a place specially provided. The wages were helped out by piecework, such as turnip hoeing, and by extra work in the hay and corn harvests. Some of the women earned a little by field work.

Such was the place into which I was tumbled, so

[1] Including the very bad harvest of 1853, and the Crimean War.

to speak, some four months after I had completed my twenty-fourth year. I doubt whether I had ever before spoken to a labouring man other than a Thames fisherman, and I felt shy, not to say tongue-tied. When there was sickness in the house my way was comparatively plain. I could read some verses of the Bible and could pray; but to say anything really helpful seemed to be beyond me. I can only hope that my goodwill made my very clumsy ministrations not wholly useless. The ordinary visit made when there was no special occasion was a greater trial. I was always tormented with the thought—Ought I to bring in something religious? Probably they expected it, and would not have noticed what I could not help feeling was bad taste. I must have often seemed tiresome, interrupting them in their work, but they were always patient and polite. And it was the rarest possible thing for any one to beg or even to hint at a gift—a most creditable forbearance, considering how miserably poor they were. I remember an old man frankly telling me that the vicar commonly gave him half-a-crown when he came to the Communion. But he was something of a *mauvais sujet*.

Six weeks after my coming into the parish I was left alone in charge of it. My vicar had a moor in the Island of Lewis, and he took his departure in time for the salmon, and to get his dogs into training for the grouse shooting; I did not see him again for six

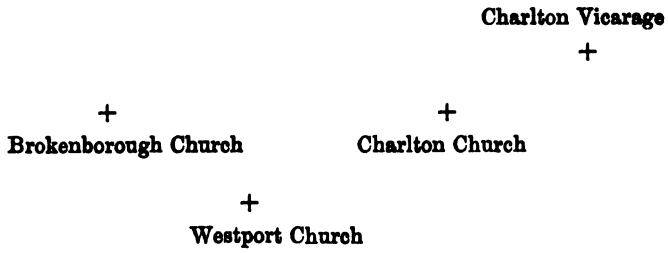
months. This was, of course, irregular, but the bishop made no difficulties. The fact was that the vicar's wife had joined the Roman communion, and the bishop thought that she might proselytise—a thing which, I am sure, she had not the remotest intention of doing. And there was another reason. The vicar did not get on with the family at the Great House. The fault was not altogether on his side. The two had different ideas of Churchmanship. He was of the 'High and Dry' school. The Oxford Movement had not touched him, but he had his conceptions of clerical duty, and did his best to act up to them. To see that the children learnt their Catechism—they used to repeat it in church on the Sunday afternoons in Lent—to bring the grown-up people to church, to make himself acquainted with everyone in the parish, to visit the sick, and to persuade anyone whose illness seemed likely to be mortal to receive the Communion, was his pastoral ideal, and he was indefatigable in trying to realise it—when he was at home. And, after all, there is something to be said for it. But the 'family' had other ideas. Some of them had been deeply touched by the Evangelical movement. Two of Lord S——'s sisters were so moved by what they regarded as the spiritual destitution of the parish that they provided a Scripture-reader to relieve it. This the vicar could not be expected to like. But as long as the reader

confined his ministrations to reading the Bible and praying in the cottages, he could do nothing. Unfortunately the man in his zeal went on to gather together small congregations to whom he preached, and his employers did not forbid him. This proceeding brought him within reach of the law—it has, I imagine, been altered since that time—and the vicar took proceedings against him. The result was that Lord S——, who was Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates, had to fine his own sisters' employé. Relations were not absolutely broken off, but they were, as may be supposed, anything but cordial. This was not an agreeable condition of things for a newcomer to find. Happily, I knew nothing, or next to nothing, of what had happened, and I was treated most discreetly by both parties to the dispute. The vicar had the good sense not to attempt to enlist me as a partisan on his side, and the 'Family' did not entertain any prejudice against me because I was his nominee. I was happy enough to win and to retain the friendship of both. I paid several visits to the vicar after I had ceased to be his curate, as I shall have occasion to relate further on. And I was for many years a frequent guest of the 'Family.' All the elder generation, and, with one exception, all the younger generation also have passed away. To elder and younger I pay the tribute of affectionate recollection. To one a special expression of gratitude

is due. Lady S——, a daughter of one of the noblest of English houses, was to me the kindest of friends, the wisest of helpers and counsellors. She gave the best of advice in the happiest way, without a suspicion of patronage, and by her unfailing kindness and sympathy made everything easy for me. She passed away in a good old age by the quiet and painless death which was the fitting end of a life spent for others. She said good-bye to her servants, thanked the doctors for all that they had done or tried to do, bade her children farewell, and then, with the words 'I will rest a little,' leant back on her pillows, and drew without a struggle her latest breath.

When my first year was about half through, my work was very much increased by the illness and death of my fellow-curate. I have spoken of the two country parishes which were in my charge. There was a third parish, a part of the town of Malmesbury, in which stood the mother church. Here there were, of course, two services on the Sunday —Charlton and Brokenborough had to be content with one, which was alternately in the morning and the afternoon. The town church had a curate of its own, who had also to come out to the country churches for such services as a deacon could not perform. This curate had to leave on account of ill-health in October, 1853, and died a few weeks afterwards. I thus became responsible for the

whole work of the parish. I can best explain the situation by a diagram:



My plan was, on one Sunday to take a morning service at C, walk over to B for the afternoon service, and officiate at W in the evening, the morning service in this church having been dropped for that day. On the alternate Sundays I went to B at 9 o'clock in the morning, took another morning service at W, at 11, and officiated at C in the afternoon, the evening duty at W being taken by one of the neighbouring clergy. This was the more laborious day of the two. Always I had to walk all the distances, except that when I was at W in the evening I dined with a friend in Malmesbury, and was driven home by my vicar's brother-in-law, who spent the winter there, hunting with the V. W. H. and the Duke of Beaufort's fox-hounds. The hospitality of my Malmesbury friend, Mr. Yarde Buller, father of the present Lord Churston, and the companionship of Robert Morritt, afterwards of Rokeby, helped not a little to lighten my burden.

When I remember how dull and solitary the life of a country curate often is, and how much kindness

and friendship I had the good fortune to meet with, I cannot feel sufficiently thankful.

In my day neither of the churches had been 'restored'; of course they have now shared the common fate, and are very neat and correct, with everything in its proper place; but very much like other churches, and, to my mind, less interesting than they used to be. In Charlton the pulpit stood half way down the north wall, and just opposite the south porch. It was a fine bit of seventeenth century wood carving, with a text behind the preacher: 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' bearing the date 1636. The situation was not according to rule, but it was certainly convenient for the delivery of the sermon. Then the 'Family' had a stately pew, also finely carved, which ran nearly across the church, above the floor of which it was slightly raised, being constructed on the crown of the family vault. The north-east corner was the traditional seat of the ruling Earl; from that, in the careless days of the eighteenth century, when one parson used to serve four churches, the Lord S—— of the time would read the prayers, if, as sometimes happened, the minister failed to come. The other occupants of the pew sat face to face. Below this was the second-class pew, in which sat the upper servants—housekeeper, butler, nurse, valet, and ladies'-maids, all those, in fact, who had the privilege of being called by their surnames. And then came the pew

to which were relegated footmen in livery, and maids of the house, the kitchen, the scullery, the stillroom, and the laundry. Along the south wall was a peculiarly hideous wooden gallery for the school-children. It was always an offence, but chiefly when the village club kept festival on Whit-Monday, and the brass band took possession of it, making such an uproar of sound as almost to blow the roof off.

Brokenborough Church was an example of what the neglect and carelessness of some three centuries can bring about when an ancient building is concerned. The lines of the architecture were obscured by repeated coats of whitewash. The pews were ugly structures of deal without paint or varnish. No attempt was ever made to warm the building. The music was primitive. Four of the village fathers took their places just in front of the reading-desk; one had a flute, another a violin, the other two instruments which I do not remember. There are, I suppose, no such village choirs now. The very smock-frocks, with their elaborate pleating, which they all wore, have gone. It is the rarest thing to see some survival of a past generation still clad in one of these picturesque garments. They have disappeared, as, I suppose, all national costumes will disappear. I think kindly of these simple-hearted musicians, who were, anyhow, very much in earnest—all the more kindly, it may be, because I myself have not much of an ear. The cassocked and surpliced

choirs of to-day are doubtless a great improvement on their predecessors, but not in everything.

The school at Charlton was something like the modern type. It was under Government inspection, but as it was wholly supported by the 'Family,' inspection did not go beyond friendly advice. The master was not up to modern requirements. I remember hearing him give a lesson on astronomy, and found that he had never heard of more than seven planets. He sat for a certificate during my time, and failed. I am not likely to forget the fact, for I took his place for three days and found the work quite sufficiently hard. Still, he was, on the whole, fairly effective. The school was always in good order; as he had no other help besides what he got from a couple of pupil teachers, this was no small achievement. At Brokenborough there was a dame's school, kept by as good an old woman as ever lived. I imagine that plain sewing was the chief thing in the programme.

It may be interesting to some of my readers to know that my stipend was 60*l*. I lived in the vicarage, paying seven shillings a week as board-wages to a housekeeper-cook, and having the use of vegetables and fruit from the garden. This was fairly good pay, as things were then. My fellow curate in the town had to be content with a stipend of 80*l*. I opine that now the minimum stipend for a priest is 150*l*., and that a deacon, to whom a title is given, commonly has not less than 130*l*. I contrived to live upon

an additional 40*l*. The foundation of my domestic economy was the weekly purchase of a leg of mutton. But my budget was greatly helped by the unstinted hospitality which I received from my neighbours. There was the Great House, at which, when the 'Family' was there—and they were seldom away for more than six weeks in the year—I dined twice, thrice, or even four times in the week. And there was the 'Cottage,' the 'Dower House' of the estate, tenanted at that time by the B——'s. Their occupation of it began, I think, on the very day on which I came to Charlton—nothing was wanting to my good luck in this respect—and I always found them the kindest and most hospitable of friends. It is not a bad test of a gentleman that he should give as good wine—let me say it *pace* Sir Victor Horsley—to a poor curate as to a duke.

Before I bring this chapter to an end I may relate the curious incident of a great picture robbery from this Charlton Park. It happened, if I remember right, in the summer of 1856. One morning it was discovered that twelve pictures had disappeared from the two drawing-rooms, the canvasses having been cut out of the frames. All of them were works of repute and value; one, I remember, was *Le Raboteur* of Annibale Caracci. Curiously enough, the housemaids had been at work in the rooms before six o'clock but had observed nothing. For two years

and more nothing was heard of the pictures. Then the criminal was detected in exactly the way that might have been expected. He found a difficulty which he had not foreseen in disposing of his booty. He had been a butler in the service of the family, and had doubtless heard, while waiting at table, that this or that picture was worth so many hundreds of pounds. But the conditions on which this value depended had never occurred to him: the picture must have an authoritative pedigree. After waiting for many months he took a picture to a dealer, said that he wished to have it cleaned, and hinted that he would be willing to sell it. The dealer recognised it at once as one of those that had been stolen, and gave information, with the result that the thief was arrested, tried and found guilty. He afterwards confessed that he had come down to Charlton—he was a porter or messenger in one of the Government offices—had hidden himself somewhere in the house —a wood-cellar off the central hall, if I remember right—had cut out the canvasses as soon as it was light enough to see, carried them rolled up to the nearest station (this was then Minety on the South Wales branch of the Great Western) a distance of between five and six miles. I remember that the late Lord S., then Viscount A., told me that he had an interview with the detective in charge of the inquiry and had seen plainly enough that the officer suspected him of having been concerned in the business.

CHAPTER VI

SCHOOLMASTER

AFTER holding my curacy for three years I began to suffer in health, chiefly, I think, because the employment did not suit me, and I began to look out for work, which had always been more to my taste: school-mastering. I had had a short experience of it, as I have mentioned above, at Rossall, and found it to my mind. Then I met with a great discouragement. I had been troubled from childhood with stammering,[1] and this infirmity was objected to me, not, I confess, without reason, by a headmaster with whom I might otherwise have come to terms. I was unwilling to suffer another rebuff of this kind, and gave up the idea. By this time, however, I had practically conquered the infirmity. A friend gave me a strong recommendation to Mr. Dawson Turner, who was then headmaster of the Royal Institution School at Liverpool, and I began to work under him in January, 1857. The new employment suited me exactly.

[1] When I was a boy of fourteen I was operated upon by a surgeon of the name of Yearsley, who professed to cure stammering by cutting away the tonsils and uvula. I do not think that the treatment did me any good.

Liverpool, too, I found a very agreeable place of residence. I was never wearied of the river, the landing-stage, and the docks. I found lodgings at New Brighton, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, near some old friends of my family. I remained at Liverpool till October, when I was appointed fourth undermaster of Merchant Taylors' School, London.

Merchant Taylors' School, as it then was—within a few weeks of fifty years ago, as I write these words—had some curious survivals to show in its buildings, its arrangements, and its management. The building was in the late Jacobean style, on the left hand as one went down Suffolk Lane into Upper Thames Street (the school was transferred in 1873 to Charterhouse, left vacant by the removal of that foundation to Godalming). The name 'Suffolk' suggests the history of the site. Here had stood the town mansion of the De La Poles. The Merchant Taylors' Company bought part of the premises, with the gardens attached to them, about the middle of the sixteenth century, when, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College, Oxford, they had resolved to establish a school. The buildings which were then erected or adapted to school purposes perished in the Great Fire, and those that were in use in 1857 were erected in their stead. For more than two centuries the only place where teaching was carried on was the Great Schoolroom—its dimensions were about seventy feet by twenty-five. It

was lighted, very imperfectly, by windows on either side, large enough, indeed, but obscured by the heavy leading of the small diamond panes, and by the year-long accumulations of dirt. A single fireplace warmed a small part of it. The four classrooms were all more or less recent additions to the school accommodation. Two were beneath the Great Room. These had been used in earlier times as a lodging for one of the undermasters. (The latest occupant was, I believe, John Ellis, the historian of the school, who had often entertained there Richard Porson, at that time Librarian of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus). The other two had belonged to the headmaster's house, which had been utilised for school purposes shortly before my coming. To this change the undermasters owed the convenience of a common room. Up to that time they had had no other accommodation but a cupboard apiece, in which to keep cap and gown, the necessary books, and the almost equally necessary cane. So stern was the conservatism of the place that when a new arrival, not an old Merchant Taylor, proposed to introduce at his own expense a movable wash-hand-stand, his older colleagues declared that they would eject it. No undermaster ever had washed his hands at school, and none ever should.

Other curiosities of arrangement were, at the time of my coming, within quite recent memory. There were then no desks in the school-room. The

monitors (the eight seniors) had a table, the prompters (the eight next to the seniors) had a bench, furnished, I believe, with a desk. Everyone else had to write, when there was occasion for writing, with his paper on his knees. And there were no lights. Every boy had to bring his own candle, which was required to be of wax. These arrangements existed up to about fifteen years before my time. Not many years before this there was no fire—the Great Fire of 1666 had presumably caused a ban to be put upon this element. An old Merchant Taylor, coming to pay his subscription to the Tercentenary Fund of 1862, told Dr. Hessey, the headmaster at that time, that he had been the occasion of the first putting in of a fire-place. He had been a delicate boy, and his father, having friends on the Court of the Company, had obtained this concession to modern weakness. And, indeed, the boys of the older time must have been—at least those who survived—of heroic strength. Dr. Hessey told me, I remember, that he had entered the school at the age of *seven*—*nine* was the limit in my time—and that he came from Hampstead, where his father, a publisher of note in the days of Coleridge and Lamb, then lived, starting in time for morning school, then commencing at *seven*. He had, I believe, to walk, though this sounds almost incredible. What would a present-day mother think of turning out a child of seven at five or half-past on a winter's morning for a walk of five

miles, for such must be the distance between Hampstead and Suffolk Lane ?

Things were not so hard in my time, but they were not luxurious. I taught my two forms, commonly numbering together about sixty—the maximum that I remember was sixty-eight—in one of the class-rooms under the Great School, measuring 35 feet by 25, and, perhaps, 10 feet in height. Closely packed together, sitting on benches about six inches broad—there was no room for anything larger—and allowed no time for play, they had not a happy time themselves, and certainly did not allow their masters to have one. Play, indeed, they could not have, for there was no playground, only a paved yard, in which the head form was allowed to walk for ten minutes or so in the middle of morning school. The noise made by even the involuntary restlessness of sixty boys, sitting on uncomfortable benches and cooped up without a recess for between three and four hours, was almost overpowering. And every now and then some huge waggon thundered down the narrow, roughly-paved lane. Till it had passed nothing could be done. Another distracting noise came from the door. The Company would not allow a porter, and the head boy of my upper form had to discharge his functions. There was neither bell nor knocker. An applicant for admission used his foot—a classical method which suited the strictly conservative traditions of the school. I remember

a lady, nearly related to myself, coming to make some inquiry. She was standing perplexed, when a drayman, better acquainted with the custom of the place, solved her doubts, and was good enough to administer a kick which was heard to the furthest end of the building. The young porter rushed to the door and opened his eyes wide in wonder that so delicate a foot had made so great an impression. But the noise of the class-room was nothing to what I had to endure when, as happened four times in the week, the room was wanted for one of the French masters, and I had to migrate upstairs. Three or four masters were teaching there at the same time; twice a week, if my memory serves me, there were as many as five. We shouted against each other, but the victory remained with my good friend Richard Whittington, who, after thirty years' service, passed to the well-earned ease of the rectory of St. Peter's, on Cornhill, together with a seat on the Court of the Company. He died in 1901.

Another survival of the past was to be found in the system of appointing the undermasters. The Company kept the patronage most jealously in their own hands, and the electors had to be canvassed in the old fashion. I am quite sure that I should never have been chosen if it had not been for the diligence with which my brother, who was practising as a solicitor in London, canvassed the members of the Court of Assistants. The one person to whom

many, I might even say most, of them were unwilling to listen, was the headmaster. When I was appointed, the advertisement limited the choice to 'Oxford graduates who had been placed in the First or Second Class in the School of Classical Honours.' This, I was given to understand, did not mean a special desire for a certain standard of scholarship; it was a delicate way of excluding a possible candidate —a Cambridge man—whom the headmaster was supposed to favour. The consequence of this arrangement was an independence which, I am sure, was mischievous; the headmaster left us almost absolutely alone. Anything was better than the civil war which any serious attempt at correction would have produced. Nor had he any power to utilise our services in such a way as he might think best for the school. I was the only one of the undermasters who had taken classical honours at the University, but there never was any idea of putting me to teach one of the higher forms. For the thirteen years of my stay at Merchant Taylors' I never got beyond the rudiments. It was really a hardship that when a vacancy occurred I lost the pecuniary benefit because I was not competent to take a higher class in mathematics. It should be explained that in the morning the school was divided into forms, in the afternoon into a mathematical and an arithmetic and writing school. The mathematical school was subdivided into classes. I taught the lower of

these, not ill, perhaps, if it is a virtue in the teacher to have a keen sympathy with the difficulties of his pupils. But the limits of my knowledge did not reach any further, and because I could not take the upper class I received no increase of salary, though I was promoted from the fourth undermastership to the third.

The proportion of teachers to taught was, of course, on the old inefficient scale. The numbers of the school ranged between two hundred and sixty and two hundred and seventy. The headmaster and his assistant provided for about fifty of these; the rest were divided between the four undermasters. The place which I filled was a recent institution, dating back, I think, to 1840. (I was reminded of this every year when each of my three seniors received, on 'Doctor's Day' —the day when the annual examination, or 'Probation,' as it was called, was held—the sum of two marks and a half, 1*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, as his fee, and I was left out). Up to 1840, therefore, three masters must each have had on an average seventy boys to teach. Another addition to the staff, first made at the time when I took up my appointment, was the headmaster's assistant. This appointment was the result of a long struggle between Dr. Hessey and the Court. The first point gained was, that he should have a helper; before, he had had to teach *forty* boys! The next, that he should choose this helper himself. This was a bitter pill for the Court to swallow. They

showed, I remember, their jealousy and dislike by neglecting to include the assistant in their invitation to the great festival of the 'Election Day' dinner. At this our chief, a long-suffering man, who ultimately got his way by an inexhaustible patience, struck. He declared that he would not attend himself, and we backed him up with a similar threat. On this the Court gave way, moved somewhat by the fact that they had just ended another feud. 'Election Day' got its name from the custom that, on June 11, the President and two senior Fellows of St. John's came to elect, with the assistance and concurrence of the Court, Merchant Taylors' scholars to such Fellowships as might be vacant. Their labours finished, they were entertained at dinner. Of course they were the guests of the evening, and, as such, claimed the right to sit at the master's right hand. On one occasion this place was given to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The offended dons refused to come till they had been guaranteed against the slight. The quarrel was now made up, and it would have been too absurd to begin another. The result was that we all went to the dinner.

Another curious custom, that must have come down from a remote past, was the way in which the school fees were collected. These were called *quarterages*; each boy paid his to the master of his form. We kept a proportion—15*s*., if I remember right—out of the quarterly fee of 2*l*. 10*s*., and paid over the

rest to the headmaster, who, in his turn, paid it over to the Company. Another survival, I fancy, was an entrance fee of 5*s*. from every boy who was admitted to the school, paid to the master of the form in which he was placed, and 'moving money,' 5*s*. paid by every boy who was promoted from one form to another.

There was not a little of the survival about the teaching. There had, indeed, been a great advance within quite recent memory. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Divinity, had been the curriculum. If any one wanted to know how to write and cipher he had to learn it out of school. Then mathematics and arithmetic were introduced; the former, at first, to little purpose. A veteran undermaster was in charge of this teaching. 'Ungrateful rascals!' he is said to have exclaimed when his classes failed in the examination, 'when I have given them the whole half-year to work by themselves!' All this was changed in my time. The mathematical school, for which the forms were re-arranged in the afternoon, was under most efficient guidance. The morning was wholly given to the old studies, except, indeed, for a couple of hours on Thursdays, when the two lowest forms learnt geography—with the help of blank maps and a very dry little manual of towns and rivers—and modern English history, published by the S.P.C.K., the work, if I remember right, of Bishop Davys, of Peterborough, which would

hardly come up to modern standards. Dr. Davys was preceptor to the Princess Victoria, and the book was presumably written for her instruction. At this moment I can recall nothing more of its contents than this fragment of a poem with which it was adorned :

> ' Where King Charles' horse
> Looks down the street at Charing Cross.'

The Latin Grammar which I taught was ' King Edward's,' a variant of the ' Eton Grammar.' Here I met again that acquaintance of my childhood, the ' Propria quæ maribus,' and another masterpiece of the same kind, known as the ' As in præsenti,' a *memoria technica* by which boys were expected to learn the formation of Latin verbs. This was superseded by the ' Public School Latin Primer,' the work of Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury. All the forms above the third had two hours per week of French, and the head form, and that immediately below it, learnt Hebrew.

In 1842 a great change was made in the relation of the school to St. John's College. Before that date boys went up to the College as ' Fellows '—*probationers* at first, and after two years, *full* Fellows. Something could be said for the plan. It was well, in a place devoted to commerce, to be able to point to great prizes which were awarded to learning. ' This lad,' it might be said to some doubter, ' has his future assured at nineteen because he has shown

himself a scholar.' Practically the system did not work well. In one year there might be more vacancies than it was possible to supply with worthy candidates; in another there might be none, and a really deserving lad might be without provision. And there was always the temptation to take things easily, to be content with a *minimum* of attainment. The system was changed to one by which three scholarships of 100*l.* tenable for seven years during residence were annually given. The difficulty was that the money belonged to the College. This made impossible what would have been the most advantageous scheme for the school, the establishment of scholarships which might be held at any College at Oxford or Cambridge. A boy who wins an 80*l.* scholarship and goes up with 50*l.* from his school is better off than the Merchant Taylor with his 100*l.* The change did not please either the Company or the conservative party in the College.

I remember Dean Mansel, a Merchant Taylor and a Johnian, quoting, at the tercentenary dinner, certain lines of Virgil, which he accompanied with a free translation: *Ter centum regnabitur annos*—'It shall be ruled for three centuries'; *gente sub Iliaca*—'under the Merchant Taylors' Company'; *donec regina sacerdos*—'until the Queen's Government'; *Marte gravis*—'pressed by a hostile opposition'; *geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem*—'shall give birth to a double Commission.' The 'double Commission'

was that of the public schools and that of the Universities.

I cannot close this account of my sojourn at Merchant Taylors' without relating the story of a little difference which I had with Dr. Hessey. I will say, before I begin, that, the first irritation abated, I remained on terms of friendship with the archdeacon, as he afterwards became, up to the end of his life. But the incident is curiously significant of a change which has come over society in the last forty years. At the end of one summer holiday, spent in a remote part of the Scottish highlands, I came back wearing a moustache. The chief was scandalised. A beard I had worn for some time, finding it a protection against affections of the throat; but a moustache was too much. He did not like to make any direct remonstrance, but appealed to the authority of the Court; and the Court ordered me to shave my upper lip. It sounds absurd. But did not the Court of Governors of the Bank of England about this time issue an order that their clerks were not to wear beards or moustaches *during office hours*? So the story ran. Whether it was true or not I cannot say; but it is certain that, in 1858 or 1859, the Bishop of London, coming to hold a Confirmation in one of the churches of his diocese, refused to proceed unless the Incumbent, who wore a moustache, consented to efface himself, *i.e.* take no part in the service. And this bishop was the sagacious and statesmanlike

Tait! I had the better of Dr. Hessey in another matter, which was of an appropriately trifling character. His assistant took to wearing what I may call a turn-down collar. This offended his sense of propriety, and he ordered that the collars should be discontinued. They were handed over to me, and I wore them—in fact they were of exactly the same pattern as those which I had used for years. But if they were unbecoming in him, they were more so in me, an older man and a clergyman. But the time was intolerant in these matters. A gentleman could not walk comfortably in London except with a tall hat on his head. I remember that, in 1863, I was hooted by some workmen at Eastbourne because I wore knickerbockers. We have certainly become a little more broad-minded in such matters.

CHAPTER VII

ST. PETER'S, VERE STREET

ONE of my most cherished wishes was fulfilled when I became curate to F. D. Maurice, at St. Peter's, Vere Street. This appointment was immediately due to the good offices of Thomas Rowsell, at that time incumbent of St. Peter's, Stepney, afterwards vicar of St. Stephen's, Paddington, and canon of Westminster. Mr. Maurice, however, knew something of me. It is possible that he remembered me as a diligent pupil in his King's College days, and I had been brought into relations with him at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street; I had taken a class for a time on my coming to London in 1857, though I had given it up when I found that my work at Merchant Taylors' School required all the strength that I possessed. Evening teaching is best done by those who have other occupations in the day. Of course it is desirable that they should have some practical acquaintance with a teacher's business; but a class of grown-up pupils who are all genuinely anxious to learn is very easily managed. Mr. Maurice was presented to the incumbency of St. Peter's in

July, 1860, the patronage being in the Crown, practically exercised by the Chief Commissioner of Works, a post then filled by Mr. William Cowper, afterwards Lord Mount-Temple. St. Peter's was originally the chapel-of-ease to Marylebone Church; at the time of which I am writing it was a dependency of All Souls', Langham Place, handing over to that church all the offertories and collections, certain exceptions being made by the goodwill of the incumbent of that parish. There was no district attached to it, a want felt very much by Mr. Maurice, who thought that the ministrations of a clergyman so situated might tend to be unpractical. There was also, he felt, something lacking to a congregation which might be said to have no unity or common interest except that of worshipping together once a week in the same building. He made a characteristic effort to supply these wants by founding the Girls' Home, a place where orphaned or destitute girls were taught and trained for service and other occupations. The congregation took up this good work with heartiness. The home still flourishes, having not long since been removed from the quarters long occupied in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, to more commodious premises elsewhere. The children, between twenty and thirty in number, used to attend the services in St. Peter's. They could have understood little of what they heard, but their trust and affection for the man, written plainly upon their

upturned faces, well supplied what may have been lacking.

Neither baptisms nor marriages could be celebrated in it. It was not a very valuable preferment, the income being derived entirely from pew rents. The Crown had the charge of decoration and repair, and, if my memory serves me, did not display any great liberality in this respect. I entered upon my duties in May, 1861. I had first preached a sermon of which Mr. Maurice was kind enough to express approval. It was certainly inspired by what I had learnt from him. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that he praised because he recognised his own matter. His humility was such that it would never have occurred to him to make any such claim, or to imagine that the preacher had taken from him his conceptions of truth.

My duties for a time were those of a reader, Mr. Maurice preaching both in the morning and the afternoon. This he found to be too much for him, nor can I wonder when I think of the labour which his sermons must have cost him. I had an opportunity from time to time of seeing his manuscripts. The astonishing thing about them was the quantity of matter which he crossed out. Most preachers when they have written a page regard it as something done, which they are not at all disposed to undo. Mr. Maurice had the habit of striking through page after page. Whenever it occurred to him that he

might have expressed his thought more clearly he sacrificed earlier results without sparing. I imagine that he very seldom preached an old sermon. After a while I was called upon to occupy the pulpit occasionally in the afternoon. During Mr. Maurice's holidays—sometimes spent in taking charge of some country parish—I was responsible for all the services. Without going into detail, I may say that I had to preach much oftener than I liked. It was an honour to stand in the place of such a man; it was, indeed, the fulfilment of one of my dearest hopes, but it had its disadvantages. The *fraterculus gigantis* is not to be envied when he is called upon to play the part of his big brother. I never shall forget receiving what was, perhaps, the most direct 'snub' that was ever administered to me in this character. I was walking with my cousin, W. J. Brodribb, when we met a friend of his. I knew him by sight and name only, and walked a few paces further on. I could not help hearing the conversation which followed.

'Hayman,' said Brodribb, 'have you been at St. Peter's lately?'

'No,' said Hayman, 'you see that the last time I went, I heard the curate, and that was very discouraging.'

I have sometimes caught fragments of talk to the same effect as I have happened to follow visitors who had come to the chapel in the hope of hearing the great man, and were going away disappointed.

I could not but feel a certain sympathy with them. It was quite reasonable that they should feel and express disappointment; but it was not therefore the more agreeable to the innocent cause. Sometimes it was perplexity rather than disappointment which was expressed. I had been taken for my chief, and had failed to come up to their idea of him. I was younger than had been expected; I was generally unlike. On the whole these expressions of opinion were not more flattering than the other. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I set down here the greatest compliment that I have ever received. It was certainly extravagant; it might even be called ludicrous. 'If I were to shut my eyes,' said a friend to me, 'I could imagine that I was listening to Maurice himself.'

The congregation of St. Peter's was indeed one to which it was not easy to minister. It may be said to have included two main elements: one local, the other personally attached. Standing as it does in the near neighbourhood of Cavendish Square and Harley Street, an eminently medical quarter, it has been called the 'Doctors' Church.' A clergyman, now risen to eminence in the Church, relates that when he was in treaty for the post, which I afterwards held, with Mr. Maurice's predecessor, he was told that though the stipend was small—it had been increased in my time—there was this advantage to be taken into account, that he might have the advice, should it

be needed, of thirty of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in England. It was largely then from the chiefs of the medical profession that the local part of the congregation was drawn. I frequently received the hospitality of one of its most distinguished members, Sir Thomas Watson. Sir Thomas, who was born in 1792, had been a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and was then one of H.M. Physicians-in-Ordinary. He reached his ninety-first year. Never was there a man who came nearer to the ideal of the ἰατρος πολυπειρότατος. His talk, his manner, his very look, were full of the mild wisdom which his profession, honourably and faithfully exercised, is fitted to teach. I wish that I could remember more of his talk. The one thing that has clung to my memory is this: 'When I was young,' he said, 'I was always keen to use new remedies; in my old age I have come back to the employment of a few, and those well-known.' In the matter of diet his habits were of the simplest. His luncheon, I remember, consisted of a glass of milk and a biscuit.

Dr. Radcliffe, of Cavendish Square, a specialist of high repute in diseases of the brain, was another regular attendant. To him also I was indebted for much hospitality.

With the local congregation should be reckoned, I suppose, the worshippers who came because the chapel was conveniently near that part of London which fills when the season commences and empties

more or less when it comes to an end. The pulpit of St. Peter's was occupied by one of the greatest theological teachers of the time. But it was always most crowded in the fortnight between the Derby and Ascot.

Of those who were drawn to St. Peter's by what I may call personal reasons much might be said, but I will mention a few names only, such as I may feel pretty sure will be known to my readers. I seem to see as I write the venerable white head of John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield (1843–1867). A not infrequent visitor was Mr. Edmund Beckett, afterwards Lord Grimthorpe, with his wife, Bishop Lonsdale's daughter. Dean Stanley often came; as it was the afternoon that best suited him, he was, I fear, not infrequently the victim of the disappointment which I have described above. 'Tom Hughes' was a very familiar figure. I may be pardoned if I repeat the praise—'sound doctrine'—which he bestowed on a discourse which I had preached on the Communism of the early Church at Jerusalem. The eternal truth, I said, was in the principle that 'no man said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own,' but there was no obligation as to this or that application of it. I must not forget to mention the striking personality of George Macdonald. At that time in the prime of his manhood—he was born in 1824—he presented a most striking resemblance to the

traditional features of Christ. To see him kneeling at the rails of the Communion Table made an ineffaceable impression. A less pleasing recollection is of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whom I have seen at Macdonald's side. Among occasional worshippers at St. Peter's, I remember Dr. Macdougall, Bishop of Labuan, Henry Dodgson ('Lewis Carroll,' author of 'Alice in Wonderland'), and Bishop Ewing (of Argyll and the Isles).

My connection with St. Peter's was terminated in 1868, when Mr. Maurice accepted the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. For a while he resided at Cambridge, and came up to the Sunday services in London. This was found too much for his strength, and in October, 1869, he resigned the benefice. His farewell sermon was preached on November 7. The attendance at the Communion on that day numbered, I find in his 'Life,' 330. About a year afterwards he accepted the Cure of St. Edmund's, Cambridge. This he held for a little more than a year, uniting with it, during part of 1871, the Cambridge preachership at Whitehall. He died on Easter Monday, April 1, 1872. I was at his funeral at the Highgate Cemetery on the Friday following. I have never seen a more impressive sight.

One other recollection of St. Peter's must be given. I had been connected with the church for something more than a year when Mr. Maurice

declared to his friends his intention to resign. A great storm had been raised by Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch. Mr. Maurice conceived the idea that his resignation would serve as a protest against Bishop Colenso's action. His reasons are not easily stated, nor is it necessary that I should attempt to do so. Of course the intended action was misunderstood, in fact was interpreted in a sense directly contrary to its real purpose. It was supposed to indicate sympathy, whereas it really meant apprehension. Meanwhile I had been not a little disturbed. The resignation would have put an end to a connection which I had learnt to prize highly. The loss of the stipend was also a matter of no little moment, especially as I was looking forward to being married in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Maurice was induced by the absolutely unanimous opposition offered by his friends to reconsider his course of action. He lost no time in letting me know his decision. With characteristic kindness and energy he found his way to my chambers shortly after eight o'clock the next morning. He knew that I had to be early at school, and he was anxious to set my mind at ease.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM STICKLEBACK TO SALMON

I AM an angler by heredity; my grandfather was a devotee of the art. A family tradition records that he caught a six-pound perch at Loddon Bridge. Commonly he frequented the Thames in the neighbourhood of Hampton. Early in the 'Sixties I found an old ferryman in that neighbourhood who remembered taking him out. My father was less keen on the sport. In his boyhood he had angled in the eddies that were to be found by the piers of old London Bridge. Once only did we persuade him to come fishing with us, and the day—it was in the later summer of 1848, when the river was already rising for a flood—was not very successful.

As to myself, my memory is very clear as to the kind, the time, and the place of the first fish that I caught. It was a stickleback, the time was July, 1842, and the place was a backwater of the Thames at Caversham. A wandering angler, a tramp with a sense of sport, asked us—my brother and myself—what we had caught. 'Some small perch,' we said, not knowing any better; and, indeed, the creature had

spines. We generously pointed out the place: I am afraid he was disappointed. We soon rose to better things. I remember some real perch that we caught at the island between Caversham Bridge and the mouth of the Kennet. Two years afterwards we had our real initiation into Thames fishing. Our summer migration was to Marlow, and my brother and I spent the whole of the three months on the river. We made acquaintance with the sport of gudgeon-fishing, under the guidance of one of the Creswells, a noted name at Marlow in those days, and caught roach, no one helping us, in the back-waters of Temple (the lock next above Marlow). I was not then equal to the management of a punt, and I had to tie our boat in a quite unorthodox way to the branches of trees. No professional fisherman would have condescended to such doings; but I really think that we sometimes caught fish which the professional would have missed. And we set trimmers of the kind that is fastened to boughs overhanging the water. This is an unlawful practice. I see that a Welsh bench of magistrates decided the other day that the bit of wood, possibly three inches long, to which the trimmer line is fastened, may be regarded as a rod. Perhaps the fact that the river, as to which the question arose, belonged to Lord Penrhyn may have had something to do with the decision. Anyhow, it was overruled by the Superior Court. I may plead, however, that we at least began the

practice in innocence. We captured the very first morning—the trimmers had been set overnight—a very fine eel, some 3 lb. in weight, and showed it in our pride at the 'Complete Angler' a waterside inn, still, I believe, in high favour. The landlord was not a little astonished at our simplicity. After Marlow we spent two summers at Henley-on-Thames, another at Basildon (between Pangbourne and Streatley), and shorter periods at other riverside places. The thirty odd miles of the Thames between Wallingford and Marlow I knew at one time with something of the knowledge of the professional fisherman. Those were happy days, the memory of which is still delightful, and I could write much about them. But I must limit myself to a few of my experiences. My first Long Vacation I spent at Basildon, almost entirely on the river, and for the most part alone, for my brothers were commonly at work, as indeed, I ought to have been. It was a very wet year, and the gudgeon fishing, which is best when the water is low and clear, was never good. Of roach and chub, on the other hand, I caught plenty, and the trimmers yielded well. I allow that two wrongs do not make a right, but it may fairly be urged that in those days the Thames was illegally fished on all sides. The nets were universally made with too small a mesh; one sweep of these huge engines wrought more destruction among the fish than my trimmers did during the whole

summer. The river is now more fairly treated, and the excuse, such as it is, can no longer be urged. One recollection I must put down—the sound of a beast grazing is curiously like that of a man's foot-step—or was it conscience that made a coward of me ?

The wet summer ended in a very early flood. When the force of it was somewhat abated, my brothers and myself made a three days' expedition down the river, taking back the punt to the place where it had been hired. It was an exciting time and full of delights, though not very successful in respect of sport. I must not leave Basildon without relating how we took Robert Lush—afterwards Lord Justice Lush—on the river, and introduced him to the amusement of angling. It was new to him, for he wanted to know whether we employed the rake used in gudgeon fishing to disturb the water, to 'dislodge the fish from the bottom.' He was then a very successful junior, and as hard-worked as a man could be. I never saw a greater change in a man than that which followed when he 'took silk.' 'My mouth waters when I see your briefs,' said a lately promoted judge to him. His practice, indeed, was as great as ever, and, doubtless, more than twice as profitable ; but all the look of over-work had disappeared. I venture to give here an anecdote which I heard him tell—it has something to do with sport. He had led successfully in an action against the Duke of

Beaufort. Some one had been knocked down on a racecourse by the Duke's horse. The plaintiff alleged that the Duke had ridden at him, and the essential question was—Was the horse going at a trot, or walking? Mr. Lush argued that a walking horse would not have knocked a man over, and the jury took his view. After the trial the Duke said good humouredly to him: 'I can easily satisfy you, Mr. Lush, that a walking horse can knock a man over, if you like to try the experiment.' For some months following Mr. Lush had his hands full of horse cases, he knowing as little as a man well could about the animal.

I remember, with peculiar pleasure, a fishing holiday which I took for the inside of a week in the late summer of 1855. I met my brother J—— on Monday afternoon at Caversham. There we hired a punt which I took up to the 'Roebuck,' a waterside public-house some three miles higher up the river. (I call it waterside, but, as a matter of fact, it was separated from the river by the Great Western Railway). The 'Roebuck' still exists, but it is greatly changed. When I last saw it, some twenty years ago, it had developed a spacious coffee-room, a *menu*, and waiters in dress clothes. In 1855 it was a public-house, pure and simple. The landlady was doubtful whether she could make us comfortable; she was not used to taking in gentlemen. We fared, however, sufficiently well. The next four days

we spent in gudgeon fishing, giving the last hour or so of daylight to the roach. I had never done so well before, and I never had anything like it afterwards. I have no complete record of our results, but I remember that one day we caught five-and-thirty dozen, eleven dozen of them being secured at a single 'pitch.' We got a few roach, but very little else. In fact, there was very little else at that time in the river. The keeper of Mapledurham lock at that time rented the net fishing of the river and 'skinned' it most unmercifully. The mesh of the nets used was illegally small—I have said that all the nets of that time were of this kind—but not so small as to take in gudgeon. Nearly every pike, perch, or chub, in the water being removed, that fish increased in a marvellous degree. I dare say that if we had had the help of a professional fisherman, we should have done even better. But it was more pleasant and much cheaper to do without him.

But the crown of my Thames fishing came to me when I was at Henley-on-Thames. It is in the autumn and winter that the best sport is to be obtained—the pike feed more eagerly; the perch gather in shoals; the roach are cleaner and stronger. And there is an especially attractive kind of angling to be had in winter fishing for chub in the Nottingham manner. This means using a very long line with a float, the bait being commonly graves from the tallow-chandler's melting-pots. This does not come off every day or

anything like it. The stream must be full, but not near a flood, the water coloured, but not dirty; a semi-opaque green is the hue I liked to see. I cannot look back to many successful days, but when they came they were worth not a little. The fish used to run up to four pounds or even higher. I had a punt of my own at Henley, and had the loan of another whenever I wanted it below Hambledon lock, and a third at Bolney, thus getting the run of some eight miles of river. In these expeditions I never employed a fisherman, and—for I cannot help thinking that for real sport, if the enjoyment of sport comes from using one's own strength and own wits—this angling might favourably compare with other kinds which are more highly esteemed. To manœuvre a punt in a heavy autumn stream, seeking each kind of fish in the place where it is most likely to be found, is not inferior as an amusement to sitting in a Loch Tay boat with spinning baits out for salmon, or casting a fly with the wind always behind one's back, thanks to the skilful manipulation of a Highland keeper or gillie. And it must not be forgotten that all Thames fish become more palatable in autumn. A chub, especially, the most tasteless of foods in summer, becomes good eating in winter. His diet is changed from flies and minute insects to small fish; all the good tasted fresh-water fish are carnivorous.

I left Henley in January, 1873, having had a

great day among the perch by way of farewell. At East Retford, my next abiding-place, I was lucky enough to get some notable fishing in the lake of Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. The lake is an artificial piece of water, made, I think, in the second half of the eighteenth century by constructing a dam across the Idle. It covers some hundred acres, the lower half of which is admirably suited to the breeding and feeding of fish. In those days it was full of pike, perch, roach, and carp. The carp I never came across, but I was told that they existed; one of the traditions of the place was that a forty-pound pike had been found dead in the shallows with a twenty-pound carp fixed in his jaws. The pike were in such numbers, and averaged such a size—I do not remember to have caught one under four pounds—as I have never seen elsewhere. On a day when they were feeding—and it was seldom that they were not—there was scarcely a limit, beyond that which the authorities imposed, to the quantity which might be taken. Live-baiting (with a snap hook) and spinning were the methods which I employed, having recourse to the first when the day was calm, to the second when there was a breeze. My biggest fish weighed 22 lb.; I assisted, however, at the capture of another by my brother J—— which turned the scale at 30 lb. It was hooked on the outside of the mouth on a spinning tackle. It took twenty minutes to get him into the boat, and I still

remember with pride the deftness, not unassisted by good fortune, with which I put a not very spacious landing-net under him. In the summer I pursued the perch chiefly; they gave excellent sport in the deep water where the river Idle runs out of the lake and about the keel and the moorings of a frigate-like yacht which was moored some fifty yards from the shore. I must not forget to say that in winter the pike were as good to eat as any sea-fish.

I may give a few more 'coarse fishing' experiences before I finish with this part of the subject. In 1845 I spent a good many summer mornings on the banks of the Serpentine. And very early mornings they had to be, for there was very little use in fishing after seven o'clock. By that time the traffic along the shore had increased, and the fish were too shy to bite. As the Park gates were not opened early enough to suit me, I used to climb over the railings at the Piccadilly entrance. I do not remember ever getting any adequate result for all this trouble. But what will not a boy do when the sense of sport is keen in him? Yet good baskets could be made by those who had the proper tackle and the requisite skill to use it. The further out the line could be got the better the fish. I remember, in particular, one young man who seemed to have a magical art of getting good sport both here and in other places from which most anglers returned disappointed. (He was one Slack, the son of a hairdresser in the passage between

Queen Square and Southampton Row, and, therefore, not 'to the manner born'.) He told my brother J. that he made his paste with water in which a heron's leg had been steeped. I am not learned enough in angling lore to know whether or no this is a recognised recipe. It sounds reasonable enough; does not the heron seem to attract fish to the shallow water in which he stands? In those days the water in St. James's Park swarmed with fish, but angling was strictly forbidden. 'Spoil the rod and spare the child' was the maxim which the 'Punch' of the day recommended to the keepers. I never ventured to dare their wrath; but I have seen some pretty perch pulled out on the sly. The lake has now a concrete bottom, which doubtless favours the preservation of human life in a skating season, but prohibits both fish and water plants.

A few years later I made acquaintance with the Royal Military Canal. This curious work was constructed in 1805, and runs from the western end of the Pitt level, under Fairlight Down, across the Romney Marsh, to Sandgate in Kent. It was the last, but scarcely the best of Pitt's contrivances to secure the country against a French invasion. Whether it was to serve as an obstacle to an army landing on the coast, or as a means of putting the marsh country under water, I do not know. Happily the occasion for using it never arose. The 'Gazetteer,' I see, describes it as '90 feet broad,

18 feet deep, and defended by a parapet.' At the Sussex end, where I knew it, it was nothing of the kind. I should put the breadth at 40 feet, and the depth at four—I remember wading half across to disentangle a line from a bed of weeds into which a fish had carried it. Of the parapet no trace was to be seen. Altogether its appearance justified the jest which legend attributed to a local wit: 'I can make just as good a defence against the French, and at much less cost, by laying down my walking-stick.' But it was not wholly useless, for there was excellent fishing to be got in it. My brother J. and I used to start from Hastings—if possible, as soon as it was light, so as to reach the canal at six—the sooner the better was the rule, as indeed it is in most places. The best sport was with the bream, which we caught up to four pound weight; roach were abundant; perch were fairly plentiful, and an occasional pike came to hand. We fared sufficiently well on bread and cheese, with water from a convenient spring—the canal water was impossible. I still remember the high, the very high, teas which we enjoyed when we had finished the six-mile walk back to Hastings. It is curious that people in Hastings professed to relish the bream and roach which we used to bring home, even to prefer them to sea-fish. They got them, it is true, for nothing; possibly that gave them a savour which I never could detect.

I could mention scores of places where I have dropped a line not without success—streams, canals, pools of every kind and size. Some of them have disappeared; others are wholly void of life. The roving angler of to-day is badly off as compared with his predecessor of sixty years ago.

CHAPTER IX

FROM STICKLEBACK TO SALMON—(*continued*)

My first experience of trout-fishing was in the summer of 1852, when I went an angling tour through part of Scotland with Mark Pattison. The angling, as far as I was concerned, was a failure. I had never before cast a fly, and I am not one of the happy few who can do a thing well on the first trial. Pattison, on the other hand, could cast as good a line as any man that I have ever seen—two or three excepted. He had been trained on Yorkshire streams—he was born at Hauxwell, near Bedale—where you must fish fine if you want to catch anything. We met at Dunkeld—in those days the railroad did not go further north than Perth, and journeyed by stages up to Inverness. Our longest stay was at Dalwhinnie, where we found quarters in a very primitive inn, which has now, I believe, been replaced by a grand hotel. I remember Pattison having a great catch of trout in Loch Ericht, fishing with a white fly nearly up to midnight. From Inverness we crossed to the west coast, tarrying awhile at Achanault, from which we fished Loch Luichart. There

and there only did I drink of a 'stirrup cup.' A stage coach had just been started on the road, and our landlord at the inn found his postchaise going out of employment. He manœuvred us into missing the coach and hiring, by compulsion, his chaise, and in his delight he presented us with the 'stirrup cup,' for which, it will be remembered, the guest had not to pay. The last stage of our journey, from Strome Ferry to Kyle Akin, we travelled in H.M.'s post-cart, and then crossing to Skye made our way to Broadford. There, if I remember right, I caught my first sea-trout. From Broadford we went on to Sligachan. At Sligachan the landlord greatly venturing had ordered a nine-gallon cask of bitter beer, hitherto unknown in those parts, and was not a little astonished to find it finished in a couple of days. I remember no fishing here, but only a journey accomplished on pony-back to Loch Coruisk. Portree was our furthest point.

The summer holidays of 1857 I spent at the shooting of my old vicar in the Island of Lewis. This shooting comprised some eighty thousand acres stretching from the East to the West coast with two salmon rivers. The lodge was about eight miles south of Stornoway, three miles further on was the River Laxay,[1] which is here crossed by the high road. The river runs in and out of Loch Voltos, a famous place for salmon and sea trout. Its course between

[1] Lax is the Norse for a salmon.

Voltos and the sea is about half a mile; above Voltos it measures about three miles, its starting point being Loch Trialaval, a paradise of the trout fisher, with numberless bays and islands. On the western side of the island is the other river, the Blackwater, the fishing ground of which is comprised in five or six small pools. Both streams are very small, and the salmon never large in them. Sixteen pounds is the maximum weight that I ever heard of. For myself, I never caught one above twelve. The smallness of the rivers made the fishing less exciting than it often is. When the water was at its usual level a salmon never ran from one pool to another; the stream between them was too shallow. Once only did I have to run with a fish, and that was when the Blackwater was in spate. Nor did I ever but once have so long a fight as my brother had with his big pike at Clumber; and that once was not really an exception. I was casting from the shore in Loch Voltos and hooked a fish very close in. He ran out the whole of my fifty yards of line, and, not a little to my dismay, some of the thin line underneath, put to make the winding up quicker. Then he stopped abruptly; he gave no sign of life, and I began to think that I was fast in a rock. I despatched my gillie to get the boat. It was some way off, and he must have been absent for more than half an hour. We rowed out to the place; and the fish came up almost immediately, nearly killed. He had been hooked in the tail.

One consequence of the smallness of the rivers was that the sport was more than usually dependent upon rain. The only river in the island which has a fairly steady flow of water is the Griemsta, which flows out of Loch Langavhat, a great rain reservoir between seven and eight miles long. My host did his best with artificial spates, but the fish seemed not to believe in them. They could be caught, however, in the salt water at the river mouth. A salmon I never saw hooked in this way, though it has been done. Sea-trout I have often caught; a flamingo fly was especially efficacious. They shone brilliantly and fought most gamely; sometimes, however, if they remained too long before getting into the fresh water they seemed to sicken.

The greater part of the shooting lay in the parish of Lochs, an expressive name which a little knowledge of the country amply justifies. In the level region there is almost as much water as land. The lochs, small and great, may be numbered by hundreds, and all of them contain trout. Practically, one's fishing was limited to those waters on which boats had been put. Time was wasted in fishing from the shore; wading, too, was frequently necessary, and wading boots are cumbrous things to carry about. To wade without boots for any length of time I always found bring on an attack of diarrhœa. We sometimes tried a Berthon collapsible boat, but the results were not encouraging. A loch that had

probably never been fished in since the beginning of things seldom yielded as much as those that were frequently fished. Practically my trout fishing—to which, indeed, no one but myself condescended—was limited to five or six lochs. I should have been well content never to go beyond Trialaval.

It was in the uppermost part of the Laxay just below this loch that I caught my first salmon. My host was accustomed to bar the passage above this pool. If the fish got into Trialaval they were very hard to find again. This they were prevented from doing till the fishing season was over. The consequence was that the uppermost pool was pretty well crowded with them. It was within a short time of the end of my stay, September 4 or 5. I had hooked salmon before, but never succeeded in landing one; now my time was come. There was a spot of a few yards square where the stream ran into the pool, and a little ripple was caused by the wind blowing the other way. The fish were rising here in that quiet way that rejoices the angler's heart, with the mouth barely showing above the water, not with the great boisterous roll that means fun rather than feeding. After two or three trials I managed to get my fly into the region of the rising, and felt myself immediately fast in a fish. In the course of something less than an hour I landed five. They were, it is true, small, averaging, perhaps, five pounds apiece. Fish were moving all over the pool, which

was sixty yards long by twenty-five broad; but they did not rise anywhere else. As I was playing one of the fish a curious thing happened; a large eel came up out of the depth and seemed to attack the salmon as he turned in the water. I never saw the same thing again, nor have I met with anyone who has had the same experience. That was, indeed, a *dies creta notandus*—five salmon in less than an hour!

My best year was, I think, in 1860. I caught in five weeks—the Merchant Taylors' holidays had been lengthened by a week—*seventy-four* salmon. I kept no record of sea-trout; but I can remember killing five and thirty in one day, averaging a little over a pound. An ordinary day's brown trout fishing produced between forty and fifty, which, in a good loch, averaged a quarter of a pound. It must be remembered that I never got to throw a fly really well.

One delightful week I must mention. I took up my quarters at the keeper's house at Kinlochreasort. Loch Reasort forms part of the boundary between Lewis and Harris—two divisions of the same island, belonging to the counties of Ross and Inverness respectively. It was an out-of-the-world spot. Wheaten bread and butcher's meat were unattainable, but barley cake made with cream, and abundance of fish, helped out by a fowl, served us perfectly well. From this place I was able, thanks to the

kindness of Lord Hill,[1] to fish the Harris lochs. I have special recollection of Loch Washamit, with its magnificent scenery, and Loch Ascourst. In Washamit I caught my finest brown trout, weighing two pounds, and a splendid pair of sea-trout, landed from the same stone, and weighing seven pounds each.

All this sport cost me about 30*l.* I paid 20*l.* to my host and gave my gillie ten shillings a week. My travelling expenses may have made up the balance, perhaps a little more, but then the usual cost of my living must be deducted. I wonder whether there is any one nowadays who can catch salmon at a cost of something less than 5*s.* 6*d.* apiece! I have heard of people spending twice as much as my 30*l.* and coming back without a fish.

Things are now so utterly changed that it will be interesting to give a few more facts about the cost of sport in these bygone times. My host paid a rent of 150*l.* for his shooting and fishing. The grouse were nowhere really plentiful; in some of the outlying parts there were very few. But a man who did not mind walking could get his twelve or fourteen brace in the day. There was always a chance of killing a stag as he crossed from one forest to another, and in the autumn and winter

[1] Rowland, Second Viscount and Fourth Baronet (1800–1875). He was nephew and successor of Wellington's great lieutenant in the Peninsular.

there was an abundance of woodcock. A single gun could sometimes get as many as twenty brace in a day. I remember that in the autumn of 1856 when I was living at Oxford my vicar sent me a box containing eight brace. There had never been so many woodcock seen at once in Lincoln since the College was founded. I read the other day that the birds are now very rarely seen in the Lewis, though they visit other spots in the Outer Hebrides.

A few words must be said about the friend whom I have mentioned in this chapter under the names of 'old vicar' and 'host,' and of whose habits and ways of thinking I have spoken more particularly in Chapter V. There is no reason why I should not mention his name—George Henry Hely Hutchinson. He tells us some things about himself and everything that there was to be told about his abode in the Hebrides in a volume, 'Recollections of the Lewis,' a republication of letters contributed to the 'Field' newspaper with the signature of 'Sixty-One.' If the volume is inaccessible, its contents may be found in a file of the 'Field,' and they are certainly worth reading. He was meant by nature, I should say, for a country gentleman, but circumstances made him a clergyman. He had, as I have said elsewhere, his conceptions of duty, and he did his best to live up to them. He was a man of some literary accomplishment, and a moderate Whig, of the type represented by Brooks's Club, of which

he was a member. But above all things he was a sportsman. He was not more than a moderate performer. He threw a fly almost as badly as I did, and that is saying a great deal. And he had anything but a fine touch in playing a fish. I have seen him lose salmon more than once by keeping too hard a hand. But he knew all that there was to be known about the habits and haunts of the fish. Of his capacity as a shot I cannot speak from personal knowledge—I never saw him fire a gun as far as I can remember. But I was given to understand by his companions that here he was not more than moderately good. He was handicapped by having lost the sight of one of his eyes. But a more genuine, enthusiastic, single-minded sportsman never lived. I recollect as I write a curious little story which shows the bent of his mind. I came across a book of sermons in his library the work of a clergyman described as 'Vicar of Cherry Hinton'; everyone may not know that Cherry Hinton is a village near Cambridge, and it was at Cambridge that the vicar had pursued his studies and his shooting. I asked him how he had come to possess the volume. His taste was for seventeenth rather than nineteenth century theology. He thought for a while. 'Ah!' he said, 'I remember: there was capital snipe shooting at Cherry Hinton.' The snipe, I believe, have long since disappeared. The fens in which they delighted have been drained. A cynic might

say that the site is not less favourable for the culture of the sermon.

And now for a few words about the Lewis people. I saw, it is true, but little of them, being not a little hindered by the diversity of language. English was taught, I believe, in the schools, but the teaching certainly did not make the ordinary gillie fluent in talking. It was difficult to get beyond fishing talk. Still one felt that the man was a gentleman. There was an instinctive courtesy about him which was very pleasing. Sometimes it was a little inconvenient. If one rashly expressed an opinion, as, for instance, that a fish might probably be found at one part or another, the gillie was far too polite to oppose. He might be perfectly well aware that you were wrong, and that a fish never had been seen anywhere near; still, he took you promptly to the place, and wasted your time accordingly. Possibly he may have been spoilt since, as I am given to understand he has been in the much-frequented Highland routes, but he was then a simple unsophisticated creature. Generally the Lewisians are of an early stage of civilisation, the stage when the women are the workers. The men, it is true, often spent part of the year in the herring fishery, but at home they seemed to be the idlers. If one met a couple on the road, the woman would be carrying the burden, the man contenting himself with the umbrella. It was a perpetual wonder, indeed, to see what the women did carry. It was

quite a common thing to see them stepping across the moor, carrying each a huge bundle of grass on her head —the grass is used to keep the cows quiet while they are being milked—and knitting as she walked. They often went barefoot—a man would have to be much reduced to do such a thing. On Sundays, when they made prodigious journeys to church, many times as far as English people would dream of, the women carried their shoes, and stopped to put them on when they reached their church. The children went distances not much smaller to attend school. The Sabbath, was, of course, rigidly kept. At the risk of serving up a 'chestnut' I must tell the story of the innkeeper at Callernish.[1] A party of anglers from Glasgow had taken the Griemsta fishing and arrived late on the Saturday evening. Warned that the resources of the island were scanty, they brought with them a store of provisions. Among these was a ham. This was produced on the Sunday morning, and it was arranged that it should be cut in half. The landlord commenced with a knife, and, of course, had to stop when he reached the bone. One of his guests suggested a saw. He was struck with horror. 'I wadna use the saw on the Sabbath,' he exclaimed.

I must not close the account of my Lewis days without a word of recognition of the splendid hospi-

[1] Callernish is on the west coast of the island and is famous for a fine circle of Druid stones. The inn has since been moved to a more convenient situation on the high road near the Blackwater.

tality of Sir James Matheson of Stornoway Castle. Nothing could be more liberal and more stately. He used to send down his major-domo to await the coming in of the bi-weekly steamer, with instructions to invite any likely-looking passenger, known or unknown, to take up his abode in the Castle. And his entertainments, with pipers in full costume marching round the table were fine. He bought the island of the Lewis for 180,000*l.* and had spent at least double that sum in attempts to develop its agriculture and industries. I fear that much of the money was wasted. Moorland was 'reclaimed' only to relapse into moor, the one thing, indeed, of which it was capable of being; and lochs were drained to add more unprofitable acres of stone and peat to the thousands which were already there. Unhappily, he did not even gain the affection of the people. I am no judge in such a case, but I can at least assert my conviction that Sir James was possessed with a sincere desire to do justice to the Lewis and its inhabitants.

CHAPTER X

LITERARY BEGINNINGS

I WAS, I think, in my seventeenth year when I first saw myself in print. It was in a periodical which has long since ceased to exist, known as 'Sharpe's Magazine.' It was a piece of very ornate poetical prose, a kind of composition to which English and, perhaps, I might say modern languages generally, seem to lend themselves. I know of nothing in Greek or Latin which could be so described. I described myself as having fallen asleep in a library, and seeing in a dream a shadowy procession of the poets of Greece. The proprietors of the magazine did not think fit to offer me any remuneration, nor, indeed, did I expect it. I thought, however, that they might have had the courtesy to send me a copy of the number, and I wrote to tell them so. I am not sure that I was altogether pleased when an answer came addressed to 'Miss Church.'

About this time a friend at King's College associated me with himself in the conduct of a magazine which he was courageous enough to start under the title of the 'Alembic'—every one may not know that

the word means an old-fashioned kind of still. My friend had plenty of money and a large circle of friends, out of whom he made a quite respectable subscription list—soon to be scandalised, I fear, by our youthful audacities. The 'Alembic' survived for some six months, he financing the affair, and I doing most of the literary work. Of what this was I have very little recollection, but I remember a translation of the well-known epigram of Simonides 'To a Swallow carrying off a Cricket.' I venture to add it at the end of this chapter, with the remark—for it is really ridiculous for the writer of an autobiography to affect modesty—that it seems to me fairly good. Another recollection is that I reviewed a cyclopædia. Friends who know what I have done, or attempted to do in this line since that time, may remark that this is a case of 'the child is father of the man.' My colleague went up to Cambridge, and the 'Alembic' came to an end. My own time for Oxford soon came, and for some years my literary ambitions were laid aside. In my first long vacation after taking my degree (1851) I took in hand a translation of the 'Histories' of Tacitus, and finished at least one book. The publisher to whom I submitted it did not think well of it, nor do I question his judgment. But, as I shall have occasion to tell hereafter, the scheme was in the end successfully carried out. In the years which followed (1853–7) I wrote nothing but a few verses.

Actually my first independent publication was a sermon which I preached in 1858 on the termination of the Indian Mutiny. Such publications are a common foible of young clergymen; but at least I did not imitate the parson of whom Addison tells us, who, he says, ordered twelve thousand copies to be printed, taking it for granted that every parish in England would call for at least one. I remember it now only by a stupendous misprint, which, if it had found its way into publicity, might have rescued the discourse from oblivion. I was speaking of the 'silver lining of the cloud,' the deeds of heroism for which the peril had given occasion. We could reckon 'new names added to God's book of martyrs.' This was something of which the printer had never heard, and he substituted for it a more familiar title. 'New names added to "Foxe's Book of Martyrs"' he made me say. How often have I vainly wished that I had kept a list of the printers' errors to which a very varied literary experience has introduced me. My handwriting is fairly good, but not so good, candid friends have told me, as it looks. I once received a protest from the 'chapel' of the printing house to which most of my manuscript went. It was whispered to me, however—with what truth, I know not—that the protest was really meant, not for me, but for a more important personage whom it was not thought prudent directly to address.

In 1858 I began, in collaboration with my cousin William Jackson Brodribb (mentioned on p. 5), the translation of Tacitus. Brodribb held a Fellowship of St. John's College, Cambridge, to which he had been elected two years or so previously, and was a man of leisure—those were the happy days of 'prize Fellowships.' I had a sufficiently laborious employment in my mastership at Merchant Taylors', and it was only in harmony with the usual order of things that at this time I did most of the work. The proportions were changed later on when he also found regular employment—in 1860 he was presented to the benefice of Wootton Rivers, near Marlborough.[1] On the whole, when the work was completed in 1877 the labour had I fancy been equally divided. Our plan was for each to take so many chapters, and make the rough draft of a version. This we went over carefully together. Brodribb was a very fine scholar, and our trans-

[1] It is worth while to relate the curious circumstances which gave him the offer of this living at an unusually early time. He had been elected to a scholarship on the Somerset foundation, failing a qualified candidate from Marlborough Grammar School. The founders had left the right of presenting to Wootton Rivers to St. John's, Cambridge, and Brasenose, Oxford, with the stipulations that any Fellow who had held a scholarship on the Somerset foundation should have a preference. The turn happened to come to St. John's when none of Brodribb's seniors had the qualification. Consequently he obtained the preferment eight years after graduation. This was held in those days to be a piece of good fortune. Things are now greatly changed, and it is comparatively rare for a Fellow to accept a benefice.

lation owed more than I can express to this accomplishment. We made mistakes, though not many, I hope, have escaped our repeated revisions. The difficulty was not to see Tacitus' meaning, but to give a literary expression to the meaning which we saw. On some phrases we spent an almost incredible amount of time, and were anything but satisfied at last. One of these still haunts me. The historian is speaking of the feud between Lugdunum and Vienna—'uno amne discretis connexum odium' is his expression. 'Separated only by a river (they) were linked together by perpetual feud' is our rendering, but it is not by any means ideal. But it is easier to criticise than to create, and I venture to quote the conclusion of our 'advertisement' prefixed to the 'Translation of the Minor Works of Tacitus':

'When we have been told in general terms that we ought to be more forcible, more faithful, or more free, we have been obliged to be content with acknowledging the excellence of the advice, and regretting that we were not able to follow it.'

Messrs. Macmillan undertook to publish the 'Histories,' but required a guarantee of 50*l.* towards a possible deficit. This was, of course, quite right, for we were both unknown. My 25*l.* was returned to me in 1867 together with a like sum for my half of the copyright (including that of a translation of the 'Agricola' and the 'Germania'). I may give a

few figures from which the young author may learn how much more profitable it is to retain an interest in his work. Forty pounds may be put down as the outside of the translators' remuneration for their work on the 'Histories.' For the 'Annals,' which they did not sell, they had received by October, 1907, 507*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* This sum must be diminished by a fifth in consideration of the fact that a royalty on the 'Histories' would leave one shilling as against fifteen pence on the 'Annals.' It must also be remembered that the 40*l.* was present value. There still remains a very significant contrast.

In the year 1858 I gave occasional help to my friend Henry Whitehead in the carrying on of a parish magazine, connected with Clapham Parish Church, where he was then curate. It was not of the type with which we are now familiar, a periodical published at some central place and sent throughout England, which is localised by the addition of a special cover and a page or so devoted to parochial news, notices, and, it may be, exhortations. It was a genuine Clapham magazine from cover to cover, owing much to the enterprise of a local printer and stationer, Meaden by name, a man of great intellectual power and breadth of view, and not unwilling, I take it, to make sacrifices for adequate objects. I had nothing to do with the finances or management of the magazine, but I feel pretty sure from what I know of such matters that it did not pay its way.

Meaden was no common man, and Clapham had the good sense to send him as its representative at the Board of Works, *si qua est ea gloria.* Whitehead had the gift of calling out the virtues and energies of such helpers. I have kept no record of what I did for the magazine, but I have before me as I write, J. Baldwin Brown's 'Divine Life in Man,' with the inscription, 'A. Church, from H. W.' This I reviewed for the magazine. Baldwin Brown, who was a minister of Clayland's Congregational Chapel (near the Clapham Road), was one of the ablest of the men who interpreted F. D. Maurice to the world. He was afterwards my neighbour when I lived in the Crescent, Clapham Common, and I look back to his friendship as one of the blessings of my life.

In 1860 I put together, under the title of 'Latin Prose Lessons,' a reading-book for the lowest forms in Merchant Taylors' School. During this decade (1861–1870) I also made a collection of Latin renderings of Tennyson. This appeared in 1870, Messrs. Macmillan being the publishers. It contains thirty-eight versions, numbering in all 938 lines. T. E. Kebbel, a college friend, and a well-known journalist, who has within the last few months published 'Tory Memories,' and Hans William Sotheby, some time Fellow of Exeter,[1] who died many years ago, were my

[1] It is worth while to relate a curious instance of what we may call 'preciseness' in the action of the Exeter dons in their dealing

chief helpers. I owe a special debt to Kebbel in suggesting many improvements in my verses. Together we wrote about two-thirds of the whole. John Conington,[1] then Professor of Latin, contributed four pieces; John, afterwards Sir John Seeley, one; and Archdeacon Hessey, three. The book never paid. Some years afterwards I bought four hundred copies for 20*l.* and published another edition with some changes. A week after its appearance the whole stock was consumed by fire, and I thought myself happy to escape with the loss of my 20*l.* And here again comes in another story of a great misprint. One of my own versions was of a portion of 'The Palace of Art.' The English verses are

> Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
> To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
> The wood-nymph, stayed the Ausonian King . . .

'Foot-fall' appeared as a 'foot-ball,' and so it stands in the printed copies.

with Sotheby. He wanted to put off going into the schools—in those days no limitation of time was imposed on candidates for honours. The authorities refused their consent; he migrated to St. Mary's Hall; took a First Class, and in a short time was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter. The college got back their man, but it lost the credit of his First Class.

[1] Conington died in 1876 of blood poisoning. A little pimple on his lip developed into a malignant swelling which proved fatal. I remember Pattison quoting Theocritus on the occasion:

πηλικὸν ἔστι τὸ τραῦμα καὶ ἡλικὸν ἄνδρα δαμάζει.

I was told that in his delirium he spoke *Greek* incessantly. Curiously enough, he had for some years almost confined his studies to Latin, even reading Greek works in Latin translations.

I must not forget to mention one event which can hardly fail to be an epoch in a young writer's life, the first payment which I received for literary work. I wrote an article for, I think, the 'London Quarterly.' the subject I have forgotten, but it belonged to the domain of theology, nor do I remember the amount of the remuneration.

Daughter of Attica, on honey food
  Most sweetly nourished, 'tis a cruel wrong
To bear the cricket to thy callow brood,
  A songstress thou and he a child of song!
O, harm him not; the laws of song deny
That tuneful hearts by tuneful mouths should die.

CHAPTER XI

HENLEY-ON-THAMES AND EAST RETFORD

THERE seemed to be little prospect of advancement in position or income at Merchant Taylors'. The work, too, was hard, the hours long (five hours and a-half daily, with but one half-holiday), and the general conditions very exhausting, as has been explained elsewhere. My health began to suffer, and I looked out for a change. After two or three disappointments—the Grammar School at Macclesfield and the Crypt School at Gloucester, the latter vacated by the Manx poet, T. E. Brown, among them —I was elected to the Head Mastership of the 'Royal Grammar School of Henley-on-Thames.' It had a very slender endowment, to which, as far as I know, the royal founder, James I., contributed nothing but his name. What the income was I never knew with any exactitude. It was managed by a board of county magnates and clergy, who never took the Head Master into council. I received nothing by way of stipend, but had a house, with fairly good school buildings, and playing field, rent and rate free, with liberty to take as many boarders as the house could

accommodate, and the fees paid by the day boys. The house was not particularly convenient. It had been in old times a famous coaching inn, known as 'The Bell'—the adjoining street still preserves the name—and had been made to serve the new purpose without much change. And there was something adverse to the interests of the school in the circumstances of its tenure by the trustees. It was held by them on a perpetual lease for a rent of 50*l.* per annum. This lease had been granted by a former owner of Fawley Court—visitors will remember this place, a Georgian house, which is a conspicuous object on the left or Buckinghamshire bank of the river. The new proprietor complained that he had not been made acquainted with this arrangement. He knew, of course, of the existence of the lease, but was not aware of its perpetuity. The consequence was that he regarded the school with a somewhat unfriendly eye. Had he been otherwise disposed, he might have been a most valuable friend. In front of the house stood a most magnificent elm, on one of the boughs of which, so local tradition averred, Prince Rupert had once hanged a Parliamentary spy. It was a grief to me that I had, under urgent advice, to lop the tree, as having become unsafe. The pollarded trunk is, I believe, covered with luxuriant foliage.

My predecessor had been very prosperous, filling the school house and two adjoining dwellings with

boarders to the number of sixty. But these had all departed with him, and I found, so to speak, an empty cupboard. The day boys were but few. My predecessor had looked upon them as little better than a nuisance. Accordingly he had not encouraged them. There was also a lower school on the foundation, very ably carried on by its master, and offering the education which was much more to the taste of the townspeople than that given at the Grammar School. Henley was a delightful place, and but for the haunting sense that my financial ends did not, and were not likely to meet, I should have been very well content. There was as much fishing as I had time for—of this I have spoken elsewhere—and there was the inexhaustible pleasure of a most beautiful country. I still remember the refreshment which it was to walk some three or four hundred yards to Henley Bridge and look down the reach to the island. The people, too, were as friendly and hospitable as any that I have ever come across in the course of a somewhat wandering life. Among my neighbours was Mortimer Collins. I did not see much of him, for he had theories about the time for work which did not suit the rules by which a schoolmaster's life has to be bound, but he was kindness itself. I found a most helpful friend in John Hodges, of Bolney Court; his house was always open to me, and his boats were at my disposal. When I left Henley, and there was a difficulty about

the fixtures of the school house, he paid a hundred pounds out of his own pocket to settle the matter. But first on the list must stand the name of North Pinder, Rector of Rotherfield Grays. He had been a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, and was a scholar of some repute. He left, indeed, little behind him. I know of nothing but an edition, executed for the Clarendon Press, of the 'Less Known Latin Poets'—oddly enough including selections from Ovid. He was one of the men of fastidious culture who sit in their libraries and meditate, and possibly plan, but seldom put pen to paper with any practical result. But his friends, once a numerous company, now almost all departed, knew him and valued him. Among them were the historian Freeman, an older contemporary at Trinity, Oxford, and Freeman's biographer, W. R. Stephens, late Dean of Winchester, who was his junior by some twelve years. In 'Freeman's Life and Letters'—one of the most admirable biographies extant, I may say in passing—we find Freeman writing to Dean Hook: 'I was at Rotherfield Grays last Sunday'—the letter bears date December 19, 1866—'and *sat under* my friend Pinder; now I did not sleep a wink during two sermons, but listened attentively, because Pinder really had something to say.' That I can testify from personal knowledge, as also that he said it admirably. His harmonious voice, his clear, scholarly intonation, commended by the refined, spiritual face, could not

fail to make a deep impression on any qualified hearer. Another friend, and before his marriage, a frequent visitor, was Auberon Herbert. I must tell the story of Auberon Herbert's sudden conversion to Liberal principles—if 'Liberal' is the right word to give to political convictions which it was not easy to class. And I shall tell it as Pinder told it to me. He was staying with other friends at Pinder's rectory. When the party separated for the night after a long debate in which Herbert had championed the political faith which is set forth in 'Coningsby,' he asked his host for a book which he might read, if the fancy should take him, during the night or in the early morning. Pinder supplied him with a volume of Carlyle—unhappily I cannot remember, if, indeed, I ever heard, what it was. He read it to such purpose that he came down the next morning, politically a 'new man.'

There was no special interest in my teaching work at Henley. The material on which I had to work gave no great opportunities. Neither boys nor parents had ambitions such as it is a schoolmaster's delight to foster. One exception I must make, where a pupil grew up to be one of the friends of my life. I had a notable lieutenant in Richard Prowde Smith, known to Cheltenham boys in the three decades ending with the middle 'nineties. One curious story seems worth telling. One assistant, who was, indeed, of higher standing than I had any right to hope for,

left me rather suddenly to take up a tutorship at Cambridge. He found a substitute for the rest of the term. This gentleman's chief business was to teach mathematics, but he also had undertaken 'junior classics.' I put into his hands a little English Latin exercise book with such sentences as 'The Queen was carrying a sceptre,' 'The boy has lost his book.' He came to me and said that to teach this was beyond his power. 'I understood,' he said, 'that I was not to do more than read some Virgil with my class.' To read Virgil and not know an accusative from a nominative; and he was a graduate!

But Henley had to be given up. The *duris urgens in rebus egestas* could not be resisted. I stood for King Edward VI.'s School at East Retford—I had been a candidate there some five years before—was elected, and entered upon my new duties in January, 1873. The Retford foundation was of a more substantial kind than that which I had left at Henley. Its endowments had, it is true, been misappropriated by the Corporation of the town—not the highly respectable body which now is so described, let it be understood, but the unreformed Corporation of the eighteenth century. But, after a long struggle, restitution had been compelled, and the school had been able to make a new start with fairly commodious buildings, showing a handsome elevation, a good dwelling-house, cricket-field, &c., and an income of between five and six hundred pounds. My salary,

reckoning as part of the day-boys' fees, was about 250*l.*; an under-master was provided; and an allowance made for the salary of another assistant.

My work at Retford, where I stayed for a little more than seven years, was not, on the whole, a success, and it may serve a useful purpose if I state as frankly as possible what I conceive to have been the causes of my failure. First there was a personal reason. I was unwilling to give up my literary work. To do so was, I thought, to burn my boats, and I lacked the courage, besides that in my inmost heart I liked the books better than the school. Still, it was a mistake; both things could not be done at the same time, especially when, as is the case in a school of this kind, so little can really be delegated by the Chief to anyone else. Then external circumstances were adverse. The agricultural interest was in a declining condition. The income of the school came wholly from land, and it was diminished by at least 20 per cent. during my tenure of the headmastership. At the same time the well-to-do farmers of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, who were the most important clients of the school in the way of supplying it with boarders—and it is by boarders that such schools live—found themselves with much diminished incomes. Even in the small circle of my acquaintance I knew of two or three bankruptcies. But the chief cause of my failure was in myself. I did not recognise the limitations of

my situation, or perceive what was and what was not possible. My ambition was to link on my school to the old Universities, to send up lads who might win scholarships and exhibitions, and other academical honours, and cover themselves, their school, and me with glory. My friends and neighbours helped me liberally to make this scheme possible. They subscribed money for exhibitions which might tempt poor boys to prolong their school time, turn from the attraction of immediate employment, and cherish the hope of a rise in the world. A certain success I achieved. I was able to keep the cleverer boys beyond the time at which they would have left me. They preferred the prospects which the University seemed to open up to a clerkship in a bank, or a situation in a chemist's shop—always a favourite resource because it gave a definite value to the apparently useless study of Latin. Scholarships were won; academical honours were gained. But I felt very doubtful whether the individual scholars gained by this change in their career; I feel sure that the school suffered. The fact is that during the last half-century the whole situation of secondary education has changed. The provincial Grammar School has a work of its own, but any competition with the great public schools is a hopeless waste of energy. The individual scholar who has it in him to become another Porson or Whewell has the educational ladder to help him to his ambition, but the headmaster who tries to

turn a second-grade school into a first grade is making a great blunder. I was very angry with local critics who found fault with me, and, indeed, their criticisms were not founded on facts. They did not make themselves acquainted with the time-table of the school, and talked great nonsense about the time given to the classics. These had, as a matter of fact, a quite moderate amount set apart for them. But they were substantially right after all. The spirit which I sought to create in the school was not that which suited the conditions of the place. And now that I have cried *peccavi* I will pass on.

CHAPTER XII

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

In December, 1879, there happened a catastrophe which brought my connection with Retford School to an end. A serious case of diphtheria developed itself in my household. The work of the school was at once suspended; the boarders were sent home, and my children despatched to London under the care of the nurse. My wife and I lived with open doors and windows till we could complete some necessary arrangements, and then took our departure. The report of the expert whom I called in was such that it seemed my best course to resign, carry on my duties as headmaster for the necessary three months, and then seek employment elsewhere.

This employment I was fortunate enough to find in the Professorship of Latin at University College, London. This chair was then held, together with the Professorship of Greek, by Alfred Goodwin, at one time Fellow and tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, a brilliant scholar who had won the Hertford, Ireland, and Craven Scholarships. Goodwin had gone to the College as Professor of Latin, and had consented

to occupy the Greek chair for a time when this was resigned by W. Wayte. But the arrangement was not intended to be permanent. Goodwin elected to retain the Greek Professorship, and that of Latin was now to be filled up. The practice of the College was that when a vacancy occurred a committee of the senate was appointed to consider the claims of candidates and make a report on them to the council. I should explain that the senate consisted of the professors with the headmaster of the school, and that the council were the governing body. On the committee appointed to deal with the Professorship of Latin I had a very warm friend in Henry Morley, Professor of the English Language and Literature. When I say that he was a 'warm friend' I do not use the word in its ordinary sense. Personally we were strangers. I had never so much as spoken to him, nor did any communication pass between us till after the report of the committee had been sent in to the council. He was a man of letters himself, and it was as a man of letters that I was fortunate enough to obtain his support. This support he gave in the most energetic way. Goodwin was naturally the most influential member of the committee, and Goodwin, as I came to know, was not so favourably impressed by my testimonials and antecedents. Morley exerted himself to win him over and succeeded. His *bonhomie* and geniality were such that it was not easy to resist him. Accordingly

I was recommended by the senate and in due course elected by the council. I am inclined to think, to be quite frank, that Morley made something like a mistake. Mr. Sonnenschein, whom I mention *honoris causa*, was, I believe, one of the candidates, and he would have been a better choice. Mr. Sonnenschein was a scholar of the first class, as his learned editions of Plautus testify, and he had devoted himself to his subject with a singleness of mind which I certainly could not claim. Of course I did not see this then as clearly as I see it now; indeed I did not see it at all. I honestly thought that I was the best qualified candidate; and I may plead in my defence that Henry Morley thought the same.

One dear friend strongly dissuaded me from offering myself for the chair, and this was my cousin John Seeley, who had himself occupied it for the years 1866–68. The reason which he gave was that as a Christian I should often find my position uneasy. He gave me no details, nor did I ask for them, but I cannot doubt that he spoke from experiences of his own, and being a man of large tolerance—as all who knew him will testify—it may be taken for granted that he did not speak without cause. I have often wondered what this cause may have been. It must be remembered that my profession gave me a sort of protection which he as a layman lacked. Common courtesy would forbid the utterance in my presence of sentiments and opinions which could not but be

offensive to me. Anyhow I never had the least reason to complain on this score.

I might, indeed, have urged, had any one been disposed to annoy me in this way, that I held by the appointment of the senate an office for which my profession of Christian belief was a qualification. The case is interesting and even instructive. Some years before a capital sum producing an income of about fifty pounds per annum had been left to the college for the purposes of the library by an old student, Dr. W. G. Peere. The testator had accompanied his gift with the stipulation that the money should not be used to purchase any book which was hostile to the Christian religion. A nice question was raised—could a corporation which professed itself to be absolutely neutral in matters of belief accept a legacy which was so restricted? Augustus de Morgan, who was then Professor of Pure Mathematics, answered this question in the negative, and felt so strongly on the matter that when the council agreed to accept the legacy he threatened to resign his chair. He saw, however, that the matter was not of sufficient importance to demand such action. He contented himself, therefore, with a protest. It was then agreed that the senate should appoint a committee of three which should have a power of *veto* on all purchases which it was proposed to make out of this fund. There was a certain difficulty about making the appointment.

The senate could hardly say to one of its members: 'Are you a Christian?' But the fact of a Professor being in Orders offered a ready solution. Practically there was no difficulty in making up the committee, nor did we ever have to exercise our *veto*. De Morgan was, perhaps, logically right; but it would have been a great pity if his scruples had prevailed, and the library had lost its fifty pounds. How much it was needed no one who has had the thankless task of keeping a library up to date will need to be told.

It is not improbable that John Seeley's warning had to do with another incident which I will now proceed to relate. It is both curious and instructive, as showing how very difficult it is to preserve an absolute neutrality where religious belief is concerned. In 1867 the Chair of Moral Philosophy became vacant by the resignation of John Hoppus. A committee of the senate recommended the appointment of James Martineau, chiefly under the influence of George Grote, but the council set aside the recommendation, giving as its reason that Martineau was the acknowledged leader of the Unitarian body. John Seeley took this very much to heart, and it may have led him to believe that the college regarded with dislike any pronounced belief. For myself, as I have said before, I found no difficulties or disagreeables. During the eight years of my tenure of the Latin Professorship the college was only once agitated by any serious question touching matters

of belief, and this was argued out on moral rather than on religious grounds. Two ladies whose names were prominent in a movement adverse to accepted beliefs applied for admission to one of the classes. Female students had to furnish the lady superintendent with a satisfactory account of their antecedents —a necessary regulation where mixed classes are held. The lady superintendent refused to grant admission to the two applicants; an appeal was made to the council, and the council remitted the case to the senate. There was a hot debate, of which it is not necessary to give any account. Ultimately the senate decided to report in favour of the action of the lady superintendent. It is an interesting fact that while the faculties of art and science were about equally divided, the medical professors voted unanimously for the act of exclusion.

I enjoyed my work at the college greatly, though I could not help feeling that I was scarcely a success. It was an anxious moment when at the beginning of term, and especially at the beginning of the October term, I entered my class-room. Would it be full or empty? I commonly then had three classes, so that this agitating experience was repeated over and again. I have still a vivid recollection of these painful times, all the more painful because, as a matter of fact, the classes did fall off in numbers. It must, of course, be remembered that the college had lost its chief *raison d'être*. It was founded in

days when Oxford absolutely shut its doors against all who refused to accept the test of Anglican orthodoxy, every undergraduate having, at matriculation, to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, while Cambridge demanded the same qualification for a degree. These restrictions had been long since removed, and the world, or that part of the world which cares for such things, was beginning to realise the fact more and more. Who would forego the splendid opportunities of the ancient universities for all that we, in our Gower Street poverty, were able to give them?

Apart from this I found much to which I look back after an interval of twenty years and more with unmixed satisfaction. I was Dean of Arts for three years—the college was then a republic with chiefs of merely nominal powers—a dean in each faculty; it has now become a constitutional monarchy. I was acting in this capacity, if my memory serves me, when I helped to secure for the college one of its most brilliant ornaments, Sir William Ramsay. I was a member of the Committee of Selection, representing there the Faculty of Arts, and I had the wit to see, not, I must say, without suggestion from a very capable adviser, that he was the right man for the place. Curiously enough, it was objected to him in some quarters that he was too much of a physicist, not enough of a pure chemist. But it is on this side of the science of chemistry that he has

made the brilliant discoveries which have immortalised his name and shed lustre on the college.

Another of my recollections is that of the yearly festivals, if I may so call them, when the University of London conferred its degrees. It was my duty as Dean to present students of University College who graduated in arts, and my good fortune to hear some excellent addresses.

With one lighter reminiscence I will conclude this chapter. The scheme of a teaching University of London, now happily materialised, was then in the air, and the two Colleges, University and King's, which had important interests at stake, began to draw closer together. We dined together, *more Anglicano*—whether we were hosts, or guests, or shared a common feast, I cannot remember—and it fell to me, as Dean, to return thanks for one of the toasts. By good luck I had heard that morning two of the science professors talking in the Common Room about the future of literary studies. Greek, they said, would still be in demand, if only to construct names for the new discoveries of science. I told the company what I had heard, and professed myself consoled by the prospect, for Latin, too, I hoped, would still be kept alive by its technical usefulness. 'But,' I went on, 'men of science, do not be too proud. Your Jupiter may be about to dethrone the Saturn of the Humanities, but his own term of power will come to an end. He will have to acknowledge the

sway of Gymnastic. It is to Gymnastic that the future belongs.'

The college vacations at Christmas and Easter were brief; that in the summer was of generous length. The latter I sometimes utilised in examining schools for the Joint Oxford and Cambridge Board. I had some very pleasant experiences in this line. I went to Brighton, where I met that most genial prelate, Dr. Durnford, then recently appointed to the See of Chichester; to Wellington, then ruled by Dr. Wickham, now Dean of Lincoln; to Shrewsbury, where Dr. Moss happily carried on, as he still continues to do, the great Kennedy tradition. I have no intention of instituting any comparison between these schools. It would be in bad taste to do so, even had I the necessary qualification, and this I cannot suppose to be supplied by the experience of a single visit. I will venture, however, to record what still remains a vivid impression on my mind, the admirable work done by the classes which I examined at Dulwich. I do this for two reasons. The first is that I believe in day schools, as indeed an old Merchant Taylors' master should. The second is that Dulwich is one of the happiest examples extant of the good result effected by modern reform in the province of secondary education. It has been practically created within the memory of many now living. About sixty years ago—I am not sure as to the time—all that remained of Dulwich School, an old foundation

dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, was this. A dozen scholars used to gather day by day round the bed of the master and say their lessons while the old man smoked his pipe. Another school where I found excellent work being done was Christ's Hospital. I had examined the Lower School when I was at Retford. Mr. G. C. Bell was then Headmaster. His successor, Mr. R. Lee, appointed me to examine the Upper. It was a heavy piece of work, but I greatly enjoyed doing it.

My resignation of the Professorship meant a change of abode. For eight years I had been living at Hadley, a populous village on the Hertfordshire boundary of Middlesex. It is a delightful spot, if one does not object to a somewhat rigorous climate. In the coaching days Hadley Green had the reputation of being the bleakest spot between London and York, and in one of the winters of my sojourn there the skating lasted till past the middle of March. The great attraction of the place is Hadley Common, otherwise known as Hadley Wood. The history of this place is interesting. When Enfield Chase was disforested compensation was given to certain parishes which possessed forest rights. This compensation was in the form of portions of the enclosed land. The other parishes, as time went on, sold their portions; Hadley, which was always inhabited by a wealthy class, kept its bit of the old forest. It remains as unspoilt a bit of ground as one could expect

to find within so small a distance of London. It would be vain to look there for any of the rarer plants of the Middlesex *flora*, but it is a charming place. It belongs to the freeholders of Hadley, and the income derived from the occasional sales of timber is used for keeping it up, practically for the benefit of the public. The freeholders have certain grazing rights, of which probably very few avail themselves. I believe that when a considerable portion had to be alienated for the construction of the Great Northern Railway a substantial sum of money was divided among them.

The house which I occupied was an interesting place. It was known as the Pymlico or Pymblicoe House, and appears under that name in the Hadley Register[1] of 1670, as a 'house for Travellers.' There is a theory that it occupied the site of the Chantry which Edward IV. founded after the battle of Barnet. There would be a certain congruity in the disestablished Chantry being turned to this purpose. I utilised the notion in one of my stories, 'The Chantry Priest of Barnet'; very possibly this gave the idea in my eyes a verisimilitude which it did not really possess.

Barnet has a good Grammar School (of the second grade). This was, indeed, one of the reasons which determined my choice. Five of my sons received the whole or part of their education there, and I had

[1] It was in South Mymms parish.

the pleasure of making some little return for benefits there received by acting as the Governor representing University College. I completed one term of office (six years) and two-thirds of another, resigning when I found the labour of attending an afternoon meeting and getting back to a home thirty miles on the other side of London was too much for me.

I have many reasons for a pleasant remembrance of my life at Hadley, for I received much kindness from my neighbours. First among them *dignitatis causa* I will mention the second Earl of Strafford. I saw him, indeed, on one occasion only, but he was most courteous and agreeable. Two of my sons, who were crazy just then about egg-collecting, had the audacity to write for permission to go birds'-nesting in his park. I have a vague idea that I called to apologise for their impudence. The permission he could not give, he said, for he kept his park as an asylum for wild creatures, but he gave them some other privilege, which was the nearest thing to it. We talked about other things, but the only distinct recollection that I have beyond a general impression of his courtesy was his remark about the names of a grandchild. 'They have called him Strafford Byng,' he said, 'as if they wanted him to die by the hands of the public executioner.' Next must come our learned antiquarian rector, the Rev. Frederic Cass. I remember saying of him that he felt no interest in his parishioners till they had been

dead a hundred years. It was probably as unjust as such epigrams commonly are. I have no reason for saying that he was careless of his duty; but he certainly lived more in the past than in the present. His local histories of East Barnet and Hadley are marvels of careful research. I can never forget the *mitis senectus*, the generosity, the goodness, the kindly humour of Mrs. Wilde of The Grove. She was by birth a Martineau, and had the vigour, physical and mental, characteristic of that family. James Martineau was her first cousin, and in early days the two households had been on terms of the closest intimacy. I remember her telling a story of the childhood of her famous relative. He had been set one day, at his own request, to 'top and tail' some gooseberries. He was then four years of age, and the task exhausted his childish patience. Still he stuck to it, and his cousin overheard him murmuring to himself the lines of a hymn:

> That which my gracious Master bore
> Shall not His humble servant bear?

(I am not sure that the lines are correctly quoted, but this is their general meaning.) She died, some little time after we left Hadley, in her ninety-fourth year. A few hours before her death she made, in speaking to one of her daughters, a humorous allusion to something in Jane Austen. The daughter failed to understand. 'Ah!' she said to another daughter,

'I. . . . never knew her Jane Austen.' Her constant kindness to me was shown especially on the occasion of two heavy visitations. The first was when I was laid aside for six months from my work by an attack of typhoid contracted on a fishing tour in Scotland; the second when seven of my children—the eldest an undergraduate at Oxford in his first year, the youngest a girl of four—were down at once with scarlet fever. Another good friend was G. W., a friend of early days who had been a neighbour at Clapham, and by a happy chance became a neighbour at Hadley. I could not omit mention of him in any story of my life, and having mentioned him, I must let my readers have the benefit of two good stories which occur to me as I write. G. W. had the reputation among his friends of being unusually lucky. Once he met with a serious driving accident which threatened at one time to leave permanent ill effect. It so happened that two or three days before he had effected an insurance on his life. 'Ah!' remarked a friend, 'it would have been like your confounded luck, W., if you had been killed.' It was, I believe, the same friend who told this story of himself. His vote for one of the metropolitan boroughs had been objected to on the ground that he was dead. He attended the Court of the Revising Barrister, and when his name came up, and the objection was lodged, he stood up. 'Who are you?' asked the judge. 'I am the corpse,' he said.

CHAPTER XIII

A COUNTRY PARSON AGAIN

AFTER leaving Hadley, I spent a year or so at Bexhill, and then took up what I intended at the time should be a permanent abode at Austford, a very small hamlet in south-eastern Sussex. It was a delightful spot, with woods all round it, woods in which the primrose was in almost yearlong bloom—I have picked them freshly flowered on Christmas Day—indeed, it was only in the late summer that there was no chance of finding them. It was a land of oak and chestnut—the elm was very rare—and of hop gardens. These last were, I may venture to say, not the less agreeable because they were picked by the villagers, not by the swarms which come down from East London. A pasture field of some ten acres sloped down in front of the house, a place always to be remembered with delight, and especially for the reason that there I tried my prentice hand on golf. Beyond the prentice stage I have never got, but that matters nothing. The game has done marvels for me in making life sweet and healthy. Like Vestricius Spurinna, the veteran soldier of whom

the Younger Pliny has left so charming a description, 'I ward off old age by playing ball.' It was in 1890 that I learnt this precious secret. And to think that I missed the chance some fifteen years before! In 1875 I was the guest for a week or so of John Blackwood at Strath Tyrum, close to the old golf links of St. Andrews—the Strath Tyrum domains in a way included them—and I never saw the game or so much as asked about it. My sojourn was a pleasant time, and I have interesting recollections of it—I remember John Blackwood saying that a magazine could not possibly pay at a smaller price than half-a-crown—but to think that I lost all those years of golf! One thing, however, must be said—I could not easily have found links to play on in England. At the bottom of the field ran a delightful brook, with baby trout in it which could be caught by 'tickling'—they were always restored to the water.

In 1892 there came to me the offer of the Rectory of Ashley St. James, in Wiltshire. The benefice is in the gift of the Crown, the presentation being exercised by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The parish is part of the Estcourt property, and the wishes of the reigning proprietor are commonly consulted, at least, if his friends are in power. The Estcourts are staunch Conservatives, and a Conservative Government was in power in the summer of 1892, though tottering to its fall. Anyhow, the offer was made to me, primarily through the good

offices of the Suffolk family, whose friendship I had been fortunate enough to possess since the days described in Chapter V. I called on the Duke of Rutland, the Lord John Manners of an earlier time, and the 'Lord Harry Beauclerk' of *Coningsby*. He was the beau ideal of a nobleman of the Old School. I said something about the life pictured in Disraeli's great novel. 'Ah,' he said, 'all that seems to me now as if it had happened a century ago!'

To go to Ashley was to return, after an interval of thirty-six years, to the country with which I had become acquainted in my first curacy. The eastern border of the parish was separated by a distance of little more than two miles from the western limit of Brokenborough, one of the two chapelries which I had served from 1853 to 1856. The conditions of life were much the same as they were in my old parish, and I had a most instructive opportunity of seeing the changes which time had wrought, of comparing the Wiltshire of the fifties with the Wiltshire of the 'nineties.

Ashley St. James has an area of 960 acres with a population of about eighty. There is a Rectory, two farmhouses, one of them the old manor house of the Gorges family, and still showing something of ancient dignity, and fourteen cottages. The income, as I find it returned by myself in 'Crockford's Clerical Directory' for 1895, was 189*l.* gross and 129*l.* net.

(The tithe rent charge was 210*l.*, which was then worth 157*l.*, and there were thirty acres of glebe, which were let at 29*l.*) The house, which had been greatly altered and increased by my predecessor, contained twelve bedrooms and four sitting-rooms, with a coach house and stabling for four horses. It was by far the most commodious and pleasant residence that I have ever occupied, but possibly a little out of proportion to the value of the benefice. The income was still charged with the repayment of the money which my predecessor had borrowed. (I believe that the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty do not now permit unreasonable expenditures of this kind.)

Here I may interject some remarks on what is a sore subject with many of my brethren—dilapidations. My predecessor had availed himself of what is, I believe, called the four years' system. The incumbent puts the house, premises, glebe buildings, &c., into such repair as satisfies the diocesan surveyor, and obtains from him a certificate to that effect. If he resigns within five years from the granting of the certificate he is not liable to any further payment. When I resigned the living my dilapidations came to about 180*l.*, which seemed to me then and seems now an excessive sum, for I had spent on the place as much as a tenant commonly spends on his holding. Something in the way of restoration is expected at the termination of a tenancy, but to have to pay about

one and a-half times the net income of the benefice was, I venture to think, a hardship.[1] There was one special grievance which, as it is not unlikely to occur in a rural benefice, I may mention. There was a shed on the glebe which I found in a ruinous condition when I came. Perhaps I ought to have protested at the time, but the whole thing was new to me, and I did not. The fact was that the building had never been seen by the surveyor in my predecessor's time. He had taken over and adopted the report of the resigning surveyor. To make a long story short, I had to rebuild the place. I do not fail to appreciate the difficulty of the situation. The diocesan surveyor has got to see that the property is handed on from incumbent to incumbent without any diminution of value, and he does his best to make the outgoer or his representatives make it as *good as new*. It is as if, to take a humble simile, the repair of a pair of shoes being in question, a new sole, not to say a new upper leather, were to be ordered where the usual proceeding would be to have a new heel, or even a few fresh nails. 'Reasonable wear and tear' are not allowed, and, to be candid, cannot well be allowed for. The only suggestion that I can make is that the whole matter should be managed by a central authority, and that there should be no dealings between outgoing and incoming incumbent. In

[1] Of course, if I had been there fifty years instead of five the sum would have been far smaller in proportion.

these dealings there is too often the element of the sordid and the unseemly.

The church had not escaped the restorer, but it had suffered less than others which I have seen. The Norman porch and chancel arch, both of the earliest style, remained unharmed, as did the Early English pillars and arches within the church. But the restoring architect had removed the Perpendicular windows which had once existed in the north wall, substituting for them what he imagined to be more in keeping with the Early English work mentioned above. They were, as a matter of fact, deplorably feeble. It was curious to see how the nineteenth century workman had been unable to imitate the very simple dog-tooth ornament of the chancel arch in two or three places where the stone had been broken away. But the misdoing which most moved my wrath was this. A small vestry had been added, and outside the door there was a flagstone on which were the words: 'Here lieth the body of John Barrett, M.A., Rector of this Parish, who died August, 1667.' As a matter of fact, John Barrett had been buried under the tower, and the stone which marked his grave had been removed from its place to save the few shillings that would have been spent in making an approach to the vestry door.

The name of John Barrett suggests the mention of a curious fact of which I should be glad to have

an explanation. He was rector from 1640 up to his death in 1667. Whether it was that he made his peace with the authorities or that Ashley was too insignificant and remote to be disturbed, he held the benefice without any interruption (as far as can be discovered) during the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. On the first and second pages of the parish register is a list of 'Marriages solemnized in Ashley' during the years 1658–1662. They number *forty-two*. In one only were the parties Ashley folk, and one marriage in four years was about the usual average. The others came from some ten or twelve parishes in the neighbourhood, the town of Tetbury, which is about three miles distant, naturally contributing the largest number. The list is not in the rector's handwriting, of which there are several specimens of a later date. It is in an indifferent clerical hand, and it has the look of having been written at the same time. Why did these people come to this out-of-the-way Ashley? And who was it that performed the ceremony? At that time, as I have said, the parish belonged to the Gorges family, and the Manor House, now turned into a farm, was occupied by them. Have we here, then, a list written out in the parish book by some scrivener in the lord's employ, when the old order of things had been restored? Is it the fact that magistrates continued to perform marriages for as much as two years after the Restoration?

The latest date in the list is June 1662. Or did the rector officiate, though he did not make the entries? The earliest date is June 22, 1658, and the Protector died in the September of that year. By that time the rigour of the anti-episcopal rule had begun to abate. I am inclined to the Lord of the Manor theory. The register books contain little else that is curious. In 1656 there is the entry of the death of 'Widow Moss, the last that held by Popery in these parts,' and in 1826 is recorded the death of a centenarian aged 101 years.

I remained for five years at Ashley, and left it with regret. In some respects it suited me exactly, for, as my readers will readily understand, I had plenty of other work with which I could occupy myself without neglecting my parish. But the climate was too rigorous for some of my family—Ashley lies on the eastern slope of the Cotswolds—and the situation was exceedingly lonely. This did not trouble me, but I had to think of others.

These very small parishes, which are not to be found, I take it, in any country but England,[1] present a question of no little difficulty. There is an evident absurdity in giving one man five thousand people to look after, and to another a hundred or less.[2]

[1] The parishes in Ireland average between seven and eight thousand acres, those in England and Wales little more than three thousand. The Scotch parishes are even larger than the Irish. This is a rough calculation, but it sufficiently represents the facts.

[2] There are more than twenty parishes with a hundred people or

There is a waste of money and of energy generally, and the effect on the man who is set to do this inadequate work is not likely to be good. Such a place may suit a man who has other things to occupy him; to another with a more limited range of interests it may bring stagnation or even disaster. On the other hand, the system has its advantages. It is quite safe to assert that the village which has a resident parson is more civilised than the hamlet which is without one. And the people certainly like it. They may not have any special affection or respect for the particular clergyman, but they appreciate the *status* which his presence gives them. And they would certainly resent any change that would replace the separate possession by what I may call a combination. This I may illustrate by my own experience. The Parish Councils Bill was brought into Parliament during my tenure of Ashley. I thought it right to call the householders together and explain to them the proposed legislation. They were good enough to come to the meeting, for they were always polite and obliging. They evidently felt, however, no interest in the matter. But when I told them that though Ashley was too small to have a Parish Council of its own, and must be content with

less under one letter of the alphabet (M) which constitute a separate charge. I took this letter at random for the purpose of the enumeration. If the same proportion holds good for the rest of the alphabet there would be more than four hundred such charges in England and Wales.

a parish meeting, it could combine with a neighbouring parish and be represented on its Council, I roused them. They were quite resolved to have nothing to do with any neighbour. So we had our parish meeting, to which, of course, no one ever came, once in the year. It was necessary, or I thought it necessary, to have a quorum. The tenants of the two farms into which the parish was divided, came, and so did my gardener-groom, who considered it to be part of his work. As a fourth was wanted, I used to send him out into the highway to bring in by force, so to speak, any one whom he came across. He was discreet; the villager was, as I have said, obliging, and our parish meeting was constituted.

The parish was divided, as has been mentioned above, into two holdings. Both the farmers were on the best of terms with me. One of them was churchwarden—we were content with one of these officials—as he had been during nearly the whole of my predecessor's incumbency; the other rented my glebe. There was no difficulty about their imposing on themselves a voluntary Church rate to meet the church expenses. The churchwarden's sons and daughters helped me in various ways. One of the daughters, an accomplished musician, and medallist of the R.A.M., trained a choir that many parishes might have envied. The sons, among other services, helped to make our annual cricket week a succession of triumphs or not discreditable defeats. Of the

labourers I have spoken already. They were divided into two classes: the stationary, of whom I have nothing but what is good to say, and the migratory, hired at the autumn fair in Tetbury and seldom remaining more than a year, who were less satisfactory. I think that I may say that during my incumbency of five years I never said or heard an angry word in all my dealings with them. All used to come to church, some with scrupulous regularity.

This seems to be the place for saying something about the difference which I had the opportunity of observing between the Wiltshire of the 'fifties and the Wiltshire of the 'nineties. The labourer, to begin with, was distinctly better off. His wages were increased. No one had less than eleven shillings a week, and he had it regularly, whatever the weather. This was something, but a more important fact was that the money went much farther. The average price of bread had fallen from eightpence to fivepence a quartern, and both tea and sugar were materially cheaper. The consequence was that articles of food were habitually used which the labourer of forty years before had regarded as the rarest of luxuries, if, indeed, he ever saw them. Both the grocer's and the butcher's carts made a regular round of the village (to this the abolition of turnpikes and tolls, which were in the 'fifties most burdensome, had contributed).[1] One Saturday afternoon the butcher

[1] I remember paying in the old days *two shillings* in the course of

failed to come, the attractions of a 'public' appropriately named 'Trouble House' had been too strong for him, and there was a cry of distress throughout the village. Forty years before his absence would have made no difference. And as the labourer was more comfortable, so he was more civilised. In the old time the annual dinner of the Village Benefit Club was anything but a pleasing affair. It was the one day in the year in which the labourer could feed to satiety, and he enjoyed it as a savage. The quantities of food devoured were nothing less than appalling, and the manners of the guests were most barbarous. I have seen young men before the dishes were set on table take up the vinegar-cruets and toss off their contents. The club festival of the later period was a very different affair. The diners had a sufficiently good appetite, but there was nothing brutal in their way of feeding. The club itself, too, was greatly changed for the better. It used to be an annual arrangement, dividing up any surplus that it might happen to possess, and forming itself again, sometimes with the exclusion of the older members. It had become a permanent, businesslike, and solvent institution.

It may not improbably be asked—how is it that the wage of the labourer has increased when the condition of agriculture has become distinctly less

a drive of eleven miles. It so happened that I traversed two turnpike trusts, and payment at one gate did not clear another.

prosperous? The farmer's profit is less; the landlord's rent has been diminished, in some instances by 50 per cent. or more.[1] Labour-saving machines are extensively used, and the proportion of grass land to arable has greatly increased (in 1840 the acreage was about equally divided; in 1895 the arable had diminished from a half to a quarter).[2] How is it then, that though all the conditions are adverse, the wages of the labourers have increased? The answer is, I believe, of the simplest, but it is in strict accord with what regulates wages elsewhere. The demand is less; even the arable land is less carefully cultivated, for the wheat and the turnips are not hoed so often. But the supply has diminished in a large proportion. For this reason I cannot but look with a certain doubt on the 'Back to the Land' movement. The land simply cannot pay for more labour. If Ashley had half as many labourers again it might easily follow that all of them would receive less and some be actually out of work on wet days and in long frosts. And as I am delivering my soul on this

[1] One farm in a parish adjoining to Ashley and belonging to the same estate was let during my incumbency at 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre, the landlord paying the tithe, which amounted to 3*s.* 4*d.*

[2] A fifty-acre field on which I was accustomed to play golf had quite recently gone out of cultivation—this better describes what had taken place than to say that it had been laid down to grass. An old parishioner, my churchwarden's shepherd, told me that he had helped to harvest some twenty years before a magnificent crop of barley of some six quarters to the acre. In my day it afforded pasture to a few sheep for two or three months of the year, and I paid 1*l.* a year for my golfing privilege.

subject—with no desire, let me say emphatically, to serve one party or another—I will add that the small holder, if he is greatly multiplied, will very likely help in bringing about a depression of wages. There is no man who is more likely to do this than he who ekes out the scanty livelihood which his holding earns for him by 'working out.'

As to the comparative morality of the two periods I speak with hesitation. Advance in this respect is bound to be slow; but that there is advance I am convinced. It is certainly one change for the better that the outdoor work of women has greatly diminished. The milking of cows, for instance—Wiltshire is largely a dairy country—has passed almost wholly from the hands of women into those of men.

The schools have been greatly improved. This, indeed, was bound to happen, seeing that the public expenditure upon them had increased more than tenfold. In the 'fifties such a place as Ashley would certainly have had to be content with a dame's school. In my time it was as well off in this respect as any parish in the county. It was not easy, it is true, to keep the finance of the school in a solvent state. We drew some children from a neighbouring hamlet which was nearer to us than to its own parish, but even with their help we could seldom muster more than sixteen children. The Government grant together with the allowances made to a parish with a population of less than two hundred came to

something between 30*l.* and 40*l.* The landowner gave 11*l.* and I contributed 5*l.* and made myself responsible for any deficit. By great good luck I secured a really efficient teacher for the very modest salary of 45*l.* For reasons which I need not give here she was glad to come. But an equilibrium between receipts and expenditure could only be secured by obtaining the additional grant accorded for special efficiency. This we succeeded in doing, but it was not easily done. The burden of the labour fell, of course, upon the schoolmistress, but I had my share.

One curious instance of the inscrutable ways of public offices I cannot refrain from giving. One of the provisions of the Education Code was that in case of necessity an uncertificated teacher might be employed for a period of not more than three months. Such a case arose. The alternative to employing such a teacher was closing the school. I found a young friend who was willing to undertake the work. I took her into my house; I gave her twice as much help as I should have found it necessary to give a duly qualified teacher, and as her employment ceased within the three months' limit, I thought that I had solved the problem satisfactorily. The regular school holiday came at its usual time, and when this was finished I had contrived to fill the vacancy with a duly certificated person. But when the Government grant came I found myself fined 10*l.* for transgressing

the provision which regulates the employment of the uncertificated. By 'three months,' it was explained, is meant not three actual months, but three months diminished by a proportionate deduction of the time given to holidays. The school year consists of ten months of actual work, *i.e.* twelve months minus one-sixth; the 'three months' accordingly means ninety days with the same deduction of a sixth, *i.e.* seventy-five. 'You employed your uncertificated teacher fifteen days too long,' so said the Education Office, presided over at that time, I remember, by Mr. Acland. The fine was ultimately remitted.

Finally, I will say, not without a certain misgiving, a few words about the clergy. I can affirm without hesitation that the generation with which I made acquaintance during my second sojourn in Wiltshire was professionally far better equipped for their work than their predecessors had been. In the old days the abuses of non-residence and pluralism still continued. They had been forbidden by law, but the vested interests of surviving clergymen had, of course, been respected. One parish had not been visited by its rector for forty years, and the curate eked out his stipend by taking charge of lunatics. The vicar of another held a living some ten miles distant, which he saw once or twice only in the year. I remember his telling the guests at a dinner party how on applying to the Archbishop

for his license he had been required to write a Latin essay—to show, I suppose, that he was a learned man for whom an extra income might be not improperly furnished out of Church revenues. 'Have you preserved that essay, Mr. P.?' I asked with an impudence that was scarcely befitting a young curate. Mr. P. was not supposed to be a scholar. I once overheard this characteristic compliment paid to him: 'Ah!' said a passer-by to his companion, 'he never kept a poor man waiting for his dinner.' He had, I remember, a strong objection to the presence of more than one clergyman at a service. 'Cut to waste!' he would say, 'Cut to waste!' This kind of parson has disappeared. With the better professional equipment and increased sense of duty have come other changes which are less to be admired. The clergy are commonly more ecclesiastical than they were; they are more sharply divided into parties. The old friendliness, and the old hospitality have disappeared. The lower incomes and increased rates are, doubtless, largely responsible for the latter loss. But on the whole the Church is, I am sure, better served than it was.

This is, perhaps, as good a place as any for putting together a few experiences which have occurred from time to time in my clerical life, now extended to between fifty and sixty years. They may be classed as stories of 'Sunday Duty.' The first refers to a Worcestershire village, some twenty-five miles from

Oxford, which I may call E. A day or so after the first Sunday I received a letter from one of the congregation, the writer of which thanked me for my 'truly evangelical discourse,' but regretted that I had thought fit to make so pointed a reference to himself. As he, and indeed everyone else in E., were entirely strangers to me, I was not a little perplexed. I found on inquiry that the writer was a relative of the rector of the parish, and believed himself to have been wronged by him. He was accustomed, I was told, to sit directly in view of the pulpit with a placard hanging from his neck on which was inscribed in large capitals the word 'ROBBED.' He did not address this pointed rebuke to me, but he evidently thought that I had taken the rector's side. I was entertained by the rector's mother, an old lady who had passed her ninetieth year. She was a very polite and hospitable person, in full possession of her faculties except the memory of recent events. She could recollect what had happened seventy years before—how, for instance, she and her father had been stopped by highwaymen on Maidenhead Thicket—but she did not remember what she had said within the last few minutes. Politely anxious to make conversation, she asked me again and again the same three questions. One of these I have forgotten; one was, 'did I think that a college life fitted a man for matrimony?' I felt a little embarrassed, as a pretty young woman, her grand-

daughter, was sitting by. The third question was: 'Did I know Dr. Green of Magdalen Hall?' As Dr. Green had died at least twenty years before I was born, I could only answer with a negative in as many varieties as I could devise. After I came to London in 1857 a good deal of this kind of work came in my way. I have officiated in some City churches which have since disappeared. In more than one I found in the vestry a hospitable provision of a decanter of port and another of sherry with biscuits, &c. This custom has, I take it, also disappeared. One disconcerting experience I had at St. Philip's, Stepney. The parish had been in the charge of a disreputable clergyman whose misdeeds had become so flagrant that he had had to fly the country. T. J. Rowsell, afterwards a canon of Westminster, then vicar of the adjoining parish of St. Peter's, had undertaken the charge, and I went down to help him. I never saw so deplorable a place as the church. The grass was growing among the broken flagstones with which it was paved. When I went up into the pulpit, the clerk stood with his shoulder under the stairs to prop them up, and when in the course of my sermon I leant forward, the pulpit moved with me. After that my action was very restrained. St. Philip's can now boast, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Vatcher, one of the most beautiful churches in London.

After my connection with St. Peter's, Vere Street,

of which I speak elsewhere, had ceased, I had frequently the privilege of ministering in the Parish Church of Clapham (I was then living in the Crescent), a place associated with many eminent names of ministers and worshippers, among them the Venns, the Thorntons, the Wilberforces. One Sunday afternoon I saw Alfred Tennyson in the congregation, in company with his host, the late Sir James Knowles. The first lesson was the Song of Deborah, and I pronounced the name with the 'o' long. I noticed an interchange of looks between my two hearers, and saw that the poet somehow gave his companion to understand that my pronunciation was right.

In 1870 I left London for Henley-on-Thames, as I have stated elsewhere. The School House wanted repair and decoration, and while the work was going on, I had the charge of Highmore, a newly constituted parish on the edge of the Chiltern Hills, between four and five miles north of Henley. My stay here lasted through July and part of August. The whole of that time was one of unbroken drought,[1] and the experience was not a little painful. A townsman, used to a mechanically regular supply of water, is

[1] Unbroken as far as Highmore was concerned, though the neighbourhood was visited by more than one thunderstorm. I remember being overtaken by one as I was returning from Henley with my wife. We were both more thoroughly drenched than we had ever been in our lives before, but were not a little disappointed to find that not a drop had fallen at home.

disturbed when he practically realises what a drought means. The parsonage had been providently furnished with large rain-water cisterns; but these were exhausted before we left. All the wells in the parish were dry except one that had been sunk into the chalk to the depth of some 150 feet. This never quite gave out—that is, though emptied in the day, it filled in to a certain depth during the night. It was kept locked. One key was at the parsonage; another was in the hands of one of the farmers. This guardian was found to have drawn some buckets full for the use of his horses. It was a scandalous piece of selfishness, though the man probably did not quite realise what he was doing, and only felt that it was a great trouble to have to haul water from the Thames. The poor were greatly distressed; one suicide which took place during my stay was commonly attributed to this cause. I shall never forget the incessant crying of the cattle in the fields. How these parishes fared before these deep wells were made it is impossible to imagine. One in the neighbourhood of Highmore, Stoke Row by name, came by its well in a way that is worth recording. A native of the village had entered the service of an Indian rajah (of Benares, I think), and had done good work which his employer had been anxious to specially recognise. 'What shall I do for you?' said the rajah to his minister. The man, who doubtless remembered such periods of suffering as I have described, replied,

'Cause a well to be sunk for the English village where I was born.' It was done; and I happened to see it when the rajah's birthday was being kept with feasting and fireworks.

It was at Highmore that I witnessed a picturesque celebration, an Oxfordshire 'Cherry Feast.' The cherry is one of the staple products of this part of the Chilterns, including the parishes of Rotherfield Greys, Rotherfield Peppard, Checkendon and Nettlebed. I do not suppose that it is of any great financial importance. The crop is a very uncertain quantity. A frost at blossoming time, bad weather when the fruit begins to 'stone,' or when it is ready for picking, may injure the crop past remedy, or, if it escapes all dangers, its abundance may almost destroy its value. Still the cherry has its charms for the growers. It is like the hop; the element of chance in its cultivation appeals to a universal human instinct. Now and then comes a bumper year, when a man may sell an acre of fruit as it stands for 50*l*. The cherry orchards are mostly unenclosed; private property, of course, belonging to the owners of the neighbouring fields, but not shut against the wayfarer. There is a popular belief that on one day in the year the passer-by may pick as much fruit as he chooses. Probably the truth is that so long as he does not climb into the tree or pelt it with stones, he may pick without fear of penalty what he can reach from the ground. This is, of course, very little.

The labour of picking, practised by help of very broad based ladders, is highly popular. Here is doubtless how comes the institution of this 'Cherry Feast,' kept on the three last Sundays in July. The people come from the neighbouring villages to visit friends and kinsfolk. There are stalls and all the usual accompaniments of a village fair (I am speaking, it must be remembered, of nearly forty years ago). A journalist has a passion for 'copy' almost as unbridled as that of prehistoric man for marrow, and I wrote an article on the subject. This brought me, I am sorry to say, into a passing trouble with the good man whose place I was filling for the time. To him the 'Cherry Feast' was an abomination; and he had reason for so regarding it. I saw it as a stranger, and from the outside. I do not suppose that my very moderate expression of interest in the affair really did much harm—I cannot suppose that any of the feasters ever heard of it. Still, it was indiscreet. If my old friend—still living, I am glad to know—sees this apology he will, I trust, forgive me.

I had a curious experience on the occasion of my undertaking for my friend Octavius Ogle his duty at the Warneford Asylum. I betrayed some apprehension, for the congregation was of an unusual character. He reassured me: 'You would not know that they were lunatics,' he said, 'except from their being so attentive.' I soon saw what he meant. The service and the sermon especially was a great

event to these poor people, and they bent upon me an eagerly attentive gaze.

Another case of clerical duty which I was called upon to undertake during my residence at Henley brought me face to face with a rather puzzling question in practical morals. The vicar of Medmenham, a village some three miles from Henley, died suddenly, and I was asked to take charge of the parish during the vacancy of the benefice. The easiest way to reach the place was by water, and I had a boat of my own. I could have rowed down to Hambledon Lock (the next below Henley), and found myself within ten minutes' walk of the church. But to be seen in a boat on Sunday was scarcely to be thought of. Every one would not know my errand. I might be amusing myself, even fishing. I was afraid of public opinion and had to hire a fly, robbing a man and a horse of their Sunday rest, and putting the parish to a needless expense. I am not sure even now what I ought to have done, though I have not any doubt what I should do now in a similar case.

I once found, or rather put myself—for the fault was all mine—in a somewhat embarrassing position. I had engaged to preach at a harvest festival in an outlying hamlet of the parish in which I was then living. The hamlet had a temporary church which was served by a very zealous minister; the rector was an absentee whenever he had a chance. Proper

lessons had been chosen, and the paper was handed to me when I was about to take that part of the service. Possibly it was badly written; certainly the light was bad. Whatever the cause, I found myself reading a wrong chapter. When I came to the words—they are to be found in Zechariah, xi. 17—'Woe to the idol shepherd that leaveth the flock,' I was distinctly uncomfortable. Fortunately the rector was not there. 'Idol' sounded much the same as 'idle,' and as far as the sense is concerned, is not more flattering; the alternative rendering is, I see, 'worthless.' Quite possibly no one in the congregation observed that there was anything out of the common in the passage selected.

During the last year of my tenure of Ashley, and for some time afterwards, I had the good fortune to occupy a haunted house. I should say that none of us had heard a word about the legends connected with the place, and that our experiences were entirely without suggestion of this kind. I pass over sundry strange sounds which might be accounted for in various ways, and record only two of the more definite sensations. One of my daughters felt some creature leap on to her bed. She thought it was one of the two dogs which slept in her room; but lighting a candle found that they were both fast asleep in their basket. One day my wife saw an old man carrying along a path through the wood (the house stood among pines) what she supposed at

first to be a bundle of wood, but afterwards saw to be a long narrow box. Some time later we heard that one of the rooms was haunted by a spectral cat, and that the figure of a man carrying a child's coffin was seen among the trees. I will here relate a similar story, which I heard from my dear friend, W. Brameld, some time Rector of East Markham, near Retford. When he came into residence, some five and twenty years before, a little girl of three, then his only child, said to her mother, 'Who is the pretty lady who comes and sits on my bed in the morning?'—it was high summer. The nurse, when questioned, said that she had seen nothing. The child repeated the question on several other occasions during the next few weeks. A little later on, while some alterations were being made in the garden, the workmen came on a shallow grave, in which was the skeleton of a young woman, who had, it appeared, been hurriedly buried or thrown into the ground. The bones were interred in the churchyard, and the child never mentioned her visitor again. And now for a curious experience of my own. In November, 1857, I came home (to my father's house in Bedford Row), from taking a class in the Working Men's College. I went upstairs to the third floor to change my coat, and came down to smoke, as was my custom, in the kitchen in the basement. On my way down, at the landing between the ground and first floor, I met the cook, who stood aside to let me

pass. Going straight on to the kitchen I saw her again—the figure I had seen on the stairs was an apparition or hallucination. There were three women servants, and two of these were in the kitchen when I entered it. Had I mistaken the person whom I met on my way? Was she the third servant? It was hardly likely, as both the cook and this same third servant had been with us for many years. However, I asked my mother to find out where No. 3 was at the time. What the woman said was this: 'I heard Mr. Alfred come up stairs and go down again; I had come up half an hour before.' The thing means nothing — nothing happened; the woman married after an engagement of five-and-twenty years; I performed the ceremony, and my mother gave her a set of false teeth as a wedding present.

CHAPTER XIV

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

I HAVE now reached the summer of 1897, and what I may call the conclusion of my professional life. I had been, with an interval of about three years and a half (January 1889–June 1892), parson, schoolmaster, professor and parson for forty-four years, and I had also been for about three-fourths of that time a journalist. I will now take the opportunity of going back some thirty odd years to tell the story of how this came about. It was, indeed, as I have described it in the title of this chapter.

At the beginning of the summer holidays of 1865 there came to me the 'great opportunity,' and I was happily able to avail myself of it. It is a good instance of what luck, as it is commonly called, does and does not mean. The chance, if I may use the term, would, as will be seen, have been of no use to me if I had not possessed certain qualifications; on the other hand, it might have come to someone else not less qualified, and I should have missed all that it brought to me, and that all has been no small part of my life. (I ignore, it will be understood—that is,

neither affirm nor deny—the directing power of a 'something not ourselves' which moves us this way or that: such a discussion would here be out of place.) On July 31, 1865—I note the day, for it is one 'very much to be remembered' by me—I called on a friend who had chambers in Gray's Inn. Whether I had any special reason for going I do not remember; all that I remember is that I was about to start for Whitby, where I was to spend the holiday with two Merchant Taylor pupils. My friend said to me: 'Here is a book which I have to do for the "Spectator"; it is not much in my line; will you take it? I will make it right with Hutton.' The book was the 'Magna Vita S. Hugonis Lincolniensis,' edited by the Rev. J. N. Dymock, one of the Master of the Rolls series of 'Chronicles.' I spent, as may easily be imagined, a world of pains upon it, and sent it in due course. To my delight, for I had not been without apprehension on this score, it was accepted. It appeared in the 'Spectator' on November 12, 1865. I read it the other day, forty-two years after it was written, and it seemed to me very much what I should write now. I called, by my friend's advice, on Mr. Hutton at the office, and was received in a very friendly way. He gave me another book to review, and invited me to come in from time to time to take away others. I did this, perhaps, once in six weeks, being very careful not to be too frequent in my visits. I had, among other books which I do not remember, suc-

cessive volumes of Dean Hook's 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury,' and a volume of Mazzini's works with a biographical notice. I wrote this in the summer holidays of 1867, and Mr. Hutton was more than usually kind in his appreciation of it.

And now there comes into the story a very curious circumstance, one which I am not able to discriminate from luck pure and simple. I must preface the narrative by saying that in 1868, H. L. Mansel, who had been Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford since 1866, was promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's, vacant through the death of Henry Hart Milman. When Mansel was appointed to this Professorship there were many who thought that it would have been more fittingly given to R. W. Church (whom I mention in Chapter IV.). R. W. Church was known by those competent to judge to be a master of the subject, while Mansel had given no particular attention to it. It is not showing any disrespect to the memory of a very able man when I say that the appointment was conferred as a reward for political services. A day or two after the appointment to the Deanery was announced, Hutton said to me: 'So the man who beat you for that Professorship is coming to St. Paul's.' He had mistaken me for my namesake! He had credited me with the knowledge for which my namesake had a well-deserved reputation! It was a curious error and one which an Oxford man could not have made.

R. W. Church had been the protagonist in a memorable scene nearly a quarter of a century before, when he and his fellow proctor, Guillemard, vetoed in the Oxford Convocation the proposal to condemn Tract XC. But it must be remembered that he was then very little known. All the works which really made his reputation, as far as the general public was concerned, the 'History of the Oxford Movement,' for instance, were published during the last twenty years of his life, later, therefore, than the time of which I am speaking. Without doubt this was a mistake which served me well. It had led Hutton to think that I was an expert in ecclesiastical history, and the belief seemed to cling to him after the error had been discovered. I did my best to justify it; but the mistake was certainly a piece of good fortune. And, curiously enough, something of the same seemed to follow me.

Early in 1868 my college friend, Gowen Evans, of whom I have spoken in Chapter IV., went out to Australia to take up the appointment there described. Before leaving England he came out to Clapham, where I was then living, to bid me good-bye, and to make a suggestion which was in the end to put into my hand work which has been one of the great delights of my life. 'I am giving up my work on the "Spectator,"' he said; 'you had better write and ask for it.' Delightful thought! How often had I envied him the crowd of books which lay scattered

on the floor of his chambers in Gray's Inn; and now that enviable litter would be mine, or something as like it as the domestic powers would permit! Well do I remember the winter morning—it must have been early in January, for our short holiday at Merchant Taylors' had not come to an end—when he and I walked round Clapham Common, then covered with snow, and talked the matter over! I wrote to Hutton without delay. He replied that the place had been filled up. I had to put up with the disappointment; but a few months afterwards came a letter to the effect that the man who had been doing the work wished to give it up, and that I had better call upon him. I went and the matter was settled, how much to my delight I remember well, now that nearly forty years have passed.

CHAPTER XV

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

In the preceding chapter I have mentioned several times the name of Mr. Hutton. It may be as well to explain that in 1865 he had been for some four years literary editor of the 'Spectator.' When I say this I do not mean that his activities were limited to the literary part of the paper. He and his colleague, Mr. Meredith Townsend, shared the conduct of the whole. They discussed questions of policy, and jointly determined the line which the 'Spectator' should take. But it represents the arrangement which continued during the whole of a partnership of thirty-six years to say that Mr. Townsend was the political, Mr. Hutton the literary editor. But it will make the statement more exact if I add that the province of 'books' was more exclusively committed to the charge of Mr. Hutton than was that of politics to Mr. Townsend.

Before I go any further I may express a hope that in writing something about Mr. Hutton I am not doing that which would have displeased him. He had a remarkable dislike of publicity. I remember

that when I had to notice a new edition of 'Men of the Time' I was struck by what seemed to me an unaccountable omission of his name. I mentioned it to him, and he told me that he had refused to give any information, and indeed had specially requested that his name should not be included. Only a few weeks before his death he laid a strict charge upon his colleague that nothing should be said about him in the 'Spectator,' adding in a way that was quite as much serious as it was playful: 'If you do, I will haunt you.' But silence in such cases is really impossible. If the 'Spectator' said nothing about him, every other newspaper of any standing here and in the United States said much, for never was journalist so unanimously honoured. Nor did he ever impose, or hint at imposing, silence upon me. I take it that his objection was in the first place to any biographical notice of a living man—that objection is shared by many—and in the second to what might possibly be regarded as a panegyric in the journal with which he had been so long identified.

I have said that Mr. Hutton was not an Oxford man, in explanation of a curious mistake which he made in confusing me with my namesake, the late Dean of St. Paul's. As a matter of fact he was shut out from the older Universities by his inherited creed of Unitarianism—both his father and his grandfather were Unitarian ministers. In 1841, when he was

fifteen, he entered University College, London, having previously been in the school. This was an institution which may be said to have been founded for the relief of such cases. Here he remained for four years. His name appears among the Prizemen in Latin, Greek, German, mathematics and natural philosophy. One year's list shows him to have received a 'Certificate of Honour' in Greek when the prize was not awarded. I imagine that this represents fairly well his classical attainments. He knew Greek and Latin well enough to appreciate thoroughly the literature of the two languages, but his scholarship, in the technical sense of that word, was not great. I have always understood that his mathematical ability was of a high order, but his life work did not lead him to prosecute mathematical study. He was thoroughly at home in German. His chief academical honour was the Gold Medal for Philosophy, which he gained when he graduated in the University of London. From University College he went to Bonn, where he attended the lectures of Theodor Mommsen. I quote from Mr. T. H. S. Escott the great German historian's opinion of his pupil: 'That young man took away from my lectures not only all the knowledge that I could give him, but much mental nutriment for which he was indebted to his own genius.' These words were spoken in 1883, as much as thirty-six years after Hutton's sojourn in Bonn; it is clear, therefore,

that the impression made upon the Professor was great and permanent. Doubtless his pupil's familiarity with German had attracted his attention. He also studied at Berlin. On returning to England he went to Manchester New College to prepare for the ministry, and had a brief experience as a preacher. The work could not have been much to his taste. He had no liking for rhetoric. Sometimes, I could not but think, he did it but scanty justice, even when it was good of its kind, and exercised in provinces of literature, where its presence is justifiable and even necessary. Nor did he possess the personal gifts of the preacher, which, if not essential to usefulness, certainly show off more substantial acquirements to advantage. Anyhow, he did not receive a 'call' from any congregation. After this came a short time of reading for the Bar, but this also failed to attract him. But he was soon to find an opportunity of exercising his special gifts. He became one of the two editors of the 'Inquirer,' the organ of what may be called 'Young Unitarianism.' He wrote also for the 'Prospective Review.' But in those publications he expressed with characteristic vigour opinions which offended and alarmed the conservative wing of the Unitarian body. He advocated the introduction of a liturgy which should protect the worshippers from the vagaries of the extempore prayer; he thought that the sermon might with advantage be largely retrenched. In

1855 he founded the 'National Review.' This he did in conjunction with Walter Bagehot, a friend of college days, whose name occurs in frequent proximity in lists of honours, and with whom he remained on terms of close intimacy to the end of Bagehot's life. The two volumes of 'Essays Theological and Literary' contain his principal contributions to this review. It was a quarterly and lived for nine years. No one, I suppose, will confound it with the publication which now bears the name. I imagine that this literary work did not bring in any great remuneration. He was glad to earn something by teaching mathematics and arithmetic in the Bedford College for ladies. One of his pupils retains a vivid recollection of the humorous patience with which he bore himself in the performance of this trying task. 'And what do you make it, Miss B. ?' he would ask after collecting the other answers to a sum, confident, as he somehow contrived to show without any kind of rudeness, that he would receive a yet more extravagant answer, and, indeed, seldom disappointed. 'You will never be able to add up your butcher's bills, Miss B.' was the severest censure which he permitted himself to use.

In 1861 came the occasion in which he found the great work of his life. Early in that year Mr. Meredith Townsend, who had for some years been editor of the 'Friend of India,' returned to England, and purchased the 'Spectator.' This journal, which

is just six months older than myself—the first number appeared on July 5, 1828—had had a period of great prosperity, notably under the editorship of J. Rentoul, but was then in a depressed condition. For about six months Mr. Townsend took the whole charge of it, but found the work too exhausting. He looked about for help. A mutual friend suggested that he would find a satisfactory colleague in R. H. Hutton. An interview was arranged, and an agreement was arrived at. As Hutton was going away, Mr. Townsend called after him: 'Have you any money?' Hutton explained that he could find some. A joint proprietorship was then arranged, a clause being inserted in the deed which gave the original proprietor the final voice in any matter where there might be a persistent difference of opinion. I have been told that this power was exercised once only, and was then accepted in the frankest and most ungrudging way.

Evil days were before the new partnership. By the end of 1861 the Civil War between North and South in the United States of America was in full course, and the 'Spectator' took the unpopular side. It is difficult for us to realise at the present time how almost universal was the English sympathy with the South in the early days of the war. It was expressed almost equally by both parties. No one was more pronounced in this expression than Mr. Gladstone, who by this time had ceased to be a

Conservative. Recalling as far as I can my own feeling at the time, for, indeed, I was not wiser or more far-sighted than my neighbours, I find that it was moved first by a vague belief that the South was the weaker side and was making a gallant struggle for national existence, and secondly by resentment of affronts which the United States Government had more than once offered to Great Britain. There was even a vague hope, so threatening to peace had the language of the United States sometimes been, that it would tend to the safety of our trans-Atlantic dependencies if this formidable power were split up into two. I do not pretend that these conclusions and hopes were justified. I and those who thought with me certainly forgot that the United States policy had been very largely guided by Southern statesmen. And then there was a suspicion, not wholly without reason in view of the early declarations of Lincoln, that the North was not fighting for the emancipation of the slaves. But whatever the reason, it is certain that the dominant feeling in England was in favour of the South. To this the 'Spectator' set itself from the first in resolute opposition. The two colleagues did not, indeed, regard the situation from precisely the same point of view. Mr. Townsend regarded it in its political aspect. He felt that if the greatest republic in the world should suffer disintegration, the great cause of human freedom would receive an almost paralysing

blow. Hutton, on the other hand, was filled with a passionate hope for the extinction of slavery. Should the seceding States contrive to secure their independence, slavery would receive a new lease of existence, of which no living man, it was probable, would see the end. These views were different, but there was nothing contradictory about them. In one there was the vision of political freedom as the supreme good, in the other another vision, still of freedom, but of the personal kind. There was nothing to hinder combined action; to one the emancipation of the bondman might be a primary, to the other a secondary object. The difference did indeed but exemplify the way in which two minds travelling on lines so distinct might yet combine for the bringing about of a consistent result. But the consequences to the paper were for a time nothing less than disastrous. Subscribers fell off, and advertisers became aware that it was proscribed by the classes which they were most anxious to reach. Proscribed it was. I myself—for if the writing of such a book as this compels self-glorification it also gives opportunities for confession and self-humiliation—I myself own to having said that 'the "Spectator" was right-minded but wrong headed'; but it held on its way, not careless of pecuniary loss, for of that the two editors could not but be acutely conscious, but quite resolved that this must not interfere with the assertion of principle. Happily there could not be one

of those conflicts between proprietary rights and editorial convictions that sometimes make such painful—it would hardly be too much to say such discreditable—episodes in newspaper history. It is pretty certain that if the 'Spectator' had belonged to a proprietor of the ordinary type the editors would have been dismissed.

It was when the losses from this cause had been fully recovered that I became connected with the 'Spectator' (I judge from the fact that it was in 1865 that Hutton resigned his post of lecturer at Bedford College). But the two editors continued to do a very large part of the work of the paper. Hutton was in the habit of working in the evening at home. (He was then living at Englefield Green.) He managed the finance of the paper, writing out all the cheques with his own hand. It was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to get through all the reading which he managed to accomplish; the mechanical process of reading must, one would think, have been most laborious. He had to hold book or writing within two or three inches of the one eye which was left to him, passing before it what he had to read. But he was remarkably accurate. As a proof-reader he was unfailing, an accomplishment which I often envied him—my proof-reading has always been lamentably bad. For a considerable time he was in the habit of a weekly attendance in the House of Commons. He gave a sketch of the

proceedings; I used to think these sketches highly illuminating. It might be worth while even now to make a collection of them. His attendance at the office was from ten to four or half-past for three days of the week. On Fridays he stayed late, seeing that the paper went duly corrected and prepared for press. This going to press was much later in those days than it is now. He used to sleep in town (at the office) on Friday. On Saturday morning he settled any outstanding business, literary or other. My recollection is that he took no interval in the middle of the day. One afternoon in the month was given to meetings of the Senate of the University of London, of which he was a member for many years. And he frequently spared an hour or so in the morning to the Committee of the Girls' Friendly Society. Of this he was for some years a most punctual, diligent and effective member. Not infrequently he gave dinners at the Devonshire Club to political and other friends, and was wont to invite members of the staff to meet them. This was a pleasure which I was seldom able to share as I was not a dweller in London. But I have very agreeable recollections of these entertainments. I wish I could remember more of the good things which I heard at them. Here are two or three. The first was told, I think, by General Maurice. It must belong to the period between the time when Goschen was estranged from the Liberals by a difference of opinion as to the extension of the

Franchise and his taking office under Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the Exchequer. 'What the Tories want,' said someone to him, 'is a bowler. Why don't you join them?' 'I prefer to play with my own eleven,' answered Goschen. But it was not long before he followed the advice. The other anecdotes which I shall tell belong to a time after Gladstone's death. Hutton was entertaining Mr. Chamberlain and asked the members of the staff and others to meet him. Mr. Chamberlain compared Gladstone with Sir William Harcourt. 'Gladstone,' he said, 'is a Crusader, Harcourt a Condottiere; I think that, on the whole, the Crusader does more harm.' In the course of the evening I myself asked him: 'Whom should you call the best debater in the House of Commons?' The company was, I think, somewhat taken aback, for Mr. Chamberlain had himself as good a claim to that distinction as any one; but Hutton knew what I was going to say, for I had, so to speak, rehearsed the effect with him. 'It lies,' he replied, 'between Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt; I should say Mr. Balfour, because he knows more.' I went on: 'Perhaps you will now listen to a little anecdote from Roman history. Scipio the Elder, talking with Hannibal some little time after the end of the second Punic war, asked him whom he believed to be the greatest general in history. "Alexander the Great," said Hannibal. "And the second?" "Pyrrhus," was the answer. "And the third?" "Un-

doubtedly," replied Hannibal, "myself." "And what," Scipio went on with a smile, "if you had defeated me at Zama?" intimating, it is to be supposed, that he would like to know where he came in. "If I had conquered you at Zama," said Hannibal, "I should have put myself before Pyrrhus, and even before Alexander."'

Hutton's holidays, some six weeks or so in summer, were spent sometimes in a driving tour in England, sometimes in Germany, France, or Switzerland. Even then his pen was not idle, and it was when employed in this way that it performed a most remarkable *tour de force*. In the catalogue of the British Museum Library the name of Mrs. R. H. Hutton is formally enrolled as one of the authors of a book entitled: 'Holiday Rambles in Ordinary Places by a Wife and Her Husband.' The book appeared originally in the shape of letters addressed to the "Spectator." The critics made, I believe, without exception, the same mistake as did the gentlemen who compiled the Museum catalogue. The author of 'R. H. Hutton of the "Spectator,"' for instance, is amusingly acute in discerning the several contributions of 'Husband' and 'Wife.' 'All through,' he writes, 'there are delightful feminine freaks, and Mr. Hutton's contributions are evidently written up, so to speak, as far as his heavier tones will allow, to his wife's soprano.' As a matter of fact, every syllable of the 'Holiday Rambles' was written by

Mr. Hutton. (It will be observed that the title is ingeniously ambiguous. We may read it that the 'rambles' were rambled, not written about, by 'husband and wife.') All that delightful chaff about the 'cobwebs at the bottom of his dear addled old brain,' about his picking a potato flower as a fine specimen of the Alpine *flora*, about his dangerous likeness to a German spy, was his own chaff of his own oddities. And no critic need be ashamed of being taken in, so admirably done was the deception. Another significant instance of this versatility was the fact that though the two partners had each an easily distinguishable style of his own, though Mr. Townsend's sentences were short, clear, and incisive, Mr. Hutton's 'went tottering,' to borrow the image of a writer in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' 'bent double under all their burden of thought,' no one could detect, when the one or the other went on his annual holiday, which had ceased to contribute.

No account of Mr. Hutton's life as a journalist, even though it be so brief and imperfect as mine, could pass over the crisis of 1886, when Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Irish Home Rule, and the editors of the 'Spectator' felt constrained to part company with him. The decision, though Hutton did not hesitate for a moment in making it, was nothing less than a personal grief to him. There was no small element of private affection in the support which he had given to Mr. Gladstone, and

the severance of the political tie affected him with all the grief of a private loss. It is not easy to estimate the extent to which the action of the 'Spectator' affected the result. Some one went so far as to say that if it had but observed a benevolent neutrality—which was, of course, impossible—the Bill of 1886 would probably have passed the House of Commons. This seems to me an exaggeration. Still, without doubt the opposition of the 'Spectator' was a powerful anti-Home Rule influence. I have always thought indeed that the breach of 1886 was not an isolated event in the history of Hutton's mind and thought. I remember that in the early days of our connection he used to speak of me as a 'crypto-Tory.' In the 'seventies he was a Radical, and, in theory, almost a Republican. In the last fifteen years of his life he moved considerably to the Right. But to be a Radical before the great electoral change of 1885, and to be a Radical after it, were two very different things. I venture to print here an apologue which appeared in the 'Spectator' on July 27, 1889, and met with his approval:

THE PEAR-TREE

AN APOLOGUE

['Why have the Radicals lost heart?'—'Spectator,' July 20, 1889. ——'We always call ourselves Radicals.'—'Spectator,' *passim*, before 1885.]

'So, "they lose heart, the Radicals," you say,
Rejoicing, you a Radical self-styled,
Within this decade, if my memory serve.

What is it? Age, that cools the zeal of youth
And breaks its hopes? or growing wealth, that brings
Content with things that are and fear of change?'
So Charles to Philip, pacing to and fro
In Philip's garden-walks; fast friends the two,
Once comrades who had fought on party fields,
Shoulder to shoulder; comrades now no more,
Since that ill day that brake our host in twain.
And Philip paused to answer. Near him stood
A pear-tree, laden with such bounteous store
Of fruitage, gathering now its autumn gold,
That scarce the props some careful hand had set
Could help it bear its burden. 'See,' he cried,
'This tree, how wealthy! Yet when first I came,
Though April left a pyramid of bloom,
Still August found a barren waste of leaves.
"Prune it," a neighbour cried. I plied the knife,
But plied in vain. "Cut at the root," he said;
"Go always to the root." I cut, in fear
Lest severed roots should mar the source of life;
But lo! this plenty. James, my man, a boor
Caught from the plough—the wealth at which you guess
Allows no costlier help—would cut again.
"Sure it was this that cured her." "True," I said,
"But cure contents me; cut again, we kill."'

Not less interesting is the change which took place in his theological views. He was by inheritance, as has been said, a Unitarian; for some time after reaching manhood he contemplated an active exercise of that form of belief. A change began to work when he was approaching his thirtieth year, bringing him to a different view of the Person of Christ. This

was largely due to the influence of F. D. Maurice, himself the son, it is interesting to remember, of a Unitarian minister. Mr. Hutton published a tract on the 'Incarnation' in the series entitled 'Tracts for Priests and People.' But he had not accepted the orthodox creed in one particular, the Virgin Birth. In 1869 when I asked him to stand godfather for one of my sons he told me that he could not conscientiously join in repeating the Creed as it stands in the Baptismal service. I am under the impression that he added words to the effect that the wording of the Nicene Creed, used in the Communion Service, did not present the same difficulty.[1] I must own that I see little difference between the two. Possibly a more important point is that the sponsor at the font directly avows his acceptance of the form of words dictated by the minister while the intending communicant gives it only a tacit assent. Two years afterwards when the tract on the Incarnation was reprinted, a clause which seemed to imply a rejection of the Virgin Birth belief was omitted. As time went on, Hutton appeared to be drawing nearer to Rome. Any one who will compare the language used in the 'Spectator' on matters of controversy between the two Churches in the 'seventies will see that it differs much from that which appeared in the

[1] The Baptismal Creed has: 'He was conceived by the Holy Ghost: born of the Virgin Mary'; the Nicene, 'Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary.'

'eighties and 'nineties. I remember a significant omission which he made in dealing with a notice of mine written, I think, in 1890. I had commented on the strange contrast that might be observed between the anti-clerical policy of the French Government at home and the pro-clerical action of many of its administrators abroad, as seen in the hostility shown to Protestant missionaries. I asked the opinion of the Secretary of one of the great missionary societies, and found that it fully confirmed my view; but Mr. Hutton refused to believe it, or, it may be, was unwilling to say anything that might seem disparaging about the Roman hierarchy. It was frequently asserted from time to time during the last fifteen years or so of his life that he was about to secede, or even had seceded to Rome. These assertions were false. I put the question to him more than once by word of mouth and by letter, and received the assurance that he had no intention of taking this step. What he said on the subject generally amounted practically to this, that Rome was better than unbelief, and that a choice between the two was a possible contingency. There is no Christian, I imagine, who would hesitate to say as much, though many, I imagine, never contemplate the possibility of having to face this dilemma. As a matter of fact, Hutton remained to the end of his life a communicant of the Church of England: for some years, however, it was his custom to attend

High Mass on Sunday morning. What may be supposed to have brought him to the position, somewhat ambiguous, it must be owned, which he occupied? That is a question beyond my answering. But I should say that he was moved by a deep discouragement and depression, caused by the divisions of the Anglican Church—it must be remembered that he had all his life taken a most lively interest in matters of religion; secondly, by admiration of the solidity and consistency of the Roman system; and lastly, and not least, by his hero-worship, to put the matter very briefly, of John Henry Newman. The last years of Hutton's life were clouded by a great trouble. An accident happened to the pony-chaise in which he and Mrs. Hutton were driving. He received an injury which appeared to be more severe than it really was. The alarm of the incident was such that it caused an irreparable injury to Mrs. Hutton. She lost her reason, and never recovered it. From thenceforward her husband withdrew from all society, and devoted himself to the care of her. For some time before his death he suffered from a painful internal disease which had threatened him at intervals for many years. In June, 1897, he ceased to take any part in the management of the 'Spectator'; on September 9 he died. I was present at his funeral. A more impressive scene I never saw, except, perhaps, the funeral of F. D. Maurice five and twenty years before. In the

gathering of men who came to pay the last honours to the dead were to be found representatives of many creeds, great writers, soldiers, and statesmen.

The tributes paid by the Press were remarkable in their unanimity and their fervent praise. The world seemed to awake to a consciousness of the great man who had passed from its midst. One curious result followed—it seems scarcely possible to regard it as other than as a result. The paper which had suffered so great a loss in his death—and of the greatness of the loss no one could doubt—rose continuously in circulation. It seemed as if thousands of people became for the first time actively conscious of its existence.

It would be ungracious and ungrateful if I were to close this chapter without expressing my sense of the unceasing kindness which I received from Mr. Hutton during the many years of our connection. He was patient, considerate, helpful in all that concerned my work. If he had to criticise, he did it in the most considerate way. Of praise he was ever most generous. Of the private kindnesses which I received from him and his colleague I must make only a most general acknowledgment. I can but say that they were ever ready for the need.

CHAPTER XVI

REVIEWING

It is the English custom that reviewing should be anonymous, and after an experience which for variety and duration has seldom, I take it, been surpassed, I am convinced that the custom is a good one. Of course there may be exceptions, the advantage of which all of us would at once recognise. When a great book has been written on an important subject—we need hardly take books not great into account—we should all be glad to see what some person of acknowledged authority in this same subject has to say about it. If Mr. Arthur Balfour, to take a capital instance, were to write an account of his parliamentary experience during the last twenty years, there is no one who would not be intensely interested in reading what Mr. John Morley might have to say about it. But it is obvious that it would be Mr. Morley's judgment on the *politics* of the book that would chiefly interest us. No man, as it happens, would be better able to appreciate its literary qualities, but this is not what we should be thinking of. Similarly, if Signor Marconi would

give the world his opinion of a treatise on the telegraph, or Sir Walter Gilbey his views of a manual of stock-breeding, we should feel that we had got something very much to the purpose. As a matter of fact, these experts are never, or next to never, available. They have got something else to do. But, apart from this consideration, the more purely literary a book is, the less occasion there is for the services of the expert. But I need not pursue the subject. I say so much because I feel a certain obligation to justify a practice which I have followed for many years, and always, I hope, without any desire to abuse any of the opportunities or facilities which it may be supposed to afford. What, indeed, I am now doing, is to throw aside this veil of anonymity, to avow that I have been for many years a reviewer, and to name the journal in which I have followed my craft.

This, indeed, is not the first time that I have made this avowal. A little more than eighteen years ago (in November 1889) I wrote an article in the 'Nineteenth Century' entitled 'Criticism as a Trade,' and, in accordance with the unvarying rule of that periodical, signed my name to it. I wrote then: 'I am not indeed the dean of my craft, but I cannot be very far off that dignity.' Eighteen years must have still further diminished this distance, may have even brought me actually to that place of honour. That there are men who have been longer engaged in

reviewing is possible; but I doubt whether any can match me in the total of which I can boast, or to which—should I not rather say?—I have to confess. Eighteen years ago I wrote: 'I have exercised the profession, or, if Professor Knight[1] insists upon the word, the trade, of a critic of books for more than thirty years. During the last twenty years it has formed a very considerable part of my daily occupations.' These figures have to be made larger. The thirty years have grown to very nearly fifty; the twenty to very nearly forty. Nor is this all. Since 1888, when I resigned my Professorship at University College, reviewing has occupied a yet larger part of my time. Five years, indeed, I spent, as has been stated elsewhere, in a country parish, but my parish work there was much less than that which I had had to do as a schoolmaster or a professor. I have, therefore, still more seriously to increase the figures which follow. 'I am almost afraid to estimate the number of books which have come under my review during that time. It cannot be less than twenty thousand. Possibly it is more.' I was afraid to own to twenty thousand. What must I feel when I have to double that number? I have put down the figures in their enormity, for indeed they will seem nothing less than enormous. It gives, and this without making any allowance for

[1] Professor Knight had written in the preceding September an article entitled 'Criticism as a Trade,' to which I was replying.

Sundays and holidays, or for the rest enforced by sickness, something like three books for every day. To *read* these books every day might well seem a superhuman task, but to read and write about them is little less than impossible.

And I must allow that such a comment on the statement would be natural. Of course there are deductions to be made which go some way towards reducing this prodigious total. New editions are almost always passed over with a bare record. When I have to deal with one of the admirable series which the publishers are giving us nowadays, with 'Lintot's Classics' or 'Tonson's Best Books'—I borrow the names of long extinct magnates of the book mart, lest a preference or an omission should perchance offend—I can do it very easily. I have no call to pronounce on the merits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Pope, or Cowper, of Bacon or Addison. Little beyond enumeration is wanted. Perhaps there may be noticeable omissions, or the inclusion of some author out of the common. This may call for a word, and there is something to be said about paper and print. We may take the author for granted, but can we read him with comfort? Is the type clear? Does the printing on one page show through to the next? These are, in such cases, the most important points to be noticed, and these can be disposed of in a very brief time. Then there are technical books, of which, it may safely be said that the re-

viewer would not know anything worth knowing if he were to read them from cover to cover. Here he must be strictly a reviewer, not a critic. His notice must be descriptive only. Of course it may sometimes happen even with these that he may chance to be well informed on some detail. He will turn to this, and if he is not satisfied with what he finds, he will have to consider his course; perhaps the safest on the whole is to leave the book alone. There is, indeed, no inconsiderable number of books with which this leaving alone is the only possible course. There are volumes which probably no one sees except the author, some of his long-suffering friends, the compositor, and the critic. The publisher, who undertakes them on commission, never troubles himself about their contents. He protects himself against legal consequences, makes himself reasonably sure of his money, and is satisfied. A very moderate amount of experience enables the reviewer to detect these *biblia abiblia* with the least possible waste of time. There still remains, after all deductions made, a very large number of books which have to be more or less read. These words 'more or less' indicate the problem. I will frankly confess that it is impossible to deal with these books with anything like an ideal completeness. The exigencies of space forbid; it has been said that the reviewing staff of a newspaper are always confronted with the problem of putting a quart into a pint pot. And

then there are the exigencies of time. The notice, to be of any service, must be reasonably speedy. A book is soon out of date, except it be of the best quality, dealing with a subject of permanent importance and interest. What is to be done? The Duke of Wellington said on a famous occasion: 'The King's Government must be carried on.' The editor has to make a similar pronouncement, and to see that his staff puts it into practice. The pile of books, almost always considerable, and sometimes, as in the early spring, and in October and November, attaining huge dimensions, has to be cleared. A few books can be at once singled out for special notice. These are easily disposed of; they are handed over to the man who is, or is supposed to be, best qualified to deal with them. The mass remains, containing, it may be, ten, twenty, even thirty volumes. And they have to be read. I think that the charge that critics write about books which they have not read, though it has been formally brought by more than one writer of repute, may be dismissed, so far, at least, as any kind of censure is concerned. To say that an author is 'slovenly,' and that he 'shows ignorance of elementary facts' without having read his book, seems to me incredible. The man who does it runs a very serious risk, not to take conscience into account. A much more serious danger is that idleness or weariness will suggest a few words of undeserved praise. That will seem

a safe course to follow, one that will more or less satisfy the author, and do no one any harm. But that a reviewer is bound by the necessities of his work to 'skip,' I willingly concede. There is a limit of speed with even the most rapid reader, and I fancy that there are few readers more rapid than myself. There are cases in which the most *exigeant* critics of critics would concede that to skip is perfectly justifiable. There is the novel, for instance. The change of the form of publication from the three more or less loosely printed volumes at a guinea and a-half to a single volume into which as much matter is crowded has brought about a considerable increase of production. Sometimes twenty or even more than twenty novels will come in during a single week. The number seldom fails to reach double figures. What is to be done with them? One man, two men, could not cope with them. A preliminary sifting gets rid of some. That sifting is an art in itself, and—though I know something about it—as it does not come within my province, I will leave it alone. But the residue? A few pages will be sufficient to show whether the author can write good—or shall we say fair?—English. Two or three chapters enable us to discover whether he can make his characters talk like real men and women, whether he has anything wise or witty to say for himself. After this it will suffice to keep hold of the thread of the plot, and to see by a little more

attention when some critical situation occurs whether the tale is really good or not. If, as sometimes happens, one does not want to skip, if one actually sees with a certain reluctance the pages that are yet to be read growing fewer and fewer, then it will be safe to say that it is more than good, that it is admirable. For one thing I can honestly say: I may be more impatient than I once was of the feeble and the dull; moderate merit may appeal to me less than it did; but of the best work I am as keenly appreciative as ever I was. In dealing with a school-book—and school books make a very serious part of the publishing of the year—it is quite permissible to skip. One turns in an edition of a Greek play or a book of Virgil or Livy to some *crux*. If that is adequately dealt with, to a second or a third. Thus the book has been adequately sampled. The presence of scholarship soon makes itself felt. Nor are books of verse hard to dispose of. Not a few may be rejected at once. The verse does not scan, the rhymes are vulgar or false. And the rest—they often show good, even excellent workmanship, but does one want to read any more of them? That is the fatal question which so seldom has to be answered with a yes. But 'skipping' is an art only to be acquired by long practice, and quite beyond all description. And a reviewer always feels that he practises it at his peril. He may pass over some-

thing which he ought to have noticed, and in so passing make a fatal mistake. Did not the practised reviewer who had the handling of Byron's 'Hours of Idleness' thus pass over something in which he ought to have detected the possibilities of the Fourth canto of 'Childe Harold'?

The question of competence is one which it is not so easy to settle. I will frankly say that I have often felt myself incompetent for tasks which I have been asked to undertake. Sometimes I have been able to suggest a better qualified person; commonly I have to do my best. I will give an instance which, though itself imaginary, represents more or less exactly a very considerable part of the work which I have been doing for the last forty years. A book is sent for review which has for its subject a certain town which I will call Noborough. It contains a sketch of its history, a chapter on the surrounding district with sections on its *fauna* and *flora*, an account of its principal buildings, its manufactures, its churches, schools, &c. It is not an important book. Only a small portion of space can be allotted to it, if justice is to be done to the claims of other volumes. The outside limit would be, say, a quarter of a column. What is to be done? Of course the ideal plan would be to find some person who knows Noborough well, who is free from all jealousy, stands apart from local factions, and has the gift of making into fair literary form what he has to say. Is it

likely that such a person could be found? Could he be adequately remunerated? Fourpence a line—I beg pardon for going into such vulgar details—would be a good remuneration for the reviewer of all work; but what would it be, working out at say six shillings and eightpence, for the local expert? One thing is nearly certain, that the said expert would probably write three or four columns. I have taken this instance from the literature of topography. It would be easy to find the like in other provinces of the vast world of letters. To cover as wide a range as possible I will take the case of an encyclopædia. How is a work of this kind to be reviewed? I will quote what I said about this particular case in the article referred to above.

'Is the criticism to be entrusted to a band of experts? These surely would be working under every disadvantage. In the first place the editor of the encyclopædia has had the benefit of first choice, and has taken advantage of it, we may suppose, to secure the best services available. It is quite possible that only experts of inferior eminence and skill would be available for the criticism. Then the volume has been for many months, in a way, even for years, in preparation, whereas the review would have to be put together in haste. Finally, many hundreds of pounds will have been expended on the original articles, while the most prosperous and munificent journal could afford only a few pounds to remunerate

the labour of estimating them. After saying so much, I am not ashamed to confess that I have myself reviewed various volumes of encyclopædias. It is, of course, a case of reviewing rather than criticising. It is just conceivable that one may have such an acquaintance with one or other of the subjects treated of as to be entitled to express an opinion about the article which deals with it. But apart from this chance, it is possible for an ordinary mortal to write something about even an encyclopædia (though it may be admitted that it is not a desirable subject), something that shall not be arrogant, and may be even instructive. There may be omissions to point out, for even writers are mortal [1]; there may be a disproportion, sometimes better seen by an outsider, in the space allotted to various subjects. And, in any case, there is something to be done in the way of description. The general reader does not gain any very clear idea of the character of the principal contents of a volume when he sees that it includes, say from "Basilisk" to "Equations"; and a writer who does not even know whether a basilisk is a fabulous creature or a real, and who could scarcely solve a quadratic equation, may be able to enlighten him. He can give a general classification of the principal subjects, and name the writers, and if he does nothing

[1] I remember that Aurelian, one of the greatest Emperors of the decline and fall of Rome, was not noticed in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

more, but does this with the literary touch which it is so difficult to describe, and so easy to recognise, he will really have done what was wanted, will have called the attention of the public to a work the general merit of which he is quite safe in taking for granted.'

And now that I am talking of experts, let me change my character for the moment, and appear as the injured author. I wrote some twenty years ago a story of the Civil War told in the first person by a young Cavalier. It had the honour of being noticed in one of the weekly reviews by no less a person than Samuel Rawson Gardiner. He was, above all others, an expert in the subject. I yield to no one in admiration of his work as an historian of the period. And yet I cannot help feeling that he did my little book an injustice. He said that the view taken of the questions between Royalists and Roundheads was not correct. Of course it was not. It would have been a monstrous anachronism if it had been correct. How could a young Cavalier have attained to the calm and philosophic attitude of the nineteenth century historian?

I have made, I acknowledge, stupendous mistakes, the remembrance of which makes me feel uncomfortable to this moment. Once—to give what is, perhaps, the worst example—I accused the author of a certain volume of essays, of attributing the authorship, of '*Ecce Homo*' to Mr. Gladstone! There was a

certain ambiguity of phrase, I remember, but the thing was so preposterously absurd that it still remains unaccountable to me. I knew what attitude Mr. Gladstone had taken up as to the book, and yet I wrote this utter nonsense, and passed it for the press.

So much for competence, and now for conscience. Do reviewers deliberately say the thing that is not—passing, for instance, censures which they know to be unjust, from motives of personal spite or party animosity? Some authors seem to think so. Editors are familiar with letters in which the motives of the critic are impugned. 'I cannot conceive'—such is the general tenor of these communications—'how anything but personal spite could have dictated this most unjust review.' It would be idle to deny that such things have been. Unless Mr. Croker was very much maligned, the literary ability of a Whig would not have had much chance of recognition from him. Nor do I suppose that the millennium of a purely impersonal justice in the matter has yet arrived. There is a writing world, so to speak, in which personal dislikes and the animosities that are created by political divisions are not unknown. I saw something of it in early days, but I was then an outsider. I have lived wholly apart from it during the whole period of my active literary life. That personal motives often exist in the crude form which is supposed in the author's letter quoted

above I do not believe. But that there are less pronounced varieties of it I cannot doubt. As long as there are antipathies, the bitterness of failure, the jealous dislike of success, such things will be. And there is a style of reviewing which has a look of ambiguity, but to which 'unscrupulous' is the worst epithet that can be applied. I will give an instance from my own experience, for I am an author as well as a reviewer; I have felt the lash; I have had my suspicions of the hand that wielded the scourge. In one of my classical stories the name of Xenophon occurred some scores of times, and once it was spelt Zenophon. The reviewer singled this out, and intimated not obscurely that I was an ignoramus who had no business to write about such a subject. I do not suppose that he had any personal feeling against me, but he was certainly unjust.

I am convinced, however, that on the whole, if injustice is done, it is by way of favour rather than of any other feeling. Now and then, but very rarely in view of the great total, a book written by a friend has come under my notice. I may say that I have never given praise which I did not believe to be deserved. Possibly, if praise could not be given, I have been silent altogether, when in an ordinary case I should have expressed adverse opinions. And I have been guilty of favouritism—to make a clean breast of my misdoings—so far as to pick the friend's book out of a row of candidates for notice

when it had no special claim for priority. But it is very seldom indeed that any such occasion has presented itself. I could almost count the cases on my fingers, and certainly should not have the need to use my right hand.[1]

One or two stray recollections occur to me which I may put on paper before I conclude this chapter. I was, I believe, the first of English critics to call the attention of English readers to the surpassing merits of Miss Louisa Alcott's stories. The remembrance of 'Four Little Women'—this was, I think, the particular volume which I reviewed—is still fresh in my mind; and this is to say something, where impressions have been so numerous, and where so many have been necessarily effaced. Another vivid recollection is the first Lord Lytton's 'Translations of the Odes of Horace.' There is some fine work in it, though it is certainly unequal. But probably my recollection is made more distinct by a curious incident connected with it. Not long after my review on the 'Horace' appeared, Lord Lytton sent an advance copy—in sheets stitched together—of a dramatic sketch entitled 'Walpole,' with a request that it might be reviewed by the critic who had dealt with the 'Horace.' It was a strange request, but Lord Lytton was, or considered himself to be, a privileged person. But I must hold my hand. I have made a general confession of authorship, but to claim

[1] Used in antiquity when the number exceeded a hundred.

this or that review, except in very occasional cases, would be to transgress the rule of anonymity.

And yet even of this rule a transgression may be allowed when the reviews concerned are so remote in time as the early 'Seventies. A book has been preserved at the office in which my contributions for the years 1870–1873 have been recorded—it is, I believe, in the handwriting of Mrs. Hutton. There are between seventy and eighty reviews, and seven leaders or sub-leaders. Among the reviews I find Plumptre's translation of Æschylus, Anna Swanwick's 'Æschylus,' Merivale's translation of the 'Iliad,' Mrs. King's 'Disciples,' Renan's 'Antéchrist,' T. Hughes' 'Alfred the Great,' Stephens' 'Chrysostom,' Conington's 'Satires of Persius,' Tristram's 'Land of Moab,' Lucas Collins' 'Homer' (in 'Ancient Classics for English Readers'), King's translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' and L. M. Alcott's 'Little Men.'

I wrote on 'Sunday Reading,' 'The Civil Service Supply Association,' 'Rugby School' (when Dr. Hayman was appointed to the headmastership), 'Saddle and Sirloin' (the work of that prince of sporting writers, the 'Druid' *alias* Henry Dixon), and on 'Gunflints' (telling of the industry at Brandon in Suffolk, which seems to have begun in prehistoric times and still continues to supply the West African trade). I have often thought of going through my old contributions and picking out from them anything of my own that might seem worth preserving, and

the many good things which I have had the opportunity of quoting. One difficulty is that my memory fails me. Of some of the books mentioned in Mrs. Hutton's list I have no recollection. Anyhow the present occasion does not serve. Still I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting a beautiful epigram of Richard Crashaw which I found in a volume of 'Eton and Charterhouse Verses':

Ludite jam pisces secura sub æquora; pisces
Nos quoque diversa sub ratione sumus:
Non potuisse capi vobis spes una salutis;
Una salus nobis est potuisse capi.

I will add my own rendering, apologising as I did then for the execrable rhyme in the third line:

'In realms that know not care, ye fishes, sport;
We too are fishes of a different sort;
Ye perish, we are saved by being caught.'

I must add a few extracts from a review which, with a plainness of speech now unusual, I called 'A Blundering Dictionary of Dates'—certainly the extracts go some way to justify the strong language. The readers of the Dictionary were told that 'Persia was founded by the Medes in 880 B.C.: and subjugated by the Greeks in 238 B.C.'; that St. Mark wrote his Gospel in A.D. 28, and that the Forum of Trajan was completed in A.D. 14. The Passover, too, was said to get its name from the Destroying Angel having passed over the houses of the *Egyptians*.

I might have more certainly ministered to the amusement of my readers if I had kept, as I have often thought of doing, a list of misprints. 'Printers' errors' we writers commonly call them, but the printers think that we have more to do with them than they. Here are two which have happily been preserved. One of them was that in noticing an article in a review—for such, I think, it was—I expressed my satisfaction that the writer could speak well of the 'recent decorations' of St. Paul's Cathedral. The printer turned it into 'desecrations,' and, I dare say, in doing so followed my manuscript. The other occurred in the notice of a narrative of Shelley's last days and death. The little yacht by the capsizing of which he lost his life seems to have been the outcome of some rather crazy notions of its owner about boat building. I quoted from 'Lycidas' the lines:

'that perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.

'Curses dark' became 'the Union Jack,' and when the copy was brought to me I had to own that my written words were amazingly like the printer's reading of them.

CHAPTER XVII

MY BOOKS

I HAVE written something on this subject in Chapter IX.; but there is more to be said if I am to give anything like a complete account of my 'memories of books.' In 1870 the idea of a series of 'Cheap School Books' occurred to me, and Messrs. Seeley agreed to undertake it. I acted as editor, and contributed seven volumes, three of which have been a decided success. A 'First' and a 'Second Latin Exercise Book,' and a volume of 'Selections from Ovid' (Elegiac) have had an aggregate sale of about eighty thousand and have brought me in, I find, 466*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.* The returns from the other four have been something less than 40*l.* A book published at 8*d.* must have a very large sale to be really profitable. Some thousands must be disposed of before the outlay is repaid. Still, a really successful school-book is a good property. I remember hearing that the books of M. Delille, the senior teacher of French in Merchant Taylors' School, when I went there in 1857, brought in an income of 700*l.* But this value is a transitory thing. The best copyrights are valued at but five years' pur-

chase. In 1876 I entered upon what has been the happiest venture of 'My Books'—the 'Stories from Homer.' Mr. Richmond Seeley was meditating a volume of Flaxman's outline illustrations of Homer, &c., and it occurred to him whether they might not be made more attractive by giving them in red, buff, and black, a quite legitimate proceeding, seeing that they had been suggested by vase paintings in which these colours are used. It would be well, he thought, that they should be accompanied with some letter-press. My first thought was to do something to Charles Lamb's 'Tales from the Odyssey.' But when it came to the point, my courage failed me. To meddle with Lamb! Whether I could do it to any purpose or not, I knew—who should know better?—what the critics would say. I was on the point of giving up the whole scheme, when my wife encouraged me to persevere. There was the 'Iliad,' which Lamb had not touched. And there were various details where change might be introduced with advantage. Lamb, for instance, always uses the Latin names of the gods. So I set to work, and before the holidays were ended—we were spending them at Bridlington, of which I shall always have a kindly recollection, both on this account and because of the excellent sea-fishing—the book was practically finished. It had an immediate success—four thousand were sold before the end of the year. The total sale up to the time of writing has been between

20,000 and 30,000. After a while it occurred to me that I should have done better if I had made a book out of each of the two epics. This was about the time when American copyright was granted. I wrote 'The Story of the Iliad' and 'The Story of the Odyssey,' and obtained copyright in the United States. Both volumes have been printed in cheap editions both here and on the other side of the Atlantic. I find that I have received for them about five sixths of what I have had for the original book. The number of copies sold has been, of course, very much larger. The total for all three can hardly be less than 100,000. This is not all. I have written a 'Children's Odyssey' and a 'Children's Iliad,' changing the style from the archaic to one of colloquial simplicity. A change was made at the same time in the colouring of the illustrations, hues more attractive to young eyes than the austere colours before used being employed. It is possible that some of my readers may be interested in the money side of the matter. After all, the first use of money is to supply a standard of value, and there is no visible and tangible thing which may not fairly be tried by it. It is when we try to buy or sell, or bring into the market in any way, the invisible that we go wrong. I find, then, that the 'Stories from Homer,' published in October 1876, had brought me in by the sales up to June 30, 1907, the sum of 821*l.* I find that for the two volumes of the 'Iliad' and the

'Odyssey' I have received 702*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* In 1906–1907 the receipts for the 'Stories from Homer' were 11*l.* 8*s.*, as against 40*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* for the other two. But then the newer volumes have had, as I have already remarked, the advantage of American copyright. They have been reprinted in several shapes, and at various prices, both here and in the States. The Homer books stand, in respect of profit, far above the rest; next to them comes 'Stories from Virgil.' My receipts from this book have been 616*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, of which about 25*l.* is to be credited to an edition of 10,000 published at sixpence. Then follows 'Stories from the Greek Tragedians' with 330*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* This was published in 1881, and, considering that the subject is not especially attractive, it has done fairly well. It is supported, in common with many of its fellows, by prize-giving. Should the Trojans who are threatening Greek, as they threatened it in the latter half of the fifteenth century, prevail, this, with others, will, I suppose, disappear. Some years later I followed this up with 'Stories from the Greek Comedians,' for which I used Aristophanes as representing the Old Comedy and Plautus and Terence as representing, at second hand, the New. This was a great disappointment. It was at least as good a book as its predecessors, better, I might say, inasmuch as I was able to avail myself of Frere's admirable translation of Aristophanes, and it was better reading —so at least I should have thought. But the total

sale has fallen short of three thousand, and I see that it has brought me in only 65*l.* Possibly the word 'comedy' has had a less edifying sound in the ears of parents and guardians than 'tragedy,' and parents and guardians have, naturally, much to say in the matter. I have been told that authors of boys' books are sometimes more popular with those who give but commonly don't read than with those who receive and do read. The tastes of the public have, indeed, to be carefully studied, and in this study something over and above pure reason is wanted as a guide. One of my books bore for a time the title of 'Story and Song.' The publisher told me the other day that he had retrenched the word 'song.' It repelled, he was told, the public. Another disappointment I have had in a little book which I called 'The Political Odes of Horace.' In one of the early numbers of 'The Classical Review,' of which I had the honour of being one of the sub-editors, there was an article on classical teaching in German schools. 'All intelligent teachers,' said the writer, 'read Horace with their classes, not by books but in chronological order.' I thought it an excellent idea. Among the beauties of Horace there is something of frivolity and even worse. To get a class book which should be free of this, and which might serve as an illustration of Roman history while it introduced the student to some of the noblest of Latin poetry, would, I thought, be an

advantage. I did not find it easy to obtain a publisher, and I fear that the firm which undertook it has had far more trouble than profit from it. I calculate from the amount of royalty received that the sales have not exceeded 1,200.

A little anecdote will show how little even well-informed people know about the cost of books, and the prices from which authors may get a fair remuneration for their work. A lady who was evidently a person of some reading wrote to me suggesting that I should write a book similar to my 'Story of the Iliad' on some subject which she suggested. She had bought one of the cheap editions bound in leather and sold at *two shillings net.* 'If, as I suppose, it is published at the same price, I shall certainly purchase a copy.' I wrote to her, pointing out that I got 5*l.* per thousand, or not quite a penny farthing per copy for the edition of which she was speaking, and that I must sell twenty thousand to get the not very extravagant remuneration of 100*l.* I might have added that, to judge by recent accounts, I could not reckon on a first sale of more than 1,500, bringing in a remuneration of 15*l.*, or about four shillings for a thousand words, a little over three times what I might earn by typewriting them. I find that 2,500 words is a good day's work, so that I should have to be content with ten shillings a day. The American sales make, it will have been perceived, a considerable difference. In the pre-copyright days Messrs. Scribner, of New York,

undertook the sale of my 'Stories' in the United States, ordering considerable numbers, and on these orders I received a royalty. But the books were largely reprinted by what I may call 'pirates'—I was amazed the other day to see how many of these enterprising people found it worth while to do this. From one of these I did receive something. The story of how I got that is worth telling. I observed among the advertisements of a monthly magazine published by an American firm with which I was in friendly relations the titles of some ten of my books under the name of a certain New York firm. I said to my friend the senior partner, who happened to be in England, 'So Messrs. —— have been publishing a number of my books. They have never given *me* anything!' 'Oh!' said he, 'that can hardly be. Why, Mr. ——' (naming one of the firm) 'is an elder in a Presbyterian Church.' I referred him to the cover of his own magazine. 'Write,' he said, 'and see what you can get.' I wrote something of this kind: 'Gentlemen, I see you have done me the honour of reproducing in the States some of my books. Might I venture to remind you of the author, whose interest it is, I am told, your custom to consider?' A few weeks afterwards I received a cheque for a hundred pounds, with a letter in which the firm expressed the pleasure which they had in forwarding me the money, and said at the same time that their only regret was that my application had

anticipated a long cherished intention. It is hard, I know, to part with cherished intentions, but perhaps not quite so hard as to part with cash. The only other payment that I ever received for an unprotected book in pre-copyright days was 10*l.* for a reprint of my 'Stories from Virgil.' I say 'unprotected,' because towards the end of the non-copyright period a partnership or collaboration with some American citizen was invented. The partner did not contribute much; sometimes, I imagine, his or her share was nominal; but the device served its purpose. Whether it was ever subjected to a legal test I do not know; obviously it was a kind of case that a 'pirate' would not be anxious to bring into court. At the same time it was not always available. Tennyson, for instance—and no writer lost more than he by the want of copyright protection—could hardly have put on his title-page 'with the collaboration of . . . .' I certainly should have been richer—or shall I say 'less poor'?—if American copyright had been given twenty years sooner. For the sale in the States is in many cases, as far as my experience goes, better than it is this side the Atlantic. But the popular taste differs considerably from our own. Two of my smaller books, 'Three Greek Children' and 'To the Lions!' may serve as examples. Here they are now practically forgotten, but while they had a sale, and in both cases it was considerable, the latter, a story of the persecution in Bithynia

of which we hear from the letter of the Younger Pliny to Trajan, had a decided advantage. It has never been so in the States. My last American account gave 4*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* for the 'Greek Children,' and 15*s.* 6*d.* for the other story. Sales are sometimes much influenced by such institutions as the Chatauquan University, a very important summer meeting. I wrote a story, 'The Fall of Athens,' to serve for the study of a certain period of Greek history. For this I was paid 180*l.* The total English sales have not exceeded 60*l.*, and the book is now out of print.

I must not leave this subject without expressing my gratitude to George Haven Putnam, the American publisher, to whom more than to any other one man the boon of American copyright is due. It was not of his doing that this boon was encumbered with the somewhat vexatious restriction that no book can enjoy copyright unless it has been manufactured in the States. This manufacture, as might be expected, is inferior in quality and higher in price.

I am not going to inflict on my readers a complete list of all the books which I have written. So far I have mentioned twenty-five of one kind or another. The total is something about seventy. I feel a certain amount of pride in the association with distinguished men which I owe to contributions to certain series. For Messrs. Macmillan's 'Men of Action' I wrote

'Henry V.'; for Messrs. Putnam's and T. Fisher Unwin's 'Story of the Nations' 'Carthage' (which, as Dr. Garnett showed me at the British Museum, has been translated into Spanish), and 'Early Britain'; for Messrs. Blackwood's 'Ancient Classics for English Readers,' 'Pliny the Younger' (in collaboration with W. J. Brodribb) and 'Ovid.'

I have now mentioned *thirty* books and five publishing houses. I will complete the list of the latter by adding the names of Messrs. Longman, George Bell and Sons, Hutchinson & Co., Cassell & Co., Smith, Elder & Co., who are good enough to bring this work before the world, and Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, who published for me the prize poem mentioned in Chapter IV., together with some occasional verse scattered over a period of nearly forty years. I have had, it will be seen, an extended experience of a relation about which unpleasant things have been lately said, as indeed they have been said many times before. I am not going to enter into the matter now; I said what I had to say about it at some length in the 'Nineteenth Century and After' last May. But I will repeat emphatically what I then affirmed, that my relations with publishers have been satisfactory. I have had to do in the course of a long life with lawyers, and professional and commercial men of many degrees and kinds and, on the whole, I have been better treated by the publishers than by anybody else. And I will add

this, that my very large and long experience of books, many of them books which were wholly beyond the knowledge of the ordinary reader, has convinced me of this, that there is a very numerous class of persons who write books which have no possible chance of succeeding, and that there is thus generated a great mass of discontent which finds a vent in utterly unreasonable complaints. That there are black sheep among publishers I do not deny; such creatures are likely to be found in every occupation. But I am convinced that in the vast majority of cases, where they are charged with misdealing, with extortion, ignorance, neglect, and what not, the fault really lies with the incompetent client; they are blamed as the lawyer may be blamed who cannot win in a bad case, or the doctor who cannot cure a hopeless disease.

CHAPTER XVIII

SEVENTY YEARS OF CRICKET

'SEVENTY' is here a round number, a use to which, indeed, it is accustomed. It is a fact, however, that I played cricket when I was nine, and that in this my seventy-ninth year I have looked on with interest more than once at Kentish men and boys keeping up the old tradition of the county. A good, even a passably good cricketer I have never been, and yet all that precept and example could do for me I had. The two masters whom I have mentioned at Mr. Barron's school, Messrs. Woodmass and Awdry, were painstaking instructors, and I had among my schoolfellows the four eldest of the Seven Walkers. But every man has his natural limitations, in cricket as in other things. Instruction and practice will do something for him, but beyond a fixed point they will never carry him. But I was always eager about the game, in the days when I was still able to play it, and I am still interested in it. Perhaps someone may ask who were the 'Seven Walkers.' Let me explain that they were a great Middlesex cricketing family—the brothers and sisters made up an eleven which

no family in the world, it is safe to say, could have beaten. John, the eldest, played in the Cambridge University Eleven, and afterwards rose to be a cricketer of the first rank, as he was chosen more than once in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match (I saw him make 99 at the Oval, a score which he might have largely increased if he had been able to run even moderately fast); Alfred, the second, was, I believe, a choice for the Cambridge Eleven—he died early; Frederic was captain of the same Eleven in, I think, 1848; V. E., who was unquestionably the best of the seven, was among the first players of his day. He was a 'lob' bowler of the very best, besides being a first-class bat. Nothing could possibly have been better than the way he fielded to his own bowling. A. H. was a good second-class player; R. D. played in the Oxford University Eleven; and I. D., the youngest, after being one of the chief supports for many years of the county eleven, captained for some time the Harrow Wanderers. I should say that the four youngest all did good service in their time for Harrow School. At Stanmore they were strong enough to make 'Ws' against the school quite an interesting event. We never played outside matches; if we had we should have been, I fancy, hard to beat. For myself my greatest attainment was to become one of the regular bowlers. This was in my last year. I vividly remember the first wicket that I took, and

the praise which Mr. Woodmass gave me. 'It was hard on him to give him such a ball for the first.'

At King's College I was as diligent in practice as a lad could be, but I never achieved, and I doubt not never deserved to achieve, the honour of playing in the College Eleven. Oxford was, as I have said, a blank in this respect. The twenty years from 1853 onwards brought me plenty of opportunities. I remember at Charlton a delightful weekly excursion to the cricket meeting at Kingscote. Later on we had a cricket ground in Charlton itself, and found some players among the natives, though cricket does not commonly flourish in Wiltshire. At Liverpool Dawson Turner was a very keen cricketer; he used often to break up school an hour in advance during the summer time to get a longer spell at the game, and I was the only one of his masters who could help him. At Merchant Taylors' I played for the School Eleven during most of the thirteen years. We were never a strong team—it must be remembered that there was no playground—and a master's help was welcome. I remember, if I may interject a story, that the captain asked whether it was not true that Mr. Mitchinson (now Bishop Mitchinson and Master of Pembroke, Oxford), who was the new Headmaster's Assistant, was not a good cricketer. 'I have heard,' he said, 'that he is a great hand at "slow twisters."' 'That,' I said—for Mitchinson had never, I believe, had a bat in his hand—'refers to

the questions which he will put in examinations.' At Henley I had a heavy responsibility. My predecessor had been able to turn out a fair eleven, but all the players had departed with him, and I had to make the best show I could with very poor and scanty material. We did very little, but we should have done still less if it had not been for the admirable cricket of my assistant, R. P. Smith (mentioned in Chapter XI.). He was an excellent cricketer, and would have been of the first class if it had not been for defective sight. It was his practice to use a single eyeglass when he batted, and to drop it by a slight shake of the head when he saw the pitch of the ball. He told me that he never felt quite at ease after four o'clock, so sensitive was he to the waning of the light. But I never saw him fail, and he was an excellent bowler. When I went to Retford I was some way on in my forties, and that is an age when a man whose life has to be mainly indoors has to abate outdoor activities. My cricket was brought to an end by an accident, the compound dislocation of a thumb. It did not happen in a match, but on a chance visit to the cricket-field from trying to catch a ball in a failing light.

Now for a few recollections of what I have seen. The first great match that I remember was the Oxford *v.* Cambridge at Lord's of, I think, 1846. I was thinking of Oxford at the time, and my old schoolfellow, John Walker was keeping wicket for

Cambridge. The affair was nothing like what it has now grown to. There was, if I remember right, scarcely a ring of spectators round the ground. Pads were then an unfamiliar sight, and when a Cambridge man came out with his legs so protected the obvious academic joke went around: εὐκνημῖδες Ἀχαιοί (well-greaved Greeks). The first batting gloves I had seen some years before; one of the Walkers brought them to school when he came back after the holidays. They were like boxing gloves, and cumbrous in the extreme. The next university match that I remember was played at Oxford during my residence there. In those days term had to be kept for three weeks after the Wednesday following Whit Sunday and absence from Oxford was impossible. I have often thought that it would be well if all the inter-university matches could be played in this way, by alternate visits to Oxford and Cambridge. There would be one great fashionable gathering the less, but true lovers of cricket would profit. Still, I am conscious that many deserving spectators would be shut out. The university match may conveniently be an incident in a visit to London when it could hardly be an object in itself. And it is only fair to say that for some years past the Marylebone Club has behaved very handsomely to the public. Anyone who will take the trouble to go early can be sure of a good place for nothing more than the shilling paid for entrance. Five and twenty years

ago things were very different; I remember standing for a whole morning looking over the middle of a barouche, and thinking myself fortunate to be so placed. There were two ladies in the carriage, nobody came to speak to them while I was there, and *they never looked at the game.* I wonder what they came for.

The Oxford cricketers of my own time whom I best remember were the Riddings, John of New College, Charles of Magdalen, and, a little later, William of New College. William was an excellent bat—he scorned gloves and leggings—and a most brilliant wicket-keeper, the best, I think, that I ever saw. A fourth brother was George, afterwards Fellow and tutor of Exeter, Headmaster of Winchester and Bishop of Southwell. I venture to point a moral. The three first mentioned went up to Oxford provided for, two by Fellowships of New, the third by a demyship and Fellowship at Magdalen, for which he was eligible by being born in the diocese of Winchester. For George Ridding nothing happened to be vacant, and he was the only one who had a career.

I saw in after years many university matches, but have few distinct remembrances of them. I can recall the fierce bowling of Lang for Cambridge, which seemed to terrify even experienced cricketers, and a magnificent innings of Buckland, of which Mr. Andrew Lang said that no prose could do it

justice.[1] I recollect also the curious fiasco of a young gentleman who matriculated at Oxford, solely, I heard, for the purpose of playing in the University Match. *He was bowled out first ball in each innings.* Yet he was a very good cricketer, as he had shown before, and as he showed afterwards.

The cricket hero of my boyhood was Fuller Pilch, an adopted son of Kent—he was a native of Norfolk. The county of Kent, where the game is more widely spread than it is elsewhere, was then in its most flourishing period. Four batsmen of unusual excellence, Pilch, Alfred Mynn, Felix, and Wenman (the wicket-keeper) came in succession to the wickets, and broke the hearts of hostile bowlers. Mynn was also an effective bowler. A man of great physique, he stood at the wicket without taking any run, and 'slung' the ball in at a great pace. His brother Walter was long stop—an office which has now been improved away from first class-cricket. I saw the elder Lillywhite bowl in the last year of his life (1854). He was then sixty-three. Box (of Sussex) had the reputation of being the best wicket-keeper in England, but he never dealt with any balls that did not come either over the wicket or on the off side. After Pilch the championship came to George Parr (of

[1] I remember also seeing an Oxford bowler (Willes, I think, by name), who, after he had effected the object of separating two Cambridge batsmen was taken off, apparently because the long stop was beaten by him. I was a little alarmed when I had to stand up to his bowling some years afterwards; but it had lost its sting.

Nottinghamshire). I saw him play for the first time at Lord's. His style was in notable contrast to Pilch's. Pilch used to play forward; Parr never moved his bat more than a few inches beyond the crease. The change had something to do, I suppose, with the improvement in the character of the ground. If the batsman can calculate exactly what the ball will do when it rises, he leaves himself more freedom for his stroke by not playing forward. Parr was greatest in leg hits. It cannot be said that the leg hit has disappeared from cricket, but it has certainly become more rare. After Parr again came Grace, the greatest of a great cricketing line of brothers. His most emphatic praise is that he changed the issue of the Gentlemen *v.* Players match. It went as often for the Gentlemen after he had joined the team as it had gone against them before. But I am coming down to a time of which my readers must have a better remembrance than myself.

Two unusual incidents, so unusual that a man may look on at cricket for many years without seeing them, I may here record. One was the giving out of a player by the umpire for hitting the ball twice. The case was perfectly clear. The ball was well off the wicket, and the batsman, an old Oxford player I think, attempted to hit it to leg. It struck his pad and fell almost dead on the ground. He struck it as it lay and hit it nearly to the boundary. *Then he started to run.* That, of course, was

the fatal mistake. The batsman is, of course, allowed, though he had already struck the ball, to prevent it from rolling into his wicket. I do not know that there is any limit as to the force which he may use in this second stroke, nor could the umpire attempt to say whether there was any need for using the bat in this way; but obviously he must not attempt to make a run. The batsman recognised his blunder, and laughed at himself. The other incident was of a different kind. A batsman, an old Cambridge bat this time, was given out for obstructing the field. This happened at the Oval. The batsmen were 'stealing a run,' and one of them came into collision with point, I think, when he tried to field the ball. On the rights and wrongs of the question I have nothing to say. The spectators could not possibly judge of them, and I was sorry for the umpire who had to give the decision. There was a great uproar, and I fancy that the general feeling was against the player who made the appeal. An Oval crowd, though less tumultuous than some that can be seen in the Midlands, can make a great noise if it be so minded. So, indeed, can the fashionable cricketers who assemble at Lord's, as anyone can testify who was present when the Cambridge bowler delivered, of set purpose, two wides in order to prevent an Oxford 'follow-on.'

The change, perhaps I ought to say the improvement, in cricket has been great since I first came to

know anything about it. The ground is incomparably better, the bowling more straight, the batting more scientific, and the game is played in places where it was never heard of. But there have been also losses, sometimes caused by the very advance made in the game. The Vine Cricket Ground at Sevenoaks used to be famous. It is now never used except for local matches of an insignificant kind. Why is this? It is too small for the masterly hitting which used to be rare, but is now common. And it is unenclosed. There can be no 'gate,' and first-class cricket without gate money seems to be impossible. But the chief change for the worse is in this: that people who used to be players have become spectators, and they are exactly the class which most needs a change from the monotony of life. One of our annual migrations from town to country took us in 1841 to Bessels Green, a hamlet near Riverhead and Sevenoaks. During the three months of our stay some seven or eight formal matches were played on the 'Green.' The elevens came from neighbouring villages, and the hamlet could bring a respectable team to meet them. The players were small tradesmen and farmers or their sons, gentlemen's servants and labourers. All this has disappeared. There is no cricket on the Green beyond what is played by a few school children. It is a desolate looking waste. The genuine old village festival, followed by a cheerful supper at the village inn, is gone.

CHAPTER XIX

FRUIT FARMER

AN Oxford friend, who knows his Virgil, speaks of me as a 'Corycian old man.' I hope that he does not intend all that the phrase might be taken to mean. I will explain. Virgil tells us in the Fourth Georgic, that he knew a 'Corycian old man' who had cultivated a bit of waste land near Tarentum, land not good for cattle or sheep or the plough, and had turned it to good account by growing fruit and flowers. Now the only Corycus that we know is a cape in Cilicia. It has been conjectured accordingly that the epithet 'Corycian' has something to do with this. But how? Cilicia was a great country for pirates, and piracy had become a quite unendurable plague in the first half of the first century B.C. Pompey was commissioned by the Roman Republic to put an end to it, and accomplished the task in an incredibly short time in the year 70. A number of the prisoners who fell into his hands he settled in Italy, and Virgil, writing some thirty years after, may very well have come across one of them. Now a pirate is by common consent 'an enemy of the human race,'

and the term has been applied to a reviewer. Was there this sting in my friend's remark? But this may pass. I write a few words about the business which is really a very delightful and interesting affair if one does not need to live by it.

In the autumn of 1901 we bought a small holding of which, as it stands at present, about 4¾ acres (out of a total of 5¼) are under fruit. This is divided as follows, the measurements being approximate: 2½ acres are occupied with cob[1] nuts—a variety of the nut which is almost peculiar to a region of Kent between Sevenoaks and Maidstone; and 1½ acre with apples, plums, and pears. The rest is kitchen garden, a considerable part being occupied with black currants, which are grown for sale. I am not writing a manual of fruit growing, a task for which I am indeed wholly unfitted. I shall not therefore attempt any details of cultivation, but be content with giving some general rules. Keep the ground clean. I never quite realised the force of the primeval curse, 'Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee,' till I began fruit growing. Thorns and thistles are not the particular form in which it makes itself felt with us. Our special plague is couch grass. It is not like the ordinary weed which can be got rid

[1] 'Cob,' a word applied to various substantives, seems to convey the idea of 'stoutness.' The customary legend has sprung up attributing the first growth to a certain 'Cobb.' The variety was, I believe first introduced by a grower in Ightham of the name of Usherwood about a century ago.

of with the hoe. It has roots of the most amazing length—I have seen them as much as eighteen inches or two feet long. It will be worth while to entirely eradicate it—the word is exactly appropriate, for it must be rooted out, and this cannot be done without deep digging.[1] Have only the best kinds of apples, pears, and plums. We found our land well planted on the whole, but it was quite surprising how many quite worthless trees there were. No inferior fruit is really saleable; if it is small, however good in flavour, it will bring in small returns. The prince of apples is the Cox's Orange Pippin. Nothing, I think, can touch it for delicacy of flavour, set off by a very agreeable texture—it is less hard than the variety which comes next to it, the Ribston Pippin. The Worcester Pearmain is a valuable apple, and it has the merit of coming in early before the market is flooded with Canadian and American growths. The June-eating (Jeanneton) is a useful apple. I should hardly advise the planting of them, but the trees may be profitably retained if they are in existence. Lady Suffields and Julians are serviceable. They are good bearers—the Julians especially flourish in the worst seasons. The Lord Derby is a fine apple of commanding size, a most valuable quality for market purposes. In plums the Victoria, the Goliath, and the Pond's Seedling may be mentioned. The last of these three has the merit of coming in late, when the

[1] The couch is valued, I hear, in Australia for its quality of endurance. Droughts do not injure it.

market has begun to thin. Do not be sparing of manure, and let it be of good quality. Be careful about the analysis, and see that it suits the special quality of the ground. Not a little is sold that is of no value to anyone, and it is quite possible to buy what is really valuable, but not of the kind that is wanted by this soil or that. These are the chief points. Of pruning I say nothing. The matter is *sub judice*. I believe that the last conclusion of experts is that apples as a rule should not be pruned, though, of course, cross growths should be cut away. If cobnuts are grown, pruning is absolutely necessary, and it should be done by a really experienced hand. It is an art which is not easily acquired, and much damage may be done in a very short time by an inexperienced person.

Now for results. I will begin by saying that I have not looked only to profit. My predecessor had little love for the amenities of country life. The cobnuts grew up to within a few feet of the house. We cleared away enough to make a lawn-tennis ground. Paths have been broadened, flower beds and borders established, and the agreeable generally attended to. I will now summarise the results.

	Expenditure			Receipts		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1902 . .	89	13	0	116	11	9
1903 . .	74	11	0	70	18	0
1904 . .	103	1	0	126	12	4
1905 . .	83	16	0	82	12	0
1906 . .	109	17	0	159	3	11

This gives a balance on the credit side of 95*l.*, or 19*l.* per annum. The accounts for 1907 have not been made up at the time of writing, but they show, to speak roughly, a loss of 20*l.*, so that the average profit for six years works out 12*l.* 10*s.* I should say that the farm is credited with 26*l.* annually for fruit and vegetables supplied to the house, being debited with any potatoes that may be bought—we do not attempt to grow a main crop—and with apples that may be purchased when our own store is exhausted.

It will be said, and said with perfect truth, that the financial result is not satisfactory. Nothing, it will be observed, has been allowed for interest on the purchase money of the land. This, taken at 4 per cent., would leave but little out of the profit of our best year, for the land can hardly be reckoned at less than 700*l.* On the other hand, it must be remembered that profit has not been made the main object, that the garden of a country house commonly costs, after allowing for fruit and vegetables at the rate mentioned above, not less than 35*l.* I feel sure that a man cultivating this five acres for a livelihood would make a living out of it. The living would not be very abundant; the work would be very hard; but he would have the great satisfaction of feeling that he was his own master and was working for himself. I must own, however, that I do not see how he could get on without some small capital.

Even without paying wages there is a considerable balance against the farm till the returns begin to come in. And it may be said that on such a farm as this nothing, or next to nothing, comes in before August. The cultivator, if he is not to stint the land in the matter of manures, &c., must have some ready money.

A few interesting facts may be given. The comparatively good balance in 1902 was brought about by a splendid crop of cobnuts. We grew 6400lb., and realised by the sale 72*l.*, after deducting the cost of conveyance to market and expenses of sale. The excellent 1906 balance was due to a general success, but especially to the fine crop of Cox's Orange Pippins. The failure of 1907 was equally distributed, except that our few pear trees yielded a great crop. Two trees which had practically borne nothing since we came had produce which was sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* besides some smaller fruit which we kept for our own use. Curiously enough, in view of the abnormal character of the year, and especially the want of sunshine, the fruit was of far superior flavour to anything we had noticed before. But the plums of 1907 were the marvel. The trees everywhere were laden with them, laden to and beyond the breaking point. They were propped up to the best of our ability, but this did not prevent much mischief being done. The same abundance prevailed everywhere, or almost everywhere, and the consequence

was a great 'slump' in prices. On our little farm where the plums do not occupy quite half an acre —it is not easy to estimate the area as they are scattered over the place—we grew *seventy-five* bushels, as against *one* bushel in the preceding year.[1] Plums being a highly perishable fruit must be sold at once. The markets were fairly choked, and prices fell almost to zero. For our crop we received about 5*l.*, and at least half of this must be credited to private custom and to a small bottling industry which we conduct on the spot. Fifty bushels we sent to market, and for these we received about as many shillings. The fruit was mostly picked by amateur labour. If we had had to pay for the picking, as, of course, large growers had to do, it would have been as well to leave most of the trees alone. The damsons, in particular, fetched less than it would have cost to pick them after carriage and commission had been deducted. A shilling a bushel was the gross price, and *threepence* the net, whereas the ordinary charge for picking a bushel is *ninepence*—and, as I can personally testify, the labour is not too highly paid. I may mention, by way of contrast, that two years before, when our damsons happened to fare better than those of our neighbours, we received as much as eighteen shillings

[1] Seventy-five bushels means half as many hundredweights, not much short of two tons, making four tons to the acre. This would be equivalent to 142 bushels of wheat, or three times an exceptionally good crop.

for a bushel. This would show a net gain of 16*s.* 6*d.* as against a loss of 6*d.* This excessive fluctuation in price is distinctly a drawback to an agreeable pursuit. So is the sight of good things wasted, a sight sure to come with a bountiful season. It is really painful to see the ground covered with fruit which would be welcome to thousands if one could only get it to them. It might often be that a grower would give the 'falls' from his trees, or even the fruit on some of them, if they could be collected or picked without putting him to expense. I have wondered whether some scheme might not be contrived to meet this case. And then another disagreeable is a certain feeling of what Aristotle called *ἐπιχαιρεκακία*—rejoicing in the troubles of others —a vice which he rightly stigmatises. The fruit-grower certainly feels temptations to it. The dweller on the hill, for instance, must be more than human if he is without a sensation—let me hope, an involuntary sensation—of satisfaction, when he finds that some late frost has touched the orchards in the valley. And now I will describe a discovery which has compensated me for a certain disappointment. Have any of my readers ever wondered why the Unjust Steward in the parable gives to the first of his master's debtors a reduction of 50 per cent., and to the second a reduction of 20 per cent. only? The man who owed one hundred measures of oil he bids put down the amount at fifty, the hundred

measures of wheat are reduced only to eighty. The man would certainly do his best for both of the tenants. He would know that they would compare notes, and that the debtor who had had a smaller allowance made to him would resent the difference, unless there was a conclusive reason for it. That reason would be found in the necessity for doing nothing that would excite the landlord's suspicion. The justification for the difference of treatment then must have been this, that *a fruit crop is habitually more precarious than a corn crop.* A good wheat season may bring forty bushels or more to the acre, but a bad one will not reduce the crop below twenty-five. I cannot make out that any commentator or interpreter has ever figured this out. It shows that in this, as in every other province of life, it is good now and then to leave the study for the field.

CHAPTER XX

SOME PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

FIRST, to follow the usual order of procession, which inverts the order of dignity, shall come the tramps. Of these I have had no small experience. I have been in many places, some of them traversed by roads which tramps generally frequent. My parson's dress marks me out as one to be accosted—a parson is supposed to be professionally charitable. Possibly I have the look of being soft-hearted or soft. But the chief cause of the somewhat extensive knowledge that I have gained of this class is my own readiness to stop and talk to them.

My first tramp—the first, I mean, to get beyond the customary: 'Can you spare a copper for a poor man?'—I made acquaintance with at Henley-on-Thames some six-and-thirty years ago. He introduced himself to me by a letter which was well composed and well written, and commended itself specially to me—I was then a schoolmaster—by a correct quotation from Ovid. When I went out to talk to him I saw a curious figure. He was a man of about sixty, so bent as to be almost deformed, with

about as villainous looking a face as I ever set eyes on. But he had the manners and spoke with the accent of a gentleman. The result of our interview was that I agreed to give him work. I found quarters for him in an outbuilding, where he was made comfortable with bedding, &c.—my hospitality was not equal to taking him into the house. He stopped with me two months and more, making himself generally useful. The special work that he did was to bind books, magazines, in a rough but quite effective way—I have some of them to this day, and they are as strong as ever. As far as I knew, he had no tools beyond a knife.

I had many talks with him, but could never make out what he really was. That he did not always speak the truth I soon found. He had been, he said, at Queen's College, Oxford, but the Provost told me, in answer to my inquiry, that he could not find the name in the books. It was strange that the man should have told a falsehood so easily detected. It seemed to show that his knowledge did not go very far. But his manners were unmistakably good. The bow which he made to my wife was a masterpiece. His manner of going was curious. He wrote to a former employer, Lord W., telling him that he had found work. Lord W. imprudently sent him 5*l*., to help him, I fancy, to get clothes. The money was too much for him, and he came back that night tipsy. I told him in the morning that I would

overlook it, but that it must never happen again. But he did not take the chance. 'You have lost confidence in me, sir,' he said, 'and I had better go,' and he went. I never heard of him again.

I came across another such man not long ago. He was working for a neighbour, and at his suggestion came to me for books. My daughter offered him some story of adventure. 'I am much obliged to you, Madam,' he said, 'but I should like to have Newman's "Apologia," or a volume of "Carlyle."' I do not know what he got, but he went away without returning it, and without paying for his lodgings.

On the whole the educated, or quasi-educated, tramp is the worst of his class. He has had his chances and has not used them. Such a man begins with a great advantage over the labourer or artisan. In all ranks the wandering temperament is to be found, sometimes so greatly developed that its impulses seem to be irresistible. Was there not a case not long ago of such a man, the holder of an ancient title and the owner of a great estate, who would not be content till he had shipped as a sailor before the mast, and came to his end by being swept overboard in a storm near Cape Horn? Such a man in the upper or middle class need not become a vagabond, or his vagabondage is dignified by at least the semblance of work. For the labourer such chances are, to say the least, far more rare. And when we think of how labour is specialised nowadays

we wonder less that some men find this monotony of labour intolerable, and take to the road, the 'grand tour,' so to speak, of the poor. Then there is another thing to be considered. It may well be that the vast majority of these wanderers are brought to this mode of life by folly or wrong-doing. But it must be remembered that a poor man has not the same opportunity of recovering from a slip that is given to his better-born fellow. The friends and kinsfolk of a prodigal make many efforts, for their own sakes, if not for his, to redeem him. I do not know whether I should class among the educated a very recent acquaintance. He was certainly a very inferior performer to my Henley friend. He held out his hand with three stumps of lead pencils in it: 'Believe me, sir,' he said, 'these are all that I have in the world.' 'What is your occupation?' I asked. 'By this time'—he looked to be not less than sixty—'you ought to have some settled work.' 'I write, sir,' was his reply, 'I write articles for the newspapers. But I cannot get them taken; everything is so crowded now.' We talked a little more, and he got, I fancy, a little beyond his prepared phrases. '*I have wrote*,' he said, 'for the "Times" and the "Evening News."' 'But,' I said, 'is that the English you used in your articles?—"I have wrote" is not usual.' He was a little taken aback. I went on, 'I don't wish to be rude; but it is my business to be a critic.' 'If you hadn't been a critic, sir, I should

not have spoken to you,' he answered. And he went off with fourpence added to his property in pencils. Perhaps it was wrong to give the money, but I thought that the story was worth it.

I have often regretted that I have not taken down from the lips of some of these wanderers the story of their life. One such record I obtained, not many months ago, and I think it is worth preserving. The man was sitting by the roadside one Sunday morning. He did not beg—he told me afterwards that he never did beg—but his look was an appeal. He explained to me when I questioned him that he had got some days' work to begin on the following Wednesday—he thought it necessary, or perhaps only polite in consideration of my cloth, to apologise for having applied for it on a Sunday. I offered him employment for the two intervening days, and he returned to me after his other job was finished, and worked for about a week, fully earning the three shillings a day which I paid him. He had begun life, on leaving school—he could write well, I found, and knew something about books—as an apprentice in a grocer's shop in a small Kentish village. Then he went to work in the brickfield at Sittingbourne. From there he 'drifted'—I use his own word—to a farm near Minster, in the Isle of Sheppey (to be distinguished from Minster in Thanet), where he was employed in threshing. Here he saved some money, and naturally turned to London, where people go

both to make money and to spend it. Here he got a situation in an upholsterer's shop. Apparently this did not please him, for he next found himself a cab-driver at Bangor. From Bangor his next move was to the stone quarries at Normanby, and then next to the Staffordshire potteries; and after this came a job as outside porter at the L. & N. W. station at Oxford. Then he returned to Kent, where he took up what I gathered to be his usual occupation, fruit-picking, hop-picking, and harvesting. 'On one occasion,' he put it, 'being hard up, I got into a butcher's shop, carrying out meat and helping in the slaughter-house, at a place called Canterbury.' What a volume of meaning there is in these words! Can one imagine what it would mean to be without all that Canterbury signifies to us? The man's next venture was as cook on board a coasting vessel. Three journeys with cargoes of pipeclay and oil-cake were enough for him. During the third a storm came on off Beachy. 'It frightened me, and when I came to Plymouth I asked to be paid off. This the captain denied me,' and he had to walk home from Plymouth, a fortnight's job; but he got his money in the end. He tried droving, but so many took it up that it was no livelihood, and wagoner's work, but he was not used to it. Two weeks in a lime-kiln, a winter's work in London sawing wood, picking peas in Essex when the summer came round followed, and then brickmaking again, 'the first work I did,'

he says, 'after leaving the counter.' Employment in a foundry at Strood (Kent) was cut short by slackness of work. The man's last occupation before I fell in with him was carrying the flag before a steam roller. He left me, he said, to work on a neighbouring brickfield, but I cannot make out that he ever went there. This is a fairly varied record for a man of forty-one.

My general conclusion is that among the tramps are many honest workers, not of the first class, and not without reproach, but still of fair average merit. 'I won't pretend that I have been a good boy,' said one of them to me. But who is there that would?

The 'people' of whom I have spoken so far have not been wanting in interest, but I cannot say that they have made me happier. Of those whom I am now going to mention I can affirm exactly the opposite. To know them has been a pleasure; they have never grieved me, except when they died. These 'people' are my dogs. My earliest friend of this class was an English terrier, 'Jerry' by name, who was given to me when I was a curate at Charlton. Leaving the country to dwell in a town I thought of him rather than of myself, and transferred him to my sister in Devonshire. My brother-in-law kept a pack of otter-hounds, and Jerry, who was an accomplished animal, was promoted to the post of terrier to the hunt. It was an honourable place, but not

without perils, for the otter in his earth is a formidable antagonist. After a brief experience Jerry made up his mind to retire from it. He was missing; his admiring friends had no doubt that he was stolen.

About a year afterwards my sister, calling at a somewhat distant house, found Jerry installed, the idol of the whole place. He had presented himself at the door a year before—the very day of so fortunate an arrival had been remembered—had been admitted, and had soon found his way to every heart. He expressed to my sister his willingness to overlook the past; but it was understood that the otter hounds must do without him. I remained a solitary man, except, indeed, for wife and children, till I went to Henley. Then came two deerhounds, Bran the First and Bran the Second, both of them gifts of my dear friend Harry Jones. The deerhound is a prince among dogs, but he does not lend himself to picturesque narrative. One achievement of Bran the First I do not forget. There was brought to me one day a clothes-basket half full of fragments of school books which he had torn up. Of Bran the Second, however, I remember how when I was away from home he transferred himself from the landing on which he was wont to sleep to the mat outside my wife's bedroom. I have had dogs of many kinds, but of all kinds the one which somehow most appeals to me is the dachshund. As an anonymous poet in an

amusing little book, 'The Brown Ambassador,' sings:

There's an empty place in a tired heart
Which only a dachs can fill.

Of one old friend belonging to this race I have often thought of becoming the biographer. He never was my own, but I had for many years the privilege of giving him a second home. His real home was at St. Leonards, but he did not like it; for the family to which he belonged he had a great affection, but the place he hated. The stone pavements hurt his feet, and there were no rabbits, and every well-ordered place contains rabbits. So he paid long visits to me at Austford, and afterwards, as long as I remained at Ashley, regularly spent his summer there. His business in life was ratting. In this pursuit he was an adept. He has been known to kill scores of rats in a morning when the game was abundant. And he was most conscientious in doing his duty. He has been known to steal away in the evening, after a long day's work, and watch for an hour or so at a hole which he thought had not been properly attended to. And he was a very useful assistant at rabbit shooting. But his ideal—never, I am sorry to say, attained—was to catch a rabbit for himself. It was pathetic to see him duly 'quartering' some such place as a potato patch where he had detected or suspected the presence of a rabbit. After a while the creature would bolt, unseen by him. He con-

scientiously finished his examination, hit upon the scent, and followed the track, full of hope; the rabbit meanwhile had long since reached its hole. In the early days of our friendship I was much flattered when, after he had been taken home at the end of a long visit, he found his way back to Austford, arriving late one night, with bleeding feet and almost wearied to death. He had traversed the ten miles or so between the two places in about three hours, though he had never passed over the road before. Doubtless he preferred the country to the town home. But I found afterwards that he was sometimes visited by a passion for wandering. One summer he disappeared for a few days from our Ashley house. My wife was sure that he had gone away to die. But that was not in his mind; we found him at our butcher's in the neighbouring town of Tetbury. And in the last year of his life—his twenty-first—he left his home to take up his quarters in a remote part of Hastings, in a house where, as far as his friends were aware, he had never been before, and with people of whom he knew nothing. They were of the small shopkeeper class. Perhaps he wished to enlarge his views of human life before he died. A dear dachs of my own was distinguished to the last—and he lived to be nearly thirteen—by a passionate love of toys. In pursuit of a toy rabbit or monkey he would steeple-chase over chairs, quite regardless of the danger of a fall. He shared his basket with a whippet who

still survives.[1] The distinction of a whippet is speed, not intelligence, but in her tenth year she taught herself to beg under pressure of competition. She still looks with interest when a dachs comes in sight. One more story and I have done. A neighbour keeps a little pack of dachshunds. Two of them have a ceaseless feud. One is a red dog, who had for some years a black-and-tan enemy. The enemy died, but the quarrel was too large a part of his life to be given up. He fastened it at once on an animal of the same colour who had given him no offence. In their mistress' room they are the best of friends, sleeping on the same rug, and eating out of the same dish. Outside the door they are deadly enemies.

I was born with a love of animals, but in my London days had to be content with cats, squirrels and birds (we had an aviary in Bedford Row, to which birds which one would not expect to see in London—hawks and owls, for instance—were attracted). This love has naturally been strengthened by the avocations of later life. Without it one would hardly feel at home at the 'Spectator,' which has for many years welcomed contributions to the literature of animal life. We are by no means ashamed, not even when we are hoaxed, a fate which from time to time overtakes all enthusiasts. No one was offended when someone, wishing to buy a book entitled 'Cat and Dog Stories from the "Spectator,"'

[1] Alas! she has passed away since this was written.

asked for 'Cock and Bull Stories.' The vexation is not permanent even when quite audacious hoaxes somehow have escaped our vigilance. It at least made our readers laugh when they heard how a 'semi-Bombay duck' had had a fierce fight with a goose in the Zoological Gardens at Durban, or how an animal-loving undergraduate was always followed through the streets of Oxford by a dog and a hen, and how when he reached the College gates, the dog was permitted to enter with him, but the hen by an inexorable rule excluded.

I hope that I shall not seem frivolous if I go on from the people of the road and the dog people to speak of the friends whom I have made during a life of not a few changes and wanderings. I can feel as I look back that my experience has been on the whole a happy one. There are two opposite views of life. There are some to whom it seems full of disappointments; they have hoped and failed to receive; they have trusted and have been deceived. Some, on the other hand, are familiar with surprises of a better kind. They find a quite unexpected amount of good in those with whom they have to do. Men and women are more truthful, kind, and even generous than they could have hoped for. It is with these that I am glad to rank myself. I have been brought into relations with many persons of many kinds, but there are very few whom I cannot remember with pleasure. To take a very common-

place test—I never made but one bad debt in my life. And I do not think that anyone ever wilfully tried to injure me. I have had hard things said to me and, possibly, about me. A gentleman, whose boys did not get all they wanted or all he thought they ought to have, said that my school was a slaughter-house. Another was very angry when I had to move somewhat suddenly from Henley to Retford, because I could not give his son another quarter's schooling. He thought that I ought to have given him a quarter's notice, as I should have expected him to give me. I felt that there was a certain amount of logic in his contention, though all the redress that I could offer him was to take his boy with me, and this he did not choose to accept. And when I left Retford because the schoolhouse had become uninhabitable from defective drainage, a parent made a similar complaint. But he listened to reason as set forth in a lawyer's letter, and I had no more trouble. After all, these are not very serious matters in a life which has been extended not a little beyond the three score years and ten.

As my story has taken me from place to place, from school to college, from college to a country parish, from a parish, again, to one school or another, I have had occasion to mention a few names of friends. If these recollections should fall into the hands of others who knew me in those long past days let me assure them that they are not forgotten

though they are not named. For the most part, indeed, I have spoken only of those who have passed away. To this rule I shall keep in the very few words which I have yet to write. These will be about a little society to which I had the happiness to belong during the brief sojourn near London from 1880 to 1888, and, in an irregular fashion, for some years more. This was and still is known as 'The Brotherhood,' for it happily continues. It consisted of ten or eleven clergymen, and we used to meet for dinner once a month, August, September, and latterly October, being *menses non*. I shall not say what we talked about—I hope that the man who should abuse such social confidences may never be *sub isdem trabibus* with me—but I know that some of the brightest hours of my life have been spent at these gatherings. The 'Father' of the Brotherhood was E. C. Hawkins, for some years Headmaster of the Clergy School at Leatherhead, afterwards Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, a man of great ability, who was content to do, and do, I believe, extremely well, the work that came to his hand. There was also Harry Jones, Rector of St. George's in the East, then of Bartonmere in Suffolk, then of St. Philip's, Regent Street, one of the most genial of men, who wielded as ready and as pleasant a pen as any writer of his time. He was always delightful, but at his best in his country house at Barton Mere. Then there was A. J. C. Ross, once a Presbyterian minister, expelled

from his charge at Brighton for teaching which no one nowadays would dream of visiting with such a sentence, and afterwards finding a shelter in the hospitable Anglican communion (I remember that his biographer complained of a lack of incident in his life—one would have thought this sufficient). He was for some years a frequent contributor to the 'Spectator.' Finally there was J. W. Shepard, whom all Old Paulines between 1858 and 1900 will remember with respect and affection. To them and to the unnamed host of departed friends I would say

AVETE ATQUE VALETE.

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PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. LTD., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON